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July 10, 1937

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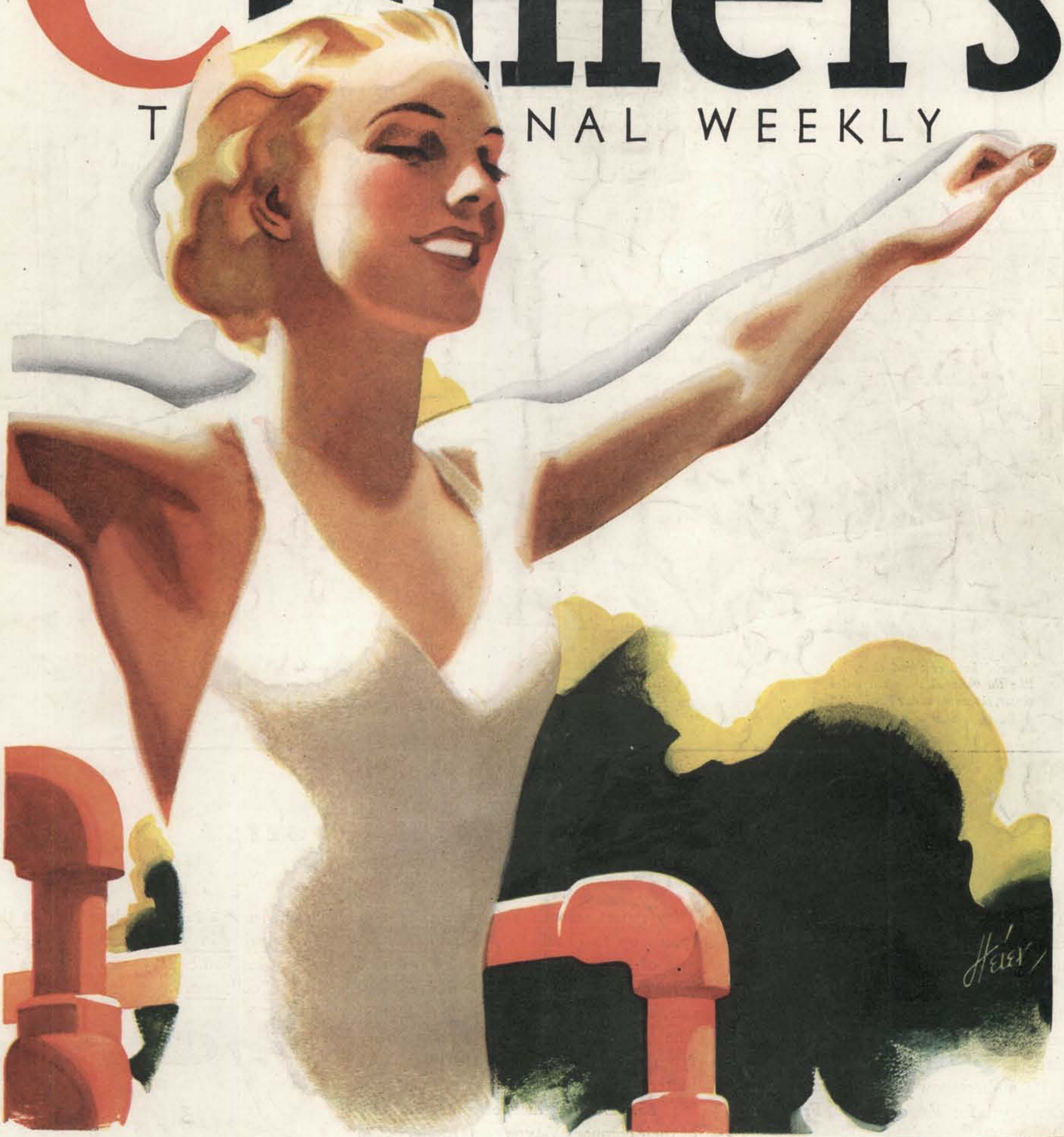
Collier's

T NAL WEEKLY



How to Give a Cocktail Party By

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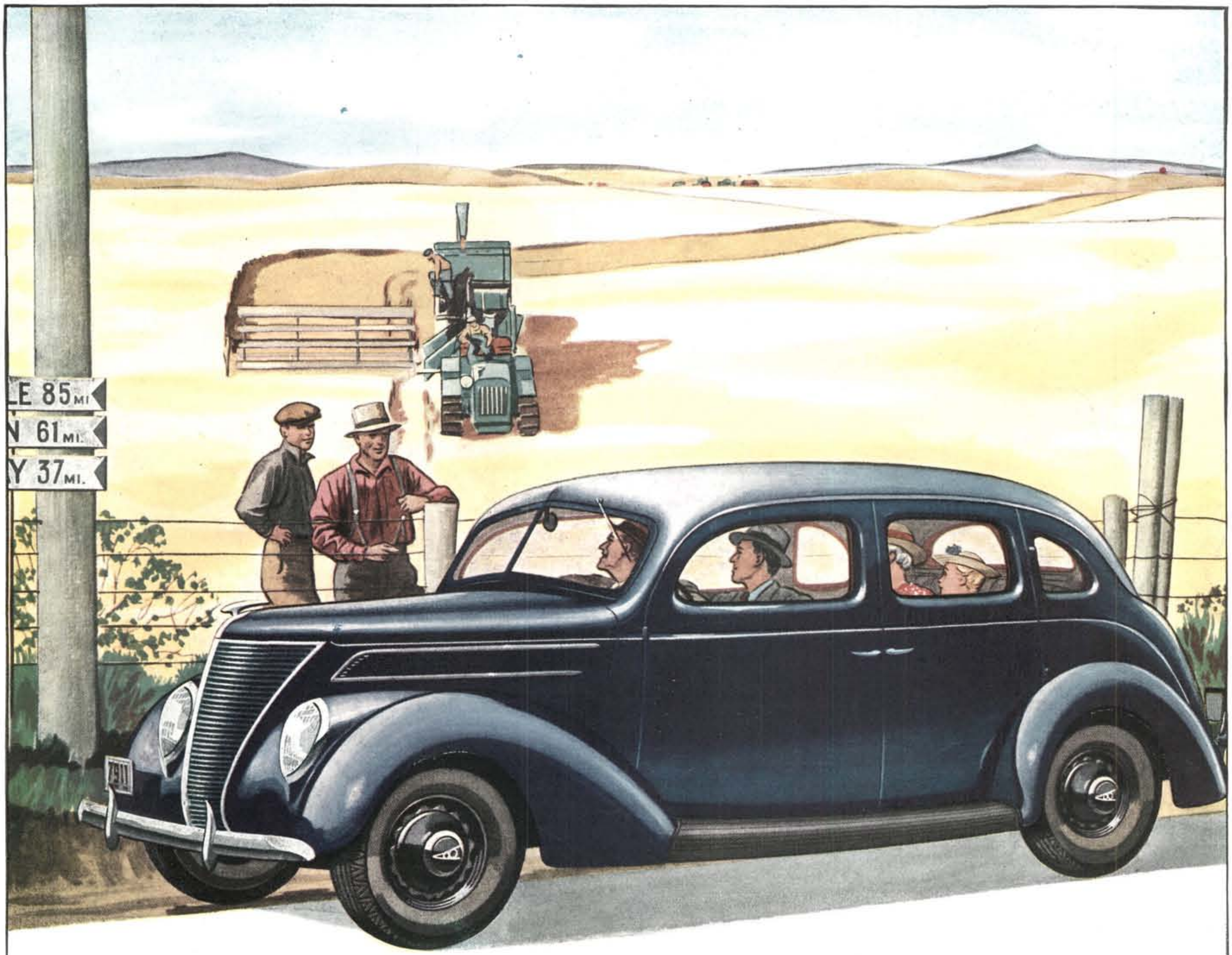
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"Figurin' both cost and time, it's like they moved town ten miles closer, since we got our Ford '60.'"

A BIG CAR FOR small BUDGETS

THE Ford name on a motor car has always meant economy—but never so much as in 1937.

Particularly is this true of the Ford "60," which costs considerably less to own and less to run than any car of comparable size.

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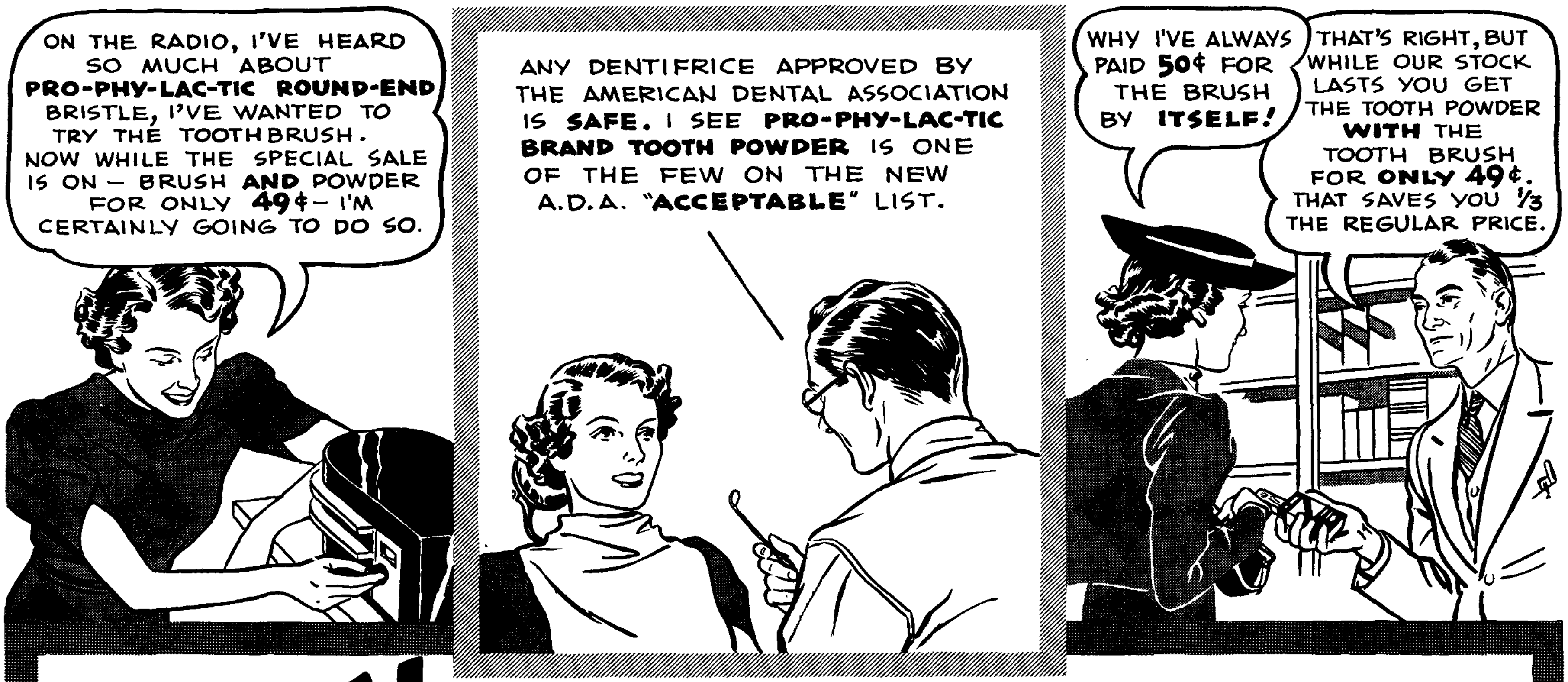
If you want a really modern car—at the lowest price in years—with the highest mileage in Ford history—see and drive the thrifty "60" soon.

Ford

Ford V-8


ON THE RADIO, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC ROUND-END BRISTLE, I'VE WANTED TO TRY THE TOOTHBRUSH. NOW WHILE THE SPECIAL SALE IS ON — BRUSH AND POWDER FOR ONLY 49¢ — I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO DO SO.
ANY DENTIFRICE APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION IS SAFE. I SEE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRAND TOOTH POWDER IS ONE OF THE FEW ON THE NEW A.D.A. "ACCEPTABLE" LIST.
WHY I'VE ALWAYS PAID 50¢ FOR THE BRUSH BY ITSELF!
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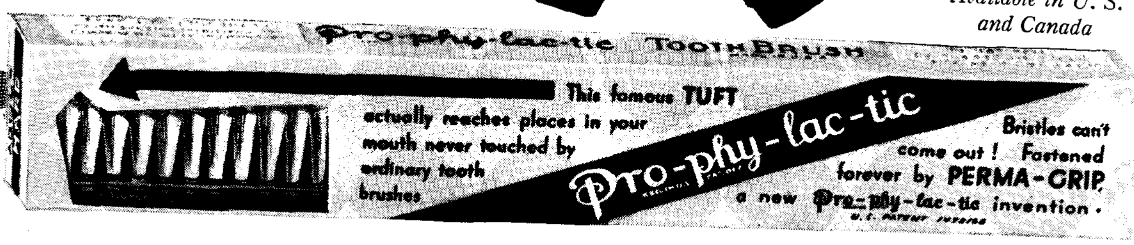
SPECIAL NEW Pro-phy-lac-tic POWDER AND BRUSH

BOTH FOR ~~75¢~~ 49¢

Available in U. S. and Canada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This famous TUFT actually reaches places in your mouth never touched by ordinary tooth brushes
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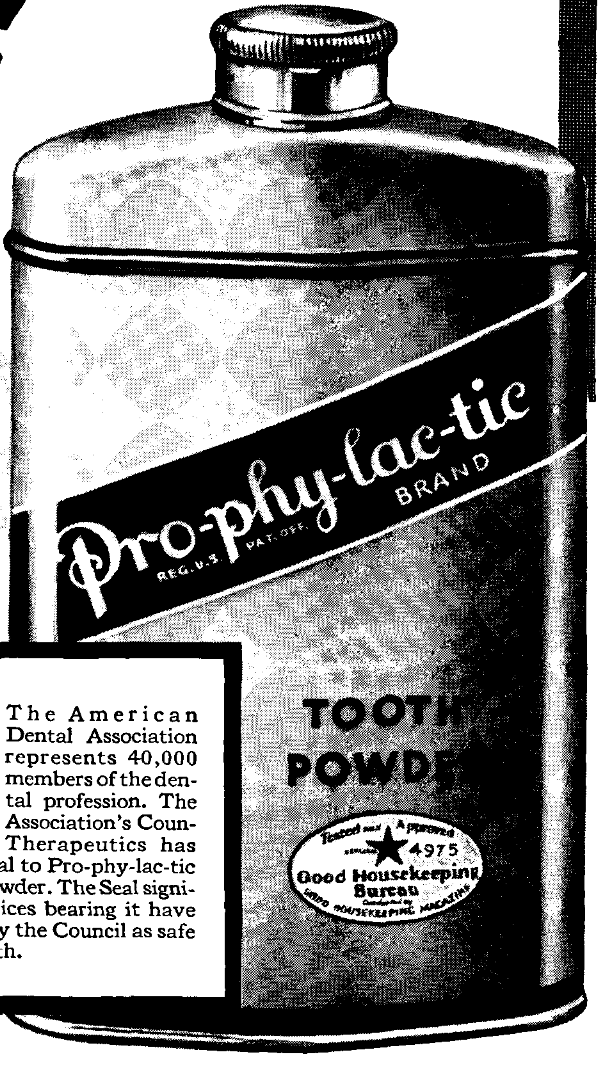
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PLEASE BUY PROMPTLY—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

Stores cannot sell more than two brush-and-powder combinations at special price to any one customer

You don't know . . . and we don't know . . . whether you'll like our new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder better than what you're using now. So we offer a 25¢ can, practically as a gift, to induce a trial.

You get the powder and a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for the price you would ordinarily pay for the brush alone. And as you know, Pro-phy-lac-tic is the *only* tooth brush with Round-End bristles, the *double-action* bristles especially designed for both tooth cleaning and gum massage.

We make no claim for our new dentifrice that it is the powder your dentist uses. But we do believe it is the kind of powder which dentists would prefer you to use, because it has been awarded the seal of the American Dental Association, and "accepted" as SAFE FOR CLEANING TEETH by the Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Don't pass up this opportunity to get two top-quality products at a saving. The supply is limited. The bargain is real. Stop today at any drug counter and get Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Powder for only 49¢. In fairness to other customers, please don't ask for more than two combinations at this special low price.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

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The American Dental Association represents 40,000 members of the dental profession. The Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics has awarded this Seal to Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder. The Seal signifies that dentrifices bearing it have been accepted by the Council as safe for cleaning teeth.

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Collier's

July 10, 1937

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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

PART of Halloran's trouble was that he was Irish. The Irish, they say, are impetuous, and Halloran was a G-man. He knew he'd have to keep his temperament under control—and did for six years.

Even when he went after De Roca he was cautious and methodical. He knew he'd need a girl and he hired one. It was a business proposition. She was down and out, and here was a job. All she had to do was go round with De Roca and let him make love to her. Fine. Until De Roca thought up a week end in the country. The "Case Against Women" is brilliantly argued by Frederick Nebel.

THE doorman at the hotel was apologetic. "I regret this, Mademoiselle. It is not pleasant. I can guarantee you that the bombing in November was worse. However, it is regrettable." The hotel was in Madrid, and the doorman was speaking to Martha Gellhorn. For six weeks she lived in a modern city where life went on despite the tendency of shells to blossom suddenly in the streets, spraying bystanders with slivers of hot, sharp steel. She describes the behavior of the populace of Madrid where "Only the Shells Whine."

JERRY LEYDON'S artistic soul took an awful beating when he married Rhoda. She made him stop playing in a swing band and go into business. It's hard for a ride-man like Jerry to squeeze through the needle's eye of respectability. And naturally he couldn't leave his bull fiddle behind. "First Love" is by Henry Anton Steig.

THAT dreadful uproar you hear, those frightful stories of perfidy, ingratitude, deceit and theft are about money—as much as, but not more than, fifty dollars each. In brief, you are, under the astute guidance of Walter Davenport, inspecting a small claims court where common sense has sheared away red tape and made justice "Quick and Easy."

YOU might be inclined to laugh at a shipwreck in Hollywood. But not even the artificial wind and waves will keep you from realizing that Bob MacAllister's hairbreadth adventure was just that. And as for Ann, she is just what's called for to give an adventure point. The story is by Thomas Monroe.

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN, Victor G. Heiser, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster, George F. Worts, Rudd Rennie, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney complete the issue. In a blaze of glory.

●

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COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

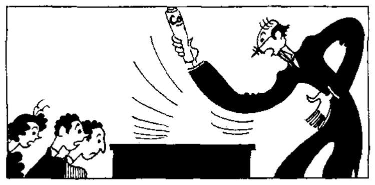
WE are informed by Mr. Arthur N. Rutkins of Bangor, Maine, that he saw a large delegation of ladies and gentlemen filing into the executive offices of the White House in Washington. All were lugging brief cases and wore grimly serious expressions. Mr. Rutkins too had some intention of entering. But he was shooed off, told that this was indeed an important gathering of high-grade people and a grave moment in the history of our nation. "Who are they?" demanded Mr. Rutkins. "They're conservationists, reclamationists and preventionists," he was told. "They're trying to decide whether they'd better split the Mississippi River up into a lot of little creeks or abolish it altogether."

WE have just about enough strength left to write this column. Our head and feet ache. Our back is a tournament of pain. We suspect, too, that we're about to have a nervous breakdown—among other things. We've just got our Mr. Jim Marshall off on his annual trip to the Orient. In due time you will be regaled with sprightly tales of Japan, China, Java, the Eurasian peoples and perhaps eastern Europe, written by Mr. Marshall in his whimsical, knowing style. And we know we shall be getting letters from far and near asking us how long all this has been going on and what a celestial cinch it must be to float up and down the earth writing pieces for pay. But we'll still be thinking of getting Mr. Marshall off—with all those boxes and trunks and bags and tickets and instructions. As we herded Mr. Marshall aboard the ship, he was trying to interest us in the fact that in Los Angeles one could get a permanent wave that is "climatically correct" and that he had met a girl who was attending a School of Esoteric Knowledge. We were never so glad to see a friend depart.

IF YOU see nothing in this column from Mr. Ed Weigold of Birmingham, Alabama, for the next few weeks it's because Mr. Weigold is on his vacation. "But I'll be back," he assures us. "I'll be back in two weeks. I'm working for a private concern now and that's all they'll allow. It makes me sort of homesick for that old WPA job where I got the whole year off with pay."

MR. CESARE RICOTTI MAGNANI is an engineer, pursuing his profession in Tripoli, Africa. Living in Tripoli can be pretty uncomfortable if one is not careful, taking advantage of every opportunity to counteract weather and similar inconveniences. Such a painstaking gentleman is Mr. Magnani. "I beg," writes he, "to send me complete working plans and specifications of Collier's House for modern living. With this letter I send you three dollars for the cost of reproducing and mailing them to my address in Tripoli (Africa)."

AND as long as we're forced like this to talk about ourselves we feel compelled to tell you what Mr. Leon F. Magoffin of Flint, Michigan, saw at a CIO revival. The evangelist was roaring the gospel according to St. John L. Lewis at a vigorous and appreciative audience, emphasizing his points by whaling the desk with a rolled-up copy of Collier's. At the height of his exhortation a large and determined worker strode to the platform. There was menace in his manner and purpose in his face. "Well, Jamieson," cried the speaker, glaring defiantly, "what is it? Speak up." And Jamieson replied, just as aggressively, "Nothing, except that Collier's you've got in your hand. It's mine and I haven't finished reading it."



WE ARE requested by Mr. A. Gibbins of Corpus Christi, Texas, to speak firmly to Owen P. White. In one of Mr. White's recent articles about the ruddy heroes of The West that Was, Mr. Gibbins finds that Mr. White, in his investigations, "passed lots of big trucks loaded with big hollow pipe." Says Mr. Gibbins: "Must have had a big watery rain in them parts."

STILL we could be better. "I have been reading you for years," says Mr. John Tuscan of American Falls, Idaho, "and have finally decided to write short stories which I will send you. I have hundreds of friends who will read your magazine if I write the stories and will join many fraternal organizations who will make thousands of new readers. It all depends on the price."

BUT who wants to be perfect?

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90 MILES A DAY OVER "SLAB ROADS" SHOWS PLYMOUTH STANDS UP BEST!

The Car that Stands Up Best—

Plymouth made a remarkable record for Theodore Lemire, Lumberman of Westfield, Mass. He travels 90 miles to work... he recently won $5 proving his Plymouth gets 24 miles to a gallon!

This Year the Greatest Plymouth ever built is setting New Records for Over-all Economy!

"SLAB ROADS"... lumber country trails... Berkshire mountain grades... that's where lumber camp owner Lemire does his driving.

"I wouldn't have any car but Plymouth," he says. "I've had five of them ... put about 30,000 miles of the toughest driving on each. And I've spent little or nothing on upkeep!"

THERE'S *MORE* in Plymouth *this* year! It has important new reliability features. It's the biggest, the roomiest of "All Three."

For your comfort, airplane-type shock-absorbers... scientific soundproofing... rubber body mountings!

For your protection, an all-steel body... *double-action* hydraulic brakes... a new Safety Interior!

Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas... amazingly low oil consumption and upkeep!

Drive "All Three" low-priced cars. Compare performance, prices and value! Go see Plymouth... it's the car that stands up best.— PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

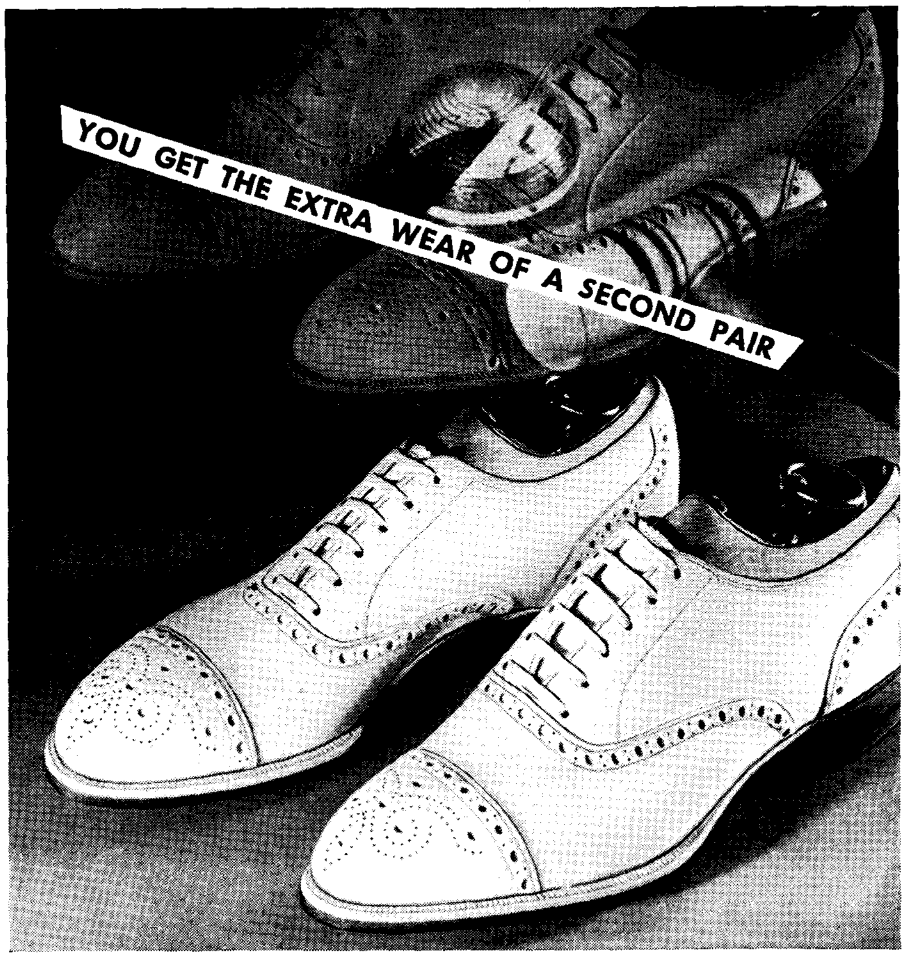
Isn't it beautiful? Big, new De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan with spacious built-in trunk.

"ALL THREE" ARE PRICED ABOUT THE SAME

PLYMOUTH is priced with the lowest... and offers you very convenient terms. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through all De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget... and make it exceptionally easy to purchase a new Plymouth *today*.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



When ordinary shoes let go,

FLORSHEIMS say "LET'S GO!"

At the point where ordinary shoes call quits, Florsheims say "let's go!" They're built to give "the extra wear of a second pair". Florsheims outstrip the field in sales . . . because they outdistance the field in wear. They're the largest-selling fine shoes in the world. It costs us more to make Florsheims . . . but it costs *you* less to *wear* them! *Illustrated:* The LELAND, S-700; *a half brogue custom style in genuine white buckskin for street or dress.*

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SHOE

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In 1873, Otto Struve, the great Russian astronomer in charge of the Pulkova Observatory near St. Petersburg, announced that he had discovered "the dark companion of Procyon," a star whose existence had long been suspected. So, for many years, he published his frequent observations of it. Then, one day, he was greatly embarrassed to learn that his famous discovery was only a flaw in his telescope lens.

The oldest stained-glass window in the world is believed to be in the parish church of St. Paul in Jarrow, England. Its age was not known until a recent window-cleaning uncovered an inscription showing that it had been installed 1,252 years ago.

Both the United States and England had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals many years before they founded a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A record for thoroughness in a criminal investigation, it is believed, was made a short time ago in Buffalo, New York. During the 50 days between a murder and the apprehension of the criminal, the police questioned 22,000 men.

About a century ago, polite society often went to absurd lengths to avoid the use of certain "horrid" words, one of which was leg. So the legs of a table were usually referred to as its "stumps," the legs of a chicken as its "trotters" and the legs of a lady as her "benders."—*By Jean Dyer, Sullivan, Missouri.*

A total eclipse of the sun takes place, somewhere in the world, on an average of every 17 months. Yet countless millions of persons have lived and died without ever seeing one. No total eclipse was seen in London, for example, in the years between 1115 and 1715.—*By Vera G. Delaney, Clifton, New Jersey.*

The renowned Red Square in Moscow did not get its name from the "red" revolution in 1917 or any emblem or appellation attached to the Communist party. The square was given this name back in the Middle Ages, the Russian word for it being Krasnya, which means both red and beautiful.

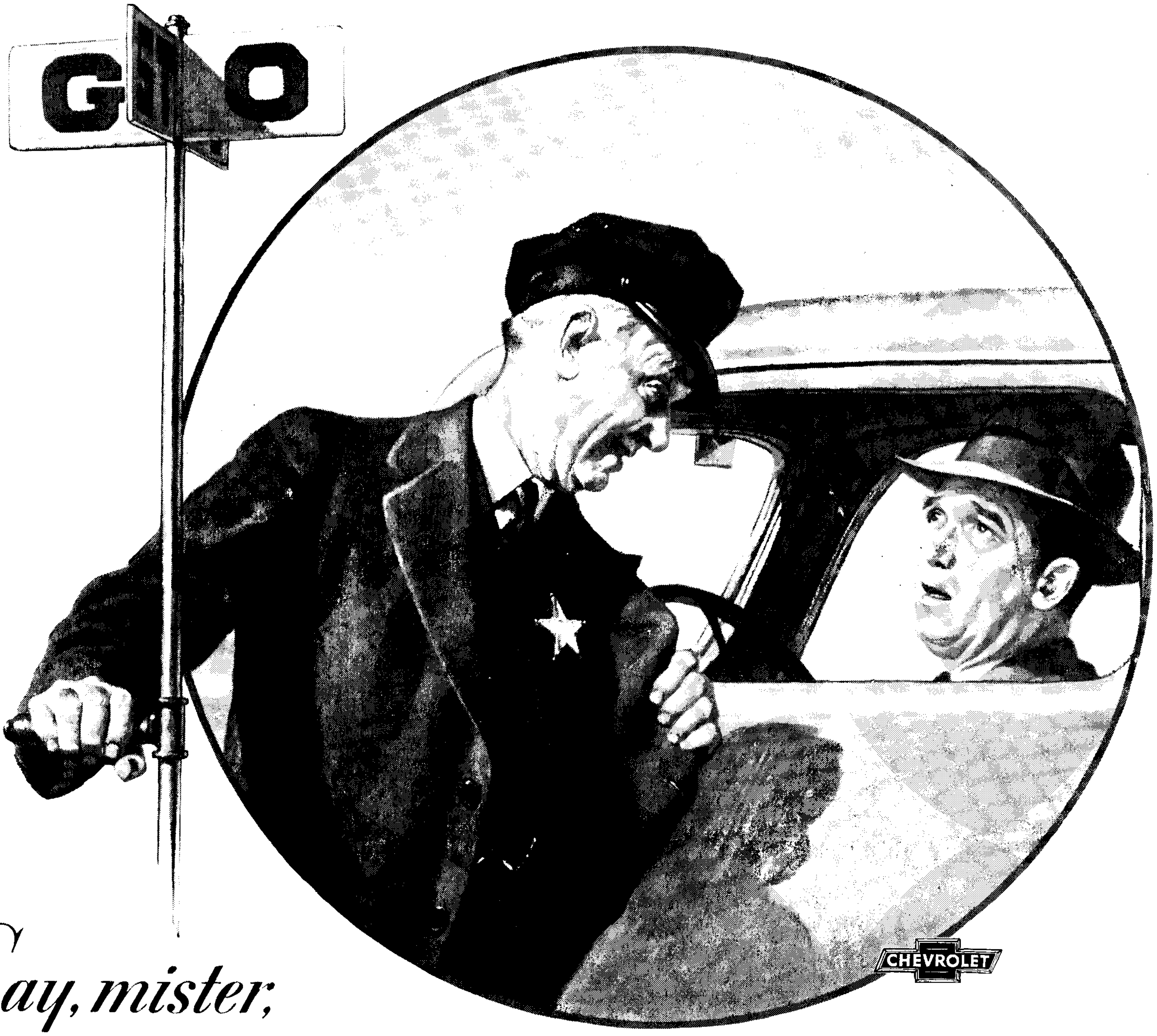
The Gettysburg National Park in Pennsylvania, which is only four square miles in area, contains a cemetery of 3,600 graves and the entire Gettysburg battlefield with more than 3,000 monuments, tablets, markers and other memorials, including 419 pieces of artillery in the positions in which many of them stood during the Civil War battle.

Buddhist priests, in order to live a holy life of the utmost privation, usually dress in rags. But many in China, believing that symbolic poverty is just as orthodox as real poverty, achieve this self-denial in dress by having their beautiful robes sewed with cotton thread—instead of silk.

Pensions paid to retired employees by one large American industrial organization amount to more than $160,000 a week.—*By Dorset Crane, Fort Smith, Arkansas.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

LOVELY BENDERS
G. De Zayas



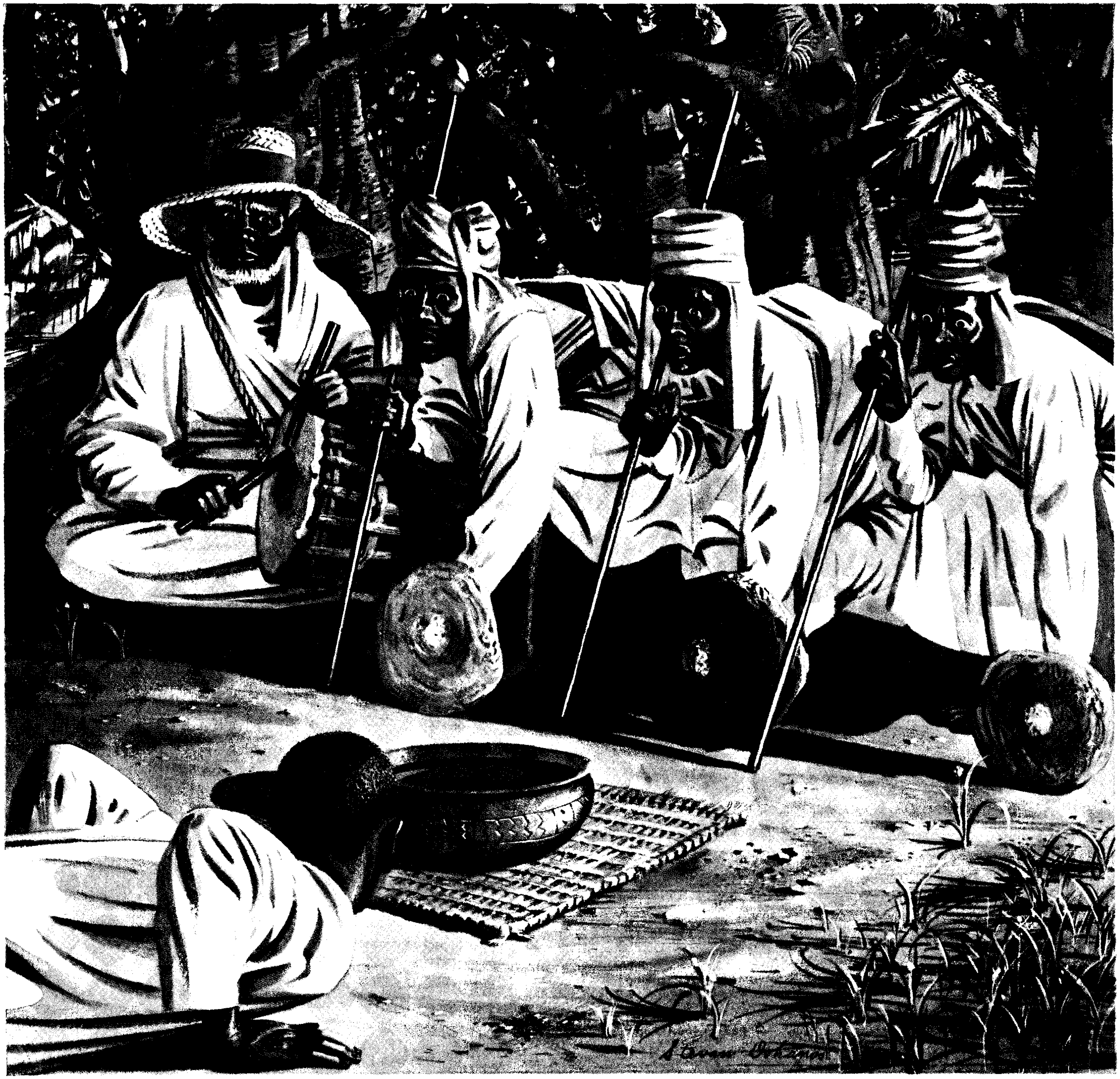
"Say, mister, you could stop in time if you had PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES!"

You can't blame the constable! He has seen them come and go—all kinds of cars with all kinds of brakes—and he knows how important it is to have the *right* kind in these fast-moving days. He knows, and you know, that Chevrolet's Perfected Hydraulic Brakes are the safest and most dependable brakes built today. *They enable you to stop in time!* In fact, they alone are a good and sufficient reason for preferring

CHEVROLET

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse. CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The Malagasy, the Sikidy, and the Faditra

The Malagasy, as the natives of Madagascar are called, have an interesting method of coping with misfortune.

When a Malagasy's happiness and prosperity are threatened by evil forces, he calls for a group of magicians known as the Sikidy. By performing certain rites, they take over the evil and transfer it to a *faditra*, or fetish. The faditra is charged to take the evil away forever. And that's all there is to it.

This belief in the transference of evil, superstitious as it may be, is very common among primitive people. But in more advanced civilizations, practical methods of transferring evils have actually been devised.

For instance, when an automobile accident occurs, many evils threaten your happiness and prosperity—claims, lawsuits, endless difficulties. So you call on a group of men who may not be magicians, but are wizards when it comes to taking over your accident worries. They transfer them to the insurance company—and your troubles are banished forever.

Who are these men? They are the experts whose services you get when you insure your car in The Travelers—the agent who handles your insurance, the claim investigator, and the claim adjuster.

Because The Travelers has thousands of agents and hundreds of claim investigators and adjusters strategically located throughout the United States and Canada, you get prompt service no matter when or where an accident occurs.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for July 10, 1937

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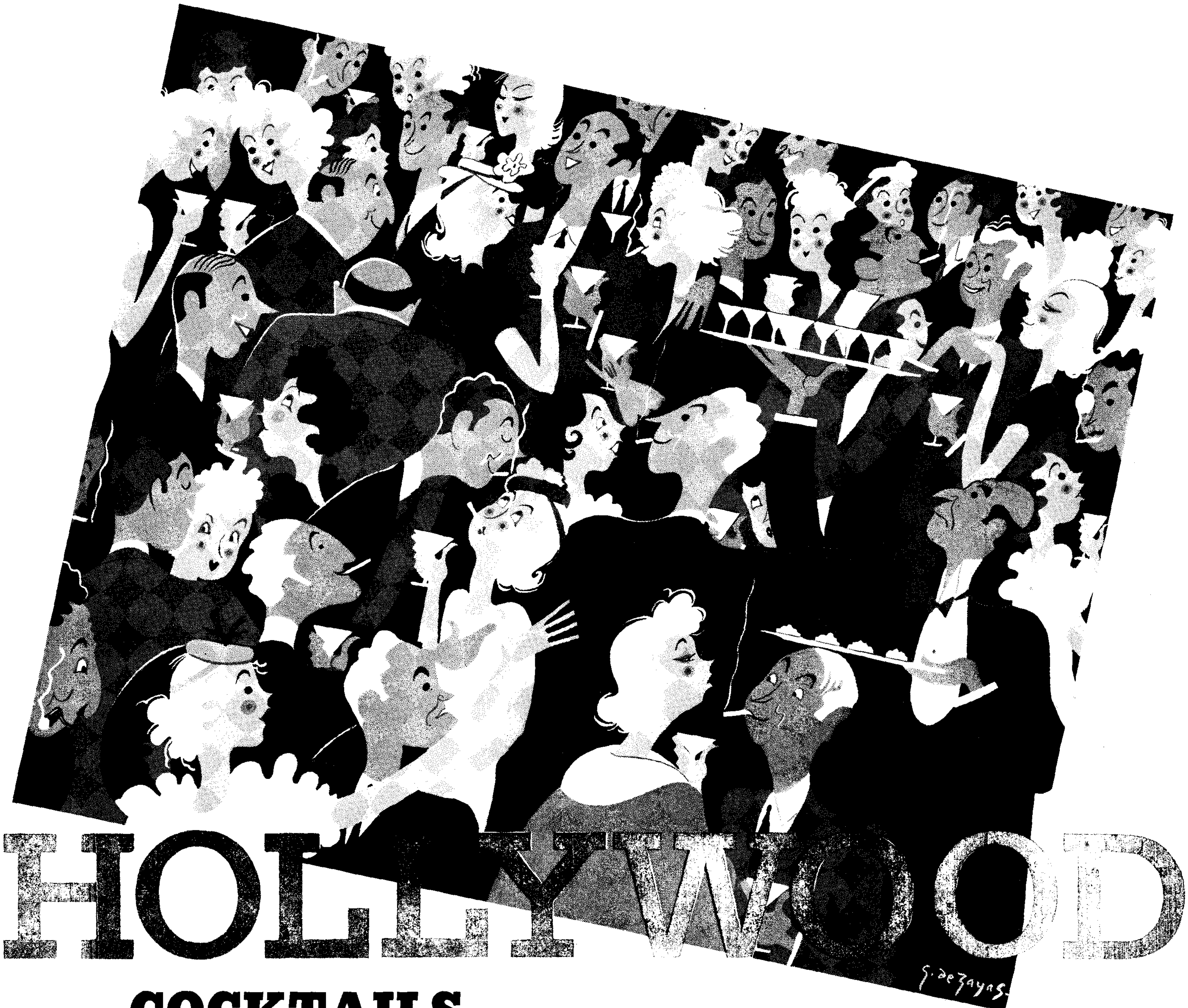


HOLLYWOOD COCKTAILS

When you throw a cocktail party take a tip from Hollywood. Party throwing there has developed into a cross between an exact science and a fine art. And the rules are good in almost every community

BY FRANK CONDON

ALONG toward five o'clock every day in the week, including Sundays, a jovial cocktail party begins in Hollywood, reaches top speed about eight o'clock and drifts merrily along until midnight or even later and by that time the host and hostess are growing fretful and wishing that the die-hards would go home. On good days fifteen or twenty of these parties pop all at once in various parts of the town and a citizen who likes parties can always manage an invitation—that is, unless he has done something pretty awful and is a social pariah.

Movietown cocktail parties are naturally a trifle heavy on the motion-picture side, the place being full of wandering actors. The movie people love nothing in the world better than to congregate in an atmosphere of stuffed olives and cheese-on-celery and chat about themselves with the utmost freedom; and while there are cocktail soirees every day in such towns as New York, Boston, Buffalo and other centers, I don't believe they can stand up with the little affairs on the Hollywood hillsides.

As Harry Brand has so neatly put it, a genuine Hollywood cocktail party is a cross between the coronation of a British king and a miracle play staged by Max Reinhardt, but these must be the super-affairs for I have never attended any such. Mine have unfortunately been the ordinary, everyday kind, where you sit uneasily in a corner, chatting with a pretty extra girl under the delusion that she is interested in you and your opinions, until in the end you find she has been patiently waiting for a tall, yellow-haired hero of the films, clad in a camel's-hair coat. You then walk slowly away to another corner.

If you are a member of the motion-picture brigade and in good standing, you are certain to be invited to scenes of gaiety and wassail. You dine and sup and play tennis and have general fun at somebody's home, and after a year passes you have enjoyed any number of free meals and elegant drinks, you have met celebrities from every clime, you have been treated cordially, and the time comes when it is up to you to do something and repay.

It is your turn to pay back those social obligations, as you cannot go on endlessly being a guest. If you try that, Hollywood will get onto your curves. You will be marked down on the social register as a chronic nonhost or simple tightwad, and after that your mail will be curiously lacking in hearty invitations. When afternoon comes, you can sit by your own fireside or walk around the block.

By turning host and tossing one fair-sized cocktail party each year you will easily pay off all debts and then can go back to being an eager guest. An affair of this sort may cost you three or four hundred dollars, sometimes even more, not including damage to rugs, tables, chairs and window seats caused by cigarette-butt leavers, or wreckage caused by warmed gentlemen falling through your Chinese screen, or the hasty souls who back out of your garage without troubling to open the door. These things, of course, you must expect, for all hosts expect them.

If you decide to follow the quaint

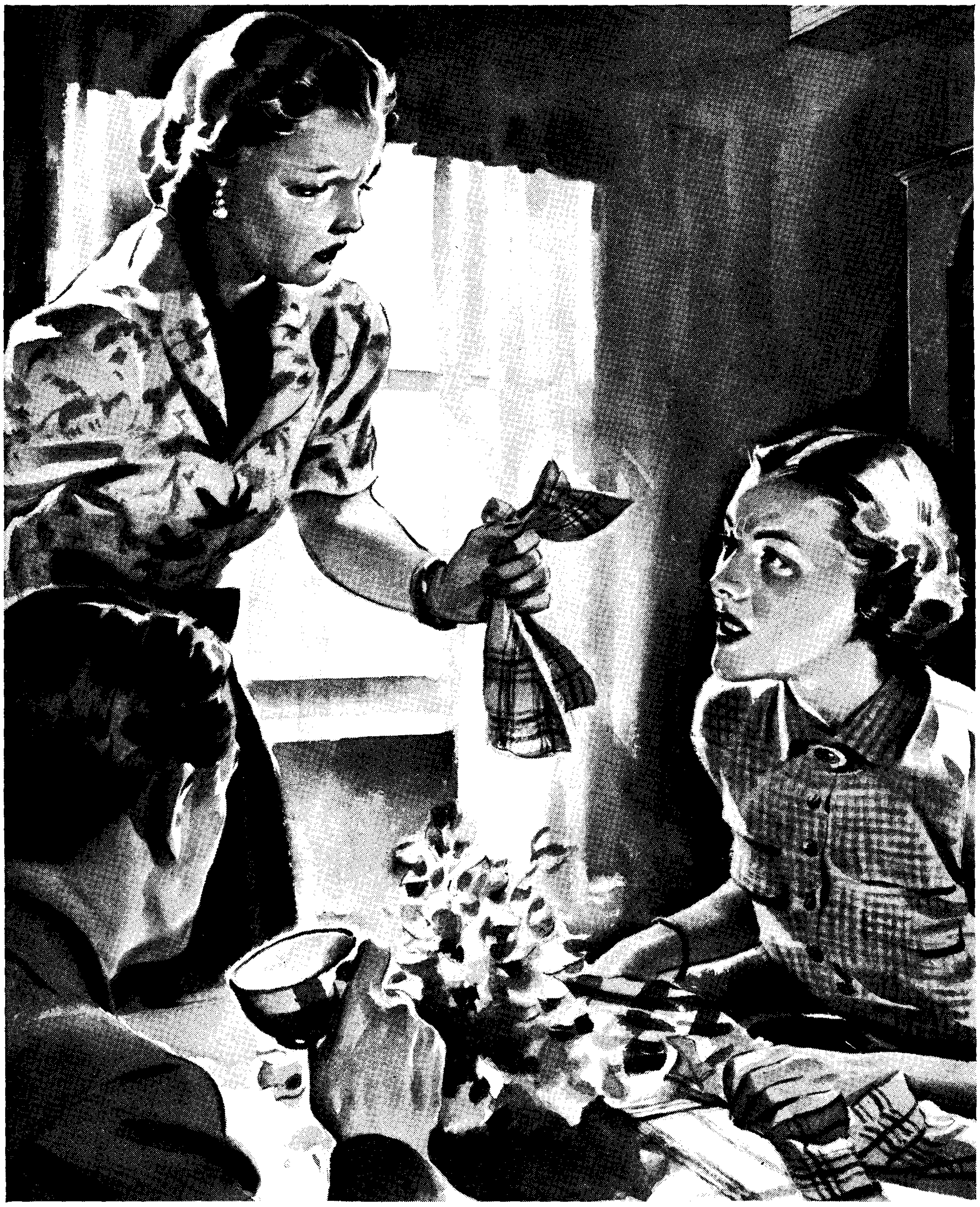
(Continued on page 60)

Love is Patient

By Mildred Cram

In which it is shown that a boy's mother is not always a boy's best friend

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN



"My son, you mean," Pussie cried. "Mine," Sis replied. "I've given him the best of my life"

SIS and Pussie were sisters.

Sis always knew that she was going to be an old maid. She was affectionate and loyal and efficient and maternal and had a strong, healthy body and fine eyes and thick, brown hair. But she didn't attract men.

But Pussie did. Pussie was all wiggle and wile and electricity. The circle of her excitement was as definite as a charged wire. Men felt her high voltage at fifty yards, and enjoyed delicious shocks and tingles in their nerve centers. She was stimulating to the male imagination. She jolted the heart and jarred the plexus. She was a whiz.

In those days—long before the war—a girl had to be a beauty to look like anything. Hats were plates, pinned to ratted pompadours. Shoes were buttoned. Collars were boned; stockings were ribbed; and debutantes wore corsets, lisle shirts, embroidered petticoats and underdrawers.

Sis looked terrible in Irish lace Princess dresses and Merry Widow cartwheels. She was at least thirty years ahead of fashion. She would have been a knockout, at eighteen, in tailored tweeds. She had the long, lean, broad-shouldered body that is made for sharkskin shorts and backless evening prints.

But Pussie was the original Fluffy Ruffles.

She went to all the big games, wearing chrysanthemums on her muff. She danced at the Plaza. She skated at Van Cortlandt. She never missed a fraternity tea or a prom.

Sis missed everything. She stayed at home and studied, or took long walks in the park, dreaming of love. Of the day when the handsomest, most distinguished man in the world would accost her humbly. . . .

Sis was always dreaming. She could walk through crowds of screaming kids on roller skates, imagining herself in the sunken gardens of Tivoli. Twilight. And the man of her heart whispering, pleading.

"Wake up," Pussie used to say. "Life isn't artistic. It's real. Gosh, Sis, you scare the fellows to death, mooning around. They don't want romance. They want fun."

BUT Sis couldn't help being romantic. And Pussie was the one who got married.

Bridal veil. Orange blossoms. Cake. Going-away dress. And a fat, rich bridegroom who doted on her.

"He's not handsome," Pussie said, "but he's cute. And he'll give me everything I want."

When the excitement was over and Pussie was gone, Sis lay awake in her bed, thinking about the fat, jolly bridegroom, wondering whether she could bring herself to kiss such a man. No! No! Never! She wept into her pillow for poor Pussie—poor, *darling* Pussie. . . .

Poor Pussie was on her way to Paris. Prettier than ever in her married state. "Having wonderful time," the post cards said. "Going Switzerland. Italy. Egypt. Happiest girl in the world. Love to you all. Will write."

She didn't write, of course. Six months later she came home, and settled in an apartment in the West Seventies—eight rooms and bath, all outside.

"Why don't you marry someone, Sis?" she said. She was different, in a subtle way. There was a sort of mystery about her. A secret happiness. Something plump and satisfied and worldly and wise. Sis felt a pang of envy, deep inside her heart.

"No one's ever asked me," she said. "I've never had a beau. I guess I never *will* have one."

"It's funny," Pussie said, "with your hair—and everything!"

Sis's hair was her glory—two fat brown braids that, unbraided, crinkled down her back to her ankles. People said she should have been the Eighth Sutherland Sister. And this gave her an idea. Since she wasn't a siren, she'd be a businesswoman. She'd go into the hair treatment business and make a fortune. A woman has to have *something* to ease the steady, dull pain of being alone.

Pussie thought there was something middle-class about treating the hair. "But of course I want you to be happy, dear."

Happy!

SIS borrowed three thousand dollars from her father and opened an institute—for the care and treatment of the hair and scalp—on Fifth Avenue just below Twenty-third Street. She would have preferred a husband and babies, but there was solace in struggle and compensation in success. Soon her green-and-white booths were filled, by appointment, from nine to five. Six operators in crisp uniforms whipped up bowls of steaming suds, rubbed with hot, dry towels, wielded stiff brushes. The air was sweet with the odor of steeped herbs. Sis's clients arrived with sparse, broken, faded locks. Departed shining and electric, haloed. And dollars tinkled into the institute's cash drawer.

"How do you do it?" people said.

"I get 'em clean," Sis explained. "And I give 'em a polish!"

From the beginning, her business was a success.

She moved into an apartment of her own, downtown. Her name on the bell-push and a sneaking glory in being, at last, emancipated. She wore tailored suits and sailor hats and smoked, privately, up the fireplace. Bachelor girl.

She had no time for love. What with the laboratory to supervise, and plans for a factory, and the opening of a branch in Philadelphia. . . . Love had to wait. Some day, of course, she'd take time out and project herself into the romantic zone—go completely, helplessly feminine. . . .

She remained, of course, a sucker for honor. Paid her bills. Played square. Told the truth. And kept a decent, clean tongue in her head.

SHE was terribly alone. The men she met—salesmen, bankers, chemists—took her to lunch at the Waldorf and talked business. She didn't like women. She saw too much of them, at their worst.

Then Pussie had a baby.

Pussie's baby was male and sturdy and towheaded. The first time Sis saw him, asleep in his crib, she had a strange, maternal urge to bite him. She loved him so! At once. As if he were her own. And then, suddenly, he opened his eyes and stared at her.

"Isn't he *sweet?*" Pussie trilled from her bed.

Sweet!

His eyes were round and black. He and Sis exchanged a private look full of appreciation. Already, he knew what a silly, beautiful, adorable fool his mother was, and what a pal Sis could be. He bubbled a little, just for Sis, and blinked and smiled.

"God," Sis whispered. She gave him her finger.

"Why don't *you* have one?" Pussie said. "It doesn't hurt, really. And then look what you've got!"

"Yes," Sis agreed. "Look."

"Marriage is wonderful," Pussie said. "No responsibility. Just love and kisses. And babies. I'm going on and on! I want five sons and five daughters!"

"You couldn't spare *this* one, could you?" Sis said. Her heart was pounding. Her finger, in the tight, hot clasp of that exquisite hand, throbbed and pulsed. This was a strange, new, pervading ecstasy.

"Spare Buzz? I should say not!"

But two years later, Pussie changed her mind.

Her husband, without consulting her, died. Pussie's grief was tempered. He had lied to her about his fortune. And Pussie, distrait, in becoming weeds, spent the first few months of her widowhood seeking compensation. She found it at Bay Head, in August.

"Such a fascinating man, Sis! I'm going to be married. Quietly. And then I'm going abroad—with him."

Pussie caught her breath.

"So I thought, if you *could* take Buzz—temporarily."

Sis could. And did.

She had to move out of her walk-up apartment into larger, lighter quarters near the park. She would have moved to the moon if necessary.

"HAVE a wonderful time," she said at the dock. "Stay as long as you want."

Pussie covered Buzz with kisses. She was dressed in lilac taffeta and wore a leghorn hat trimmed with red roses. She smelled of "L'Origan."

"My son," she sobbed. "My own!"

"The hell your own," Sis thought.

She hoisted Buzz upon her tweed shoulder and together they watched the big liner churn backward into the river and swing slowly with the tide — watched until Pussie and her new, handsome, smiling husband were out of focus.

"And out of our lives," Sis said, aloud. "We're alone at last, Buzz! How does it feel?"

Buzz was no prodigy. At two, he knew only one word. He said it now:

"Car!"

And knocked off Sis's straw sailor. And kicked her in the stomach.

"We'll take a taxi uptown," Sis said, "and go to the zoo. I'm the happiest woman in the world."

That night, she lay awake thinking of Pussie, and how Pussie was like a soft, predatory little owl. Out there, now, on the warm summer sea, beside her new love—unabashed—greedy—selfish. They would be whispering and laughing together in the moonlight. . . .

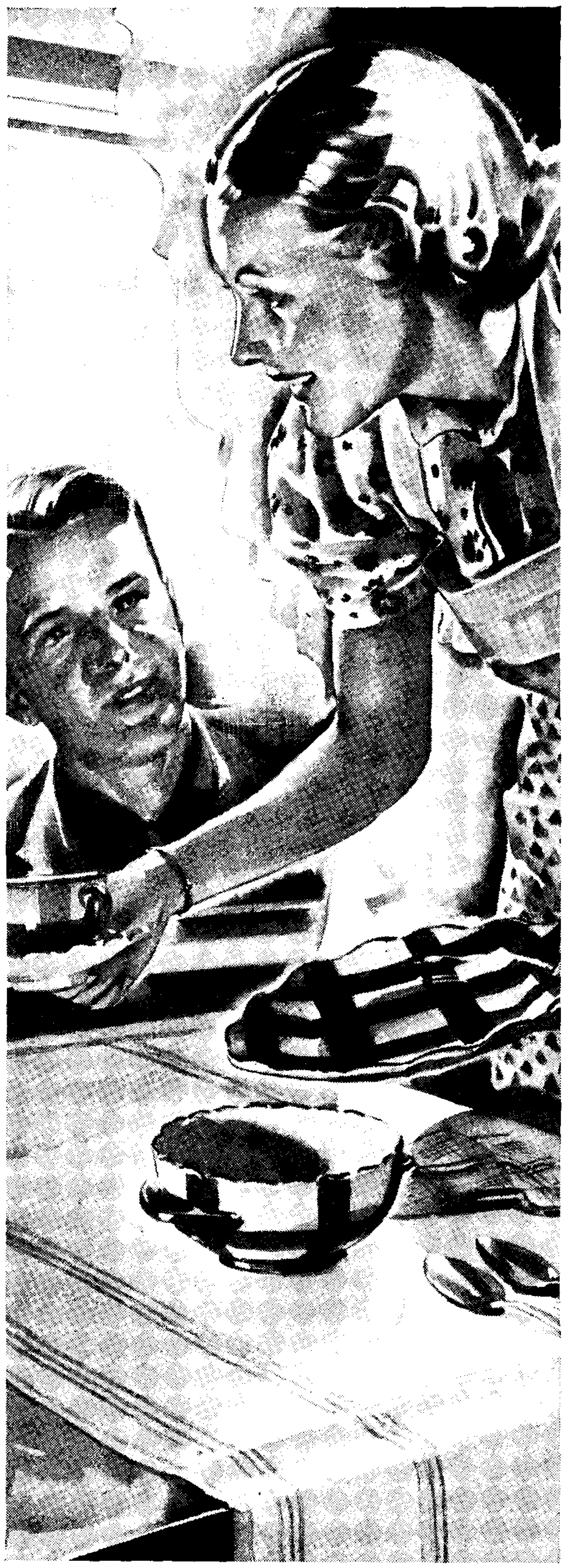
Sis got out of bed and went into the nursery. She knelt for a long time beside Buzz's crib, listening to him breathe.

For two years she had watched Pussie playing mother. Pinning artificial blond ringlets on the inside of Buzz's bonnet, and touching his cheeks with rouge. Feeding him all the wrong things. Bouncing him and showing him off and talking doll-baby talk.

"Make me a good parent," Sis prayed.

She was. That winter, she threw away his sky-blue rompers and bunny hugs and put him into chinchilla-cloth overcoats and corduroy gaiters that buttoned from ankle to thigh. She cut his hair and gave him a Cossack cap and ear-muffs and sent him out into the park to play in the snow. He didn't need any rouge. He had cheeks like pomegranates.

Sis had to start from the beginning. She had to tell him the truth so consistently that he forgot Pussie's lies. She had to convince him that she couldn't be bribed. No spinach, no candy. She had to teach him, slowly but surely, that it's fun to play square.



"Cup of coffee for the prodigal?" he said

NOW there was some reason for being alive and for being successful. Sis was developing a talent for big business. She could vision world-distribution for her soaps, brushes, tonics and salves. Branches all over Europe. Australia. The Orient. She had a big globe in her new Forty-fifth Street office. It amused her to map selling campaigns, sticking colored pins into the face of the earth. Some day, she knew, she'd be a rich woman.

She'd light a cigarette and stare at Buzz's photograph, framed in silver, on her desk. And there'd be a sick pain in her heart, for fear Pussie would come back, and want Buzz.

Which Pussie did.

The war was to blame.

When Sis read the headlines, she didn't give a thought to the destiny of Europe. War meant only one thing: that Pussie's honeymoon was over.

She arrived in October. Wearing Poiret's tunics and Worth's split-to-the-knee hobbles, and ospreys in velvet turbans, and buckled, square-toed slippers.

Buzz, his doubled fist in his mouth, stared at her. And at her dark, handsome, silent husband.

"I do believe he's *afraid* of me," Pussie said. She went down on her knees and held out her arms. "Mummy's little baby. Tum, darling—mustn't be afwaid. Mummy *loves* oooo! Buzzy-Wuzzy . . ."

SHE was prettier than ever. She had cut her hair—the way women do after scarlet fever—in short, tight ringlets all over her head. She made Sis feel devitalized and void, drab, ugly.

"Don't ooo remember Mummy?"

"Go, Buzz," Sis said. She gave him a firm push away from the shelter of her knees. She was guilty, and she knew it. In all these months she'd never told Buzz about his mother. She'd let Pussie fade out of memory. Deliberately.

"No," Buzz said.

"Look," Pussie cried. She folded both pink-nailed hands upon imaginary bon-bons. "Guess what Mummy has for Buzz. Candy! Um-*yum!* Candy for Buzzy when he kisses Mummy."

Buzz advanced upon the promise, gave himself to Pussie's arms and planted a kiss full on her rosy mouth. He was a trusting kid.

"Candy," he said. "Now."

That was too much for Sis. She went into the nursery and sat on Buzz's bed and shook until her teeth chattered.

"*I'm* his mother," she thought. "She bore him. But he belongs to me. Oh, God, please let me have him! She has love. She has beauty. All I want is Buzz."

Having Buzz was the most exciting thing on earth.

"I'll *die* without him," Sis thought.

But she didn't.

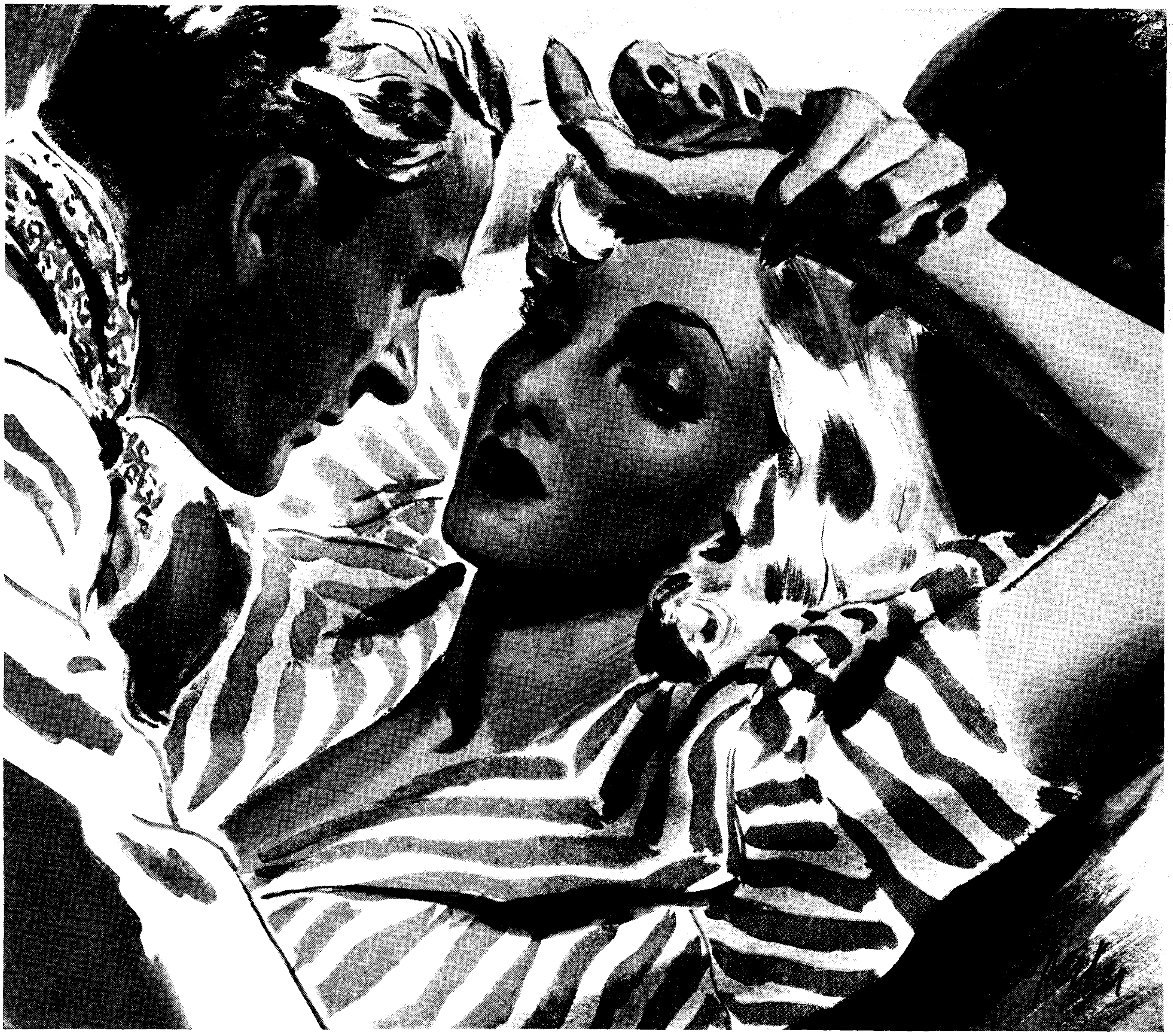
He went with Pussie, that day. Screaming and kicking. To Chicago.

And Sis didn't see him again for five years. Or Pussie, for that matter.

The war was over. Sis's business had survived. But there were fine wrinkles around her eyes and faint nicotine stains on the ends of her nervous fingers. She had cut her hair. Short, faintly silvered, it clung to her head like a cap. She looked younger, somehow—what with the new, tight-fitting clothes, and the short, short skirts that gave her legs a break. And post-war New York looked her over. For the first time, men stared at her, grateful for clean lines after an overdose of Pineapple shingles, galoshes, hip flasks and white-washed noses.

One man in particular stared until she asked him, bluntly, why. She thought he must be a rival manufacturer. But, no, he liked her. He was a photographer and made his living taking pictures of Times Square in the mist, Brooklyn

(*Continued on page 27*)



He said: "Time to clamp on the brakes, honey." "Meaning what, Jimmy?" "You're riding too high," he explained

Personal Contract

By Octavus Roy Cohen

There're more pretty girls to the square inch in Hollywood than hound-dogs in Georgia—and Jimmy Downing knew them all. What's more, he could break almost any one of them. Here's the story of the girl who managed to turn the tables on Mr. Downing

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

THE building was austere in its simplicity. It was constructed of gray stone, was one story in height and stood at the corner of a street in Beverly Hills which was lined on both sides with royal palms. It looked like a small but prosperous bank, and the tiny metal nameplate set into the stone near the entrance gave no obvious hint of what it really was. The sign merely said, James H. Downing, and that meant less than nothing to the general public. But the initiate of the picture colony understood that this rather formidable structure housed the professional activities of Hollywood's most influential agent.

The block which separated the Downing offices from the streetcar and bus lines was resplendent with shops, and the girl who alighted from the bus walked slowly past the markets and stores and restaurants. At first glance, you would have seen nothing unusual about this girl. Then you would have become conscious of the fact that perhaps you had missed something, and you would look again. You would then notice a girl who was small and trim, with a figure almost boyish; who had a complexion which was pallid yet healthy, and whose eyes were big and gray under long lashes. It was those eyes which would hold attention, for in them there were both intelligence and humor.

Kay Holcomb was attractively dressed. A simple gray woolen dress with a crimson kerchief at the throat; a pert little gray hat with a streak of crimson feather; gray hose on slender, firm legs; a gray bag, trimmed with crimson, in her gray-gloved hand. The average man would be inclined to lose himself in admiration of her trimness. A woman could—and most likely would—have told you that the costume was absurdly inexpensive; that it had been bought from one of the cheaper stores in downtown Los Angeles. But not even a woman could have criticized the wearer's good taste.

Kay paused before the forbidding entrance to the Downing offices. She could feel the pounding of her heart and wondered whether she looked as frightened as she actually was. From the gray-

and-crimson bag she extracted a well-thumbed letter, although she knew every word of it by heart. Not that there were many words. Just three lines, in fact, suggesting that she call at ten o'clock to see Mr. James H. Downing on a matter that might interest her.

To Kay—or to any other person struggling for recognition in Hollywood—such a letter was fifty per cent miracle and fifty per cent royal command. Even the great stars and directors and writers were impressed by Jimmy Downing. They knew him as the wonder boy of the picture colony, the agent who could make thousands grow where only hundreds had sprouted before; a man who was scarcely more than thirty, but who had the professional wisdom of the ages, plus studio contacts which were unbelievable.

THE reception room did nothing to relieve Kay's panic. It exuded prosperity and authority from its thick rugs to its dark, oak-paneled walls. A telephone operator manipulated switchboard keys and spoke in almost inaudible whispers; a secretary in the far corner tapped lightly on a noiseless typewriter; a uniformed page boy moved silently across the room and inquired Kay's business.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Downing." She was frightened by her own presumption and hastened to add: "He sent for me."

"Name, please?"

"Kay Holcomb."

"One moment, please."

The page boy vanished. A half-dozen other persons, seated in deeply upholstered chairs, gazed at the girl without particular interest. But Kay was fascinated by them. She recognized the slightly faded woman who had once been a star, the brilliant young girl who was about to become one, the gaunt director whose brilliant, ironic humor had —amazingly enough—struck a chord of popular approval. There was a well-known leading man, too handsome to be true and looking slightly worried—and there were a half-dozen others on whose faces were expressions of patient resignation. Jimmy Downing's office. A fabled place. A spot where Hollywood history was made. Kay thought, "If somebody says *boo,* I'll run."

The boy was standing in front of her, saying, "This way, please," and she found herself passing through an oak door into an office of monastic simplicity. She saw the young man at the desk, trim and wiry and rather small—the man with the plain but attractive face and the piercing black eyes. She noticed his sparse, sandy hair and caught herself thinking that he hadn't looked so formidable when she had seen him a few weeks previously at the Troc in the company of that Norwegian star. She heard him say, "Sit down, please," and saw the single sweep of his eyes which dismissed the boy and appraised her.

Jimmy Downing lighted a cigarette and spoke without looking up. He said, "You're a good actress."

SHE gasped, and started to say, "Thank you," but even those simple words would not come. He went on, as though unmindful of her presence, "I caught you in Too Much Love and then in Garrison Remembers. I've been watching you on the set in this new thing you're struggling with."

She said impulsively, "You're sure you haven't got me mixed up with someone else?"

"No. Kay Holcomb. I took the trouble of looking up your record."

"It isn't very impressive. Extra work and bits."

"I know." His lips expanded into a smile and suddenly she discovered that his face was human. He said, "Relax—please."

"I can't," she told him nervously.

"Why?"

"Because I don't understand."

"This?" Once again that warm, amazing smile. "It's simple. I think you can go places. I'm interested in people who can."

She said, "Oh!" Partly because that seemed to express her feelings and partly because she could think of nothing else. She heard his voice again, definite and probing:

"Been here long?"

"About two years."

"Tough going?"

"Yes."

"Seriously interested in pictures?"

"Yes."

"Educated, aren't you?"

"College degree—if that means anything."

"It helps. Age?"

"Twenty."

"Pretty young for a college degree, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But it wasn't a very good college."

"Been eating regularly?"

"Sometimes."

"Would fifty dollars a week—guaranteed—look like money to you?"

Her voice wasn't quite steady. She said, "A fortune."

"Got an agent?"

"No worth-while agent would waste time on me."

He grinned then, and said, "Thanks. I would."

HIS voice was crisp. "I'm offering you a personal contract. It makes me your personal representative for five years, with another five years optional. I pay you a certain amount each week. If you make more than that—I win. If you make less—I lose. Interested?

"I think I can clean up with you. It's cold-blooded business. I'll give you fifty a week the first year; seventy-five the second; one hundred the third. I can call it off then if I want—but you can't. Fourth year, two-fifty a week, and fifth year, five hundred—if I keep you. Unless you're in the money by that time, you'll be out on your ear. Beyond five years I'm offering a second five-year period based on an initial salary of what you average during that fifth year, and increasing ten per cent each year of that five. Follow me?"

"I'm trying to."

"If we sign this agreement, you'll belong to me. You'll do what I say, and take the jobs I get for you. The contract I've drawn is lawyer-proof. If you become very successful, there won't be a chance of breaking it. And before you say yes, let me repeat that I think you'll travel far. If I didn't think so, I wouldn't waste my time. Do you want to think it over?"

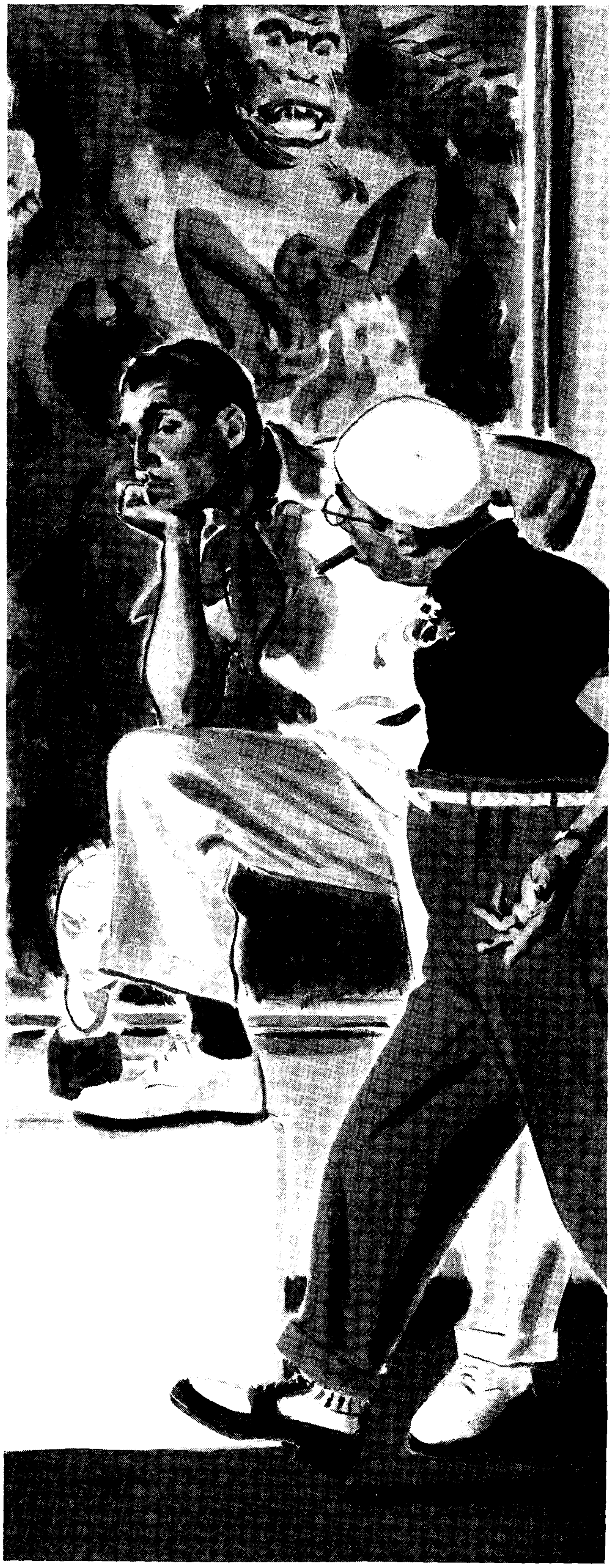
"I don't need to. If I look funny, it's because I'm so scared."

"Don't be. To me you're just another gal named Lizzie. Business, that's all." He picked up the contract. "Follow me while I read it to you. If there's anything you don't understand—ask me."

He read, slowly and clearly. She didn't hear the words at all; just the crisp voice hammering into her brain, telling her that she was on the threshold of a career of which she had dreamed, that days of worry and of near-starvation were at an end. She was trying to convince herself of the incredible truth that the greatest agent in all the land was putting her under personal contract because—on the strength of infinitesimal bits in two obscure pictures—he had decided that she was an actress.

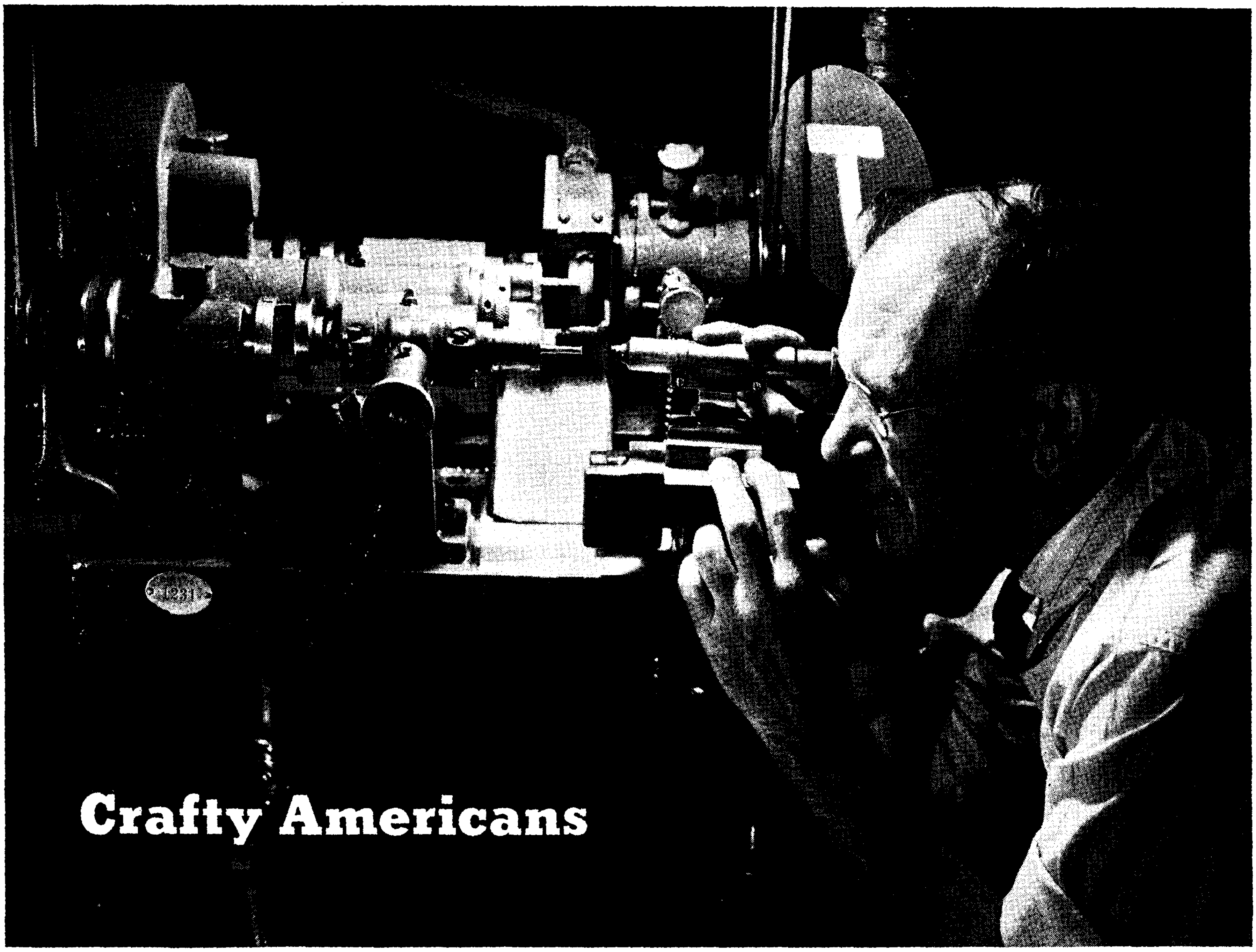
It was all too bewildering and sudden and astounding. She didn't even remember signing the document, or hearing the quiet congratulations of the two secretaries who inscribed their names

(Continued on page 32)



"Look: We offer her a small part in Fireside and what does he do? He says no—the part is no good. It ain't her type"

Crafty Americans



EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Microscopic examination is a step in "centering" a lens for an inexpensive camera: An American craftsman working with American-made precision tools

There's a cherished American superstition about Old World craftsmanship. It's something mysterious, something that can't be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic. Of course we build airplanes and watches and cameras and cars. To be sure, the Old World sends over experts to see how we do it. But that's not craftsmanship. You think it's not? Come and look

BY CARL NORCROSS

DOWN the center aisle of one of America's largest airplane engine plants walked a small group of men. Slightly in the lead, as though in a hurry to see as much of the manufacturing process as possible, strode a tall man with close-cropped hair. He was a famous aeronautical engineer, the head of Germany's foremost aircraft engine factory. He had come to America to see for himself how our world-famous airplane engines are made.

"Am I to understand," he asked the plant's general manager, "that your machine precision work is so fine that the parts which you make are interchangeable in any motor without further handwork?"

"Yes, that's correct, Colonel."

"Ach, so?" the German said, with more politeness than conviction.

The men stopped to watch a boring machine at work cutting its way through a metal forging.

"You mean that when this master piston rod is finished it will fit any motor without additional hand work?" There was more than a hint of skepticism in the colonel's voice.

"Certainly. We use no files, scrapers or emery paper on these parts. Any part fits any motor."

The German made a wry face and turned to watch other machines at work. When the group reached the part of the plant where engines were being assembled they watched mechanics building up the huge engines part by part. As a young mechanic was about to begin the assembly of a piston the German engineer stepped forward to take the parts out of his hands.

"Permit me!" he said.

The mechanic looked surprised but at a smiling nod from the general manager handed over the parts.

"Any part fits any motor," the visitor repeated softly to himself. He slid the piston pin into the piston. It fitted smoothly. That was to be expected. But how about the more difficult parts? In turn he assembled piston rings, bushings, gear shafts, gears and valve parts. Each fitted perfectly. With every part he was careful to see that not only was the work interchangeable but also that the amount of clearance was just right.

"Most astounding!" said the German.

But one engine wasn't conclusive. He disassembled the parts he had used and took them to a second engine. Again the fit was perfect.

The German colonel was becoming excited. This incredible performance could not go on. He knew it was impossible to do machine work so precise that these microscopically close tolerances were possible, and yet here it was happening before his eyes.

He moved parts from place to place in the engine. Again pistons, pins, valves and the complicated gears fitted smoothly and with an unbelievable exactness. He muttered to himself and mopped his brow. He stepped back a few feet, staring at the engines. Then, turning to his host with the look of a man who has seen a miracle, he threw up his hands.

"For years in Germany," he said, "they have been telling me that this couldn't be done. I congratulate you on the finest engine work I have ever seen!"

This pilgrimage is typical of what Europeans have been doing for many years. They have been coming to America to learn how our superior work is done. "Yankee inventiveness" is known around the world—but the fact that we are a nation of skilled craftsmen is better known in Europe than it is here. In the *best* sense of the word, we are a craft people.

Essentially Americans are modest. With few exceptions American travelers consider that things are done better abroad than in our own towns and cities. Whether it be old cities, old cathedrals, old paintings or very, very old mountains, the New World has bowed low before the Old.

Mark Twain was one of the first travelers abroad to take off his rose-colored glasses. When he came home he sat down and, perhaps smiling a bit grimly, wrote his "Connecticut Yankee," pointing out that one Yankee was worth several dozen knights. The Yankee, you remember, not only defeated the knights but won the gal.

Most of us, however, keep on our tinted spectacles as we travel. When we return we add what psychologists call the halo effect until we are convinced that anything foreign is superior to anything American.

That Magic Label, "Imported"

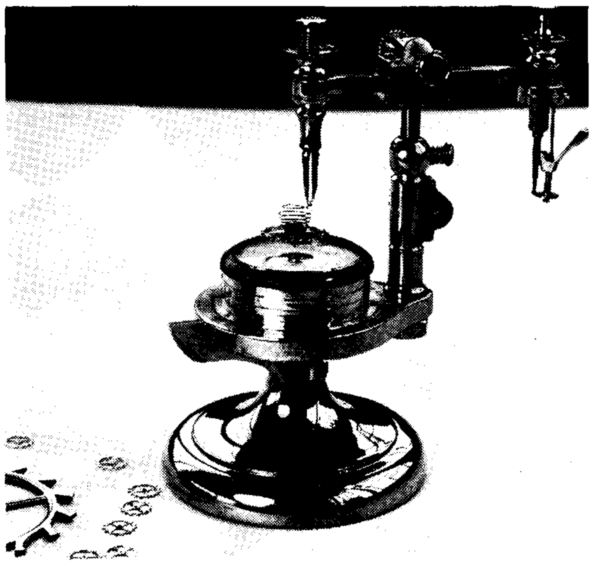
For years Europe has been advertising its products with all the success of a medicine man with a traveling show. "Come one, come all! It's imported!" And how we've bought! Those old European craftsmen—you can't beat them for fine workmanship! To which statement the American technical engineer has looked up from his work to jeer. But he's been too busy to take time out to sell us on American craftsmanship.

In some quarters, especially among ourselves, it is a common belief that Americans are sloppy, careless workers. We build a skyscraper in a few months, turn out automobiles every nine seconds in some of our plants, make watches and cameras faster than they have ever been made before. Speed, speed! If the stuff falls apart in a short time there is always money for more—or so the story goes. To which rumors the engineer should again rise up in America's defense. But he doesn't because he is too busy—too busy helping the American workman turn out still finer products.

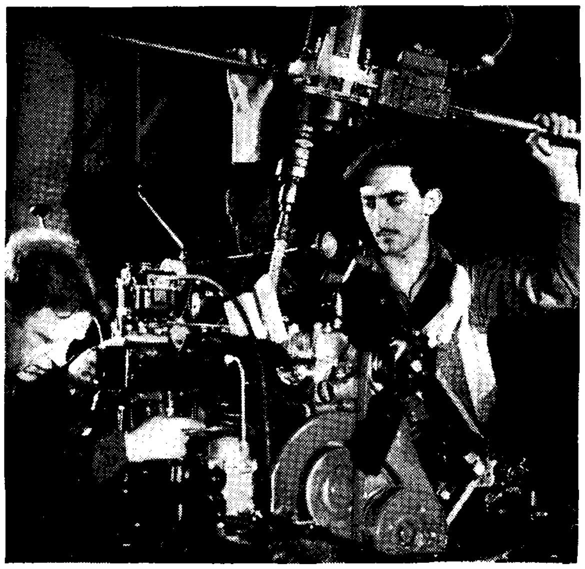
Europeans know that Americans are excellent craftsmen. They know that we are more skilled than they are in many kinds of work. In our machine work especially we are so far in the lead that there is no second place. Our superior machine products can be achieved only by a real superiority in workmanship. What many of us fail to recognize is that fine machine work requires fine handwork back of it. The men behind our machines are not only more adept at using their heads but actually have a greater hand skill than the far-famed craftsmen of the old European guilds.

Right: Micrometer check for expansion in machined pistons for automobile motors. Below: An assembled motor reaches its chassis, ready to run perfectly because of the precision with which its thousands of parts have been made. Below, right: Airplane motor parts alike to the last hundred-thousandth of an inch

RUSSELL AIKIN

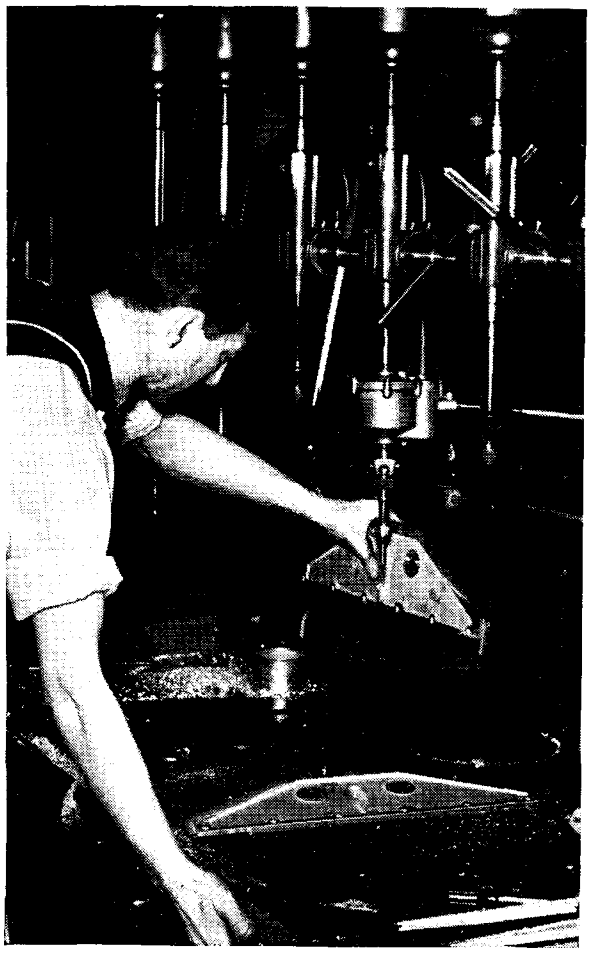


IFOR THOMAS



INDUSTRIAL PICTURES

IFOR THOMAS



Upper left: The oscillator test for watch springs is only one of many amazingly fine inspections through which your American-made watch derives its split-second accuracy. Below: A machine for drilling parts for American aerial cameras, which have become the world's standard

The fact that nearly every ship arriving from abroad brings technicians to study our products, our methods and our workmanship is clear proof that we have become the world's teacher. Not everything we make is of fine workmanship, nor are we superior in all kinds of work—it's important to keep *that* straight. But when excellent craftsmanship is necessary, when precision detail really counts for something, no workmen in the world are better than ours.

But let's get down to some more proof. Since we started with airplane motors we might take another look at them. This country has engine plants which have practically become American institutions. Their work is the envy of the foreign aviation world. When the German colonel exclaimed over them he spoke from the heart as well as the head.

What makes our engines better? First there is fine workmanship in the design. More trained engineers have thought harder and longer, tested and retested their ideas, experimented, junked what they had, started all over, and made more improvements in all phases of engine detail than workers in any other country.

But inventiveness and design are only two of the reasons why Wasp and Cyclone engines are on aeronautical pedestals. Fine work in the engine plant starts with design and is further exhibited in our metallurgy. The finest and strongest metals known to science are used. When metal comes from the mills a sample of every lot is tested and only that meeting the highest standards is accepted. Parts are heat-treated to give them maximum strength. One of the plants has spent $50,000 recently for the installation of nitriding equipment for hardening steel. Cylinder barrels, for example, are now made 300 per cent harder than they were formerly. Crankshafts, valves, piston parts, bearings and connecting rods have been improved to such a point that "engine failure" hasn't been listed as a cause for an airline accident in several years.

Precision Makes Perfection

"It is your superior metals which give American engines the edge over ours," said a European pilot recently. "The trouble with our engines at home is that the metal is not uniform. Pistons and cylinders, for example, wear unevenly and after many hours of flying the compression is different in every cylinder."

The secret of our fine engine production is the secret of all our superior American manufacturing—precision work with machine tools. When you make a quantity of parts which have to fit together and work smoothly, whether for watches or engines, the trick is to get the parts absolutely uniform. It isn't much of a job to turn out lawn mowers because a lawn mower doesn't need to be a high-precision instrument. Any extra accurateness would cost more than it would be worth. But the parts for watches, airplane engines, automobiles and adding machines must be meticulously exact.

Precision work by machines is not a new story, but no other country is able to achieve it the way we do. The German colonel was not surprised to see engine parts made by *(Continued on page* 56*)*

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

"They're all so spoiled and jaded, and you're so fresh and eager and hungry," he told her

The Story Thus Far:

UNLIKE her mother, Cornelia, who is beautiful, little Jennifer-Jenny ("Jenny" to her father, Andy Lane—or, rather, Dr. Andrew Lane) is the sort of young person one would *never notice.*

Nevertheless, when Producer David Morris' great director, Fritz von Loben, shoots a school sequence at Miss Florabel Lee's private school for Hollywood children, he includes Jennifer in the pick-up cast. Also—to the delight of Cornelia, who has longed for a chance to become a motion-picture actress—he invites Jennifer's lovely mother to play a part.

Andy Lane is a hard-working young physician; just getting started in Southern California, he is desperately concerned with the job of making a living. He does not take Hollywood too seriously. He gives little thought to Cornelia's film adventure.

The picture—featuring Baby Kitty, a child star, with Cornelia in a moderately prominent role and Jennifer in a decidedly subordinate one—is shown at a preview. As guests of Florabel Lee (once a noted motion-picture actress now hoping to make a comeback), Cornelia and Andy see it. Andy professes to regard Cornelia as a future star. Cornelia, feeling that she has real talent and may succeed if she is given a chance, prays for a summons to report to David Morris and go to work.

The summons comes. Morris phones—asks *that Cornelia bring Jennifer to his studio!* A few hours later, Cornelia, in a daze, is telling the mighty Morris that Jennifer will accept four hundred dollars a week, if Doctor Lane will agree to it. And reluctantly, very reluctantly, Andy finally gives his consent to the experiment (experiment it is, for Jennifer—to be known in the movies as Jenny Lane—may not prove a success).

The shooting begins. On the lot, Cornelia looks for her daughter. She finds a room labeled *Jenny Lane.* She starts to enter. A maid steps forward. "I'm sorry, ma'am," the maid says, "but no one is allowed in here. This is Miss Lane's dressing room."

III

I'M MISS LANE'S mother," Cornelia retorted. It was only after she said it, that she really heard the words *Miss Lane. Miss Lane,* indeed. Where was her baby? She glanced about the room, so different from the little makeshift nursery at home. There was rich carpeting on the floor, soft-colored hangings and a dressing table such as she, Cornelia, had often dreamed of possessing.

The costumer came in and began to hang up dresses. Cornelia felt that there was no place for her here. She decided ironically to go out and look for this amazing child of hers. It was almost funny to think that all her dreams, everything that she had so coveted, belonged to Jennifer. Yet there was a strange healing in the thought, as well.

When she got back on the set she couldn't get anywhere near Jennifer. It seemed as if the whole studio were there, watching, as von Loben rehearsed her. She pressed into the group.

"What do you know about her?" she heard a woman's voice ask.

She turned, eager for someone with whom to share her feelings. But the woman wasn't addressing Cornelia. She was talking to a man at her side. Her face seemed sharply familiar. Then she saw it was Julia Farrel. She looked so curiously different in real life from the way she looked on the screen! Cornelia decided to introduce herself. She would say: "I know you, Miss Farrel, even though you don't know me. I'm Jennifer Lane's mother."

Her daydreaming was rudely interrupted by the man's reply. He said, in a voice as suave and deep as velvet, "Amazing story, simply amazing. Morris' car was stopped one day somewhere in the slums. He looked out and saw this tike, playing in the gutters. Saw she had what he wanted and grabbed her for a small bit in the last picture. Then he kept her in the background until after she went over. Smart, I call it."

Julia Farrel laughed. "Gutter or Junior League, it's all the same to Dave—"

Cornelia flared. Gutter, indeed. Her head lifted proudly and her eyes blazed.

"You are both," she announced in a clear, cold voice, "grossly misinformed. Jennifer Lane is no child picked from the slums by David Morris. She is the daughter of Doctor Andrew Lane."

They wheeled toward her. Cornelia suddenly recognized the man, too. When she was seventeen, Robert Gilman had been the hero of her life. Even today she never missed one of his pictures if she could help it. But even the aura of romance in which he stood could not keep in leash the rage that flamed in her heart.

Gilman looked at her. His glance was like a tailor's hand smoothing the hang of her suit. There was also an implied question in his gaze. Cornelia answered it with dignity.

"I'm Mrs. Lane," she said.

He flashed his familiar smile. "I fancied so. Please don't mind. Silly stories are always being bandied about; inevitable, you know." He introduced Miss Farrel. She extended a graceful hand. "Please don't think us rude," she begged.

Cornelia melted. "Of course not."

They might have kept on talking indefinitely, if the assistant director hadn't summoned them to the set. "Miss Farrel! Mr. Gilman! Scene! Say, where is that guy—signing autographs?"

"We'll be seeing a lot of each other," Gilman threw back to Cornelia over his shoulder. "We must be having luncheon together one of these days."

Cornelia stared after him. She could scarcely believe her ears. Of course he was only trying to be nice to atone for his stupidity, but luncheon with Robert Gilman on any terms was an event in one's life. Indeed, it was the third most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her. Being married to Andy and having Jennifer were the first two.

THERE was so much to tell Andy that night, but he couldn't even get home for dinner. And when he did get home he tumbled into bed, dog-tired. "I'm going to try to get out there to the studio some free afternoon," he told her. "Sounds like it must be a lot of fun and interesting."

His voice slowed like a phonograph running down; in a moment more he was asleep.

The next morning Cornelia hesitated between her suit and her wool dress. She had worn the suit the day before, but it was still the smartest-looking thing she owned. She decided to wear it again with a new navy-blue shirt and a scarf tucked in at the throat. She asked Andy how she looked and he told her she was beautiful without so much as glancing at her and dashed for the hospital.

At noon, Gilman crossed to her side and announced that von Loben would be shooting with Jenny and Julia Farrel all afternoon, leaving him quite free. Could this, then, be their day for luncheon? He'd reserved a stall at the Vendome.

Cornelia had never been in the Vendome before. Everyone recognized Robert Gilman and looked at her curiously, and enviously, for being with him. It was a glorious and perfect moment stretched to two full hours, but too short nonetheless.

"Let's go out to Malibu for a drive before we go back to the studio," he suggested, as they were leaving.

Cornelia didn't have to call for Jennifer before five-thirty. "Let's," she agreed.

Gilman's long, low roadster sped along Sunset Boulevard, headed for the ocean.

"We can stop at the Hopkinses' and get a cocktail," he said. "They've always got a crowd about. Would you like to? They're renting my house out there. We'll be welcome."

She said, "Oh, nice."

It was so easy not to talk, just to lie back on the red leather and dream. She wondered who the Hopkinses were. The name was familiar.

He slowed up just beyond Beverly and pointed up toward the hills.

"See that house up there on the crest? The one with the blue awnings and red roof?"

Cornelia found it with her eyes. It was a palace sprawled over a hilltop. She nodded.

"That's another house of mine. Ken Crawford and Mary Burns have rented it."

"Oh, are they—?" Cornelia started to ask in surprise, and then decided not to. Maybe they weren't. "Don't you live in any of your own houses?" she asked.

"I live in a hotel. It's simpler. Houses are just phases, and besides," he added soberly, "they're good investments. I've got one in Beechwood, too. That's rented. I could live on my houses, if I didn't want to work."

"On them, but not in them?"

"Lord, no. Not if I weren't working. It costs a fortune to live in any of my houses."

ANDY and Cornelia had, one Sunday, thought the road through the Malibu gate was public. They'd been stopped by a rather rude policeman who had bawled them out and asked them who they thought they were. She had been going to have the second baby at the time, so Andy hadn't knocked him down. Now the same policeman saluted them as they rolled through the gate and sped over the gravel, down a long row of houses that all looked cramped in like miners' cottages in the coal fields, except that they were painted white and trimmed up with merry-go-round colors. So this is Malibu! Cornelia thought. Moviedom camping out.

It was deceiving, though, from the outside. The inside was like an elaborate stage-set, filled with actors. A Chinese boy in a silk uniform brought a tray of drinks and sandwiches. A concealed house organ played in competition with an automatic phonograph that had many records in its maw. It was a madhouse of gaiety and everybody was in the act of running in or running out. Some wore formal cocktail costumes, others wore shorts and bathing suits. They were nice enough, but they didn't pay attention to anyone but themselves. They didn't have to. Cornelia drifted away from the intimate, noisy group and went out to the beach.

The broad Pacific stretched away into nothingness, broken dimly to the south by the misty rearing heights of Catalina Island. Behind her the raw desert hills marched abruptly to the sea. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. At last she had seen California. She wondered why she and Andy had never seen it or felt it like this together. She heard the drone of cars passing on the highway behind the high barbed-wire fence. Maybe it was that the things she wanted were all behind high fences and difficult to get at.

Robert Gilman came up to her as she was walking down the sand.

"What's the matter? Not having a good time?"

"Too good a time. It's all so wonderful that I just wanted to get away from it a little to taste it more fully."

HE LOOKED at her closely and took her hand as they got into the loose sand above the tide-packed area, and even when the going was easier again he still continued to hold it. She was awkwardly conscious of his touch. Robert Gilman, Malibu, luncheon at the Vendome. Robert Gilman holding her hand. She wished childishly that they could walk down the main street of Scranton hand-in-hand like this.

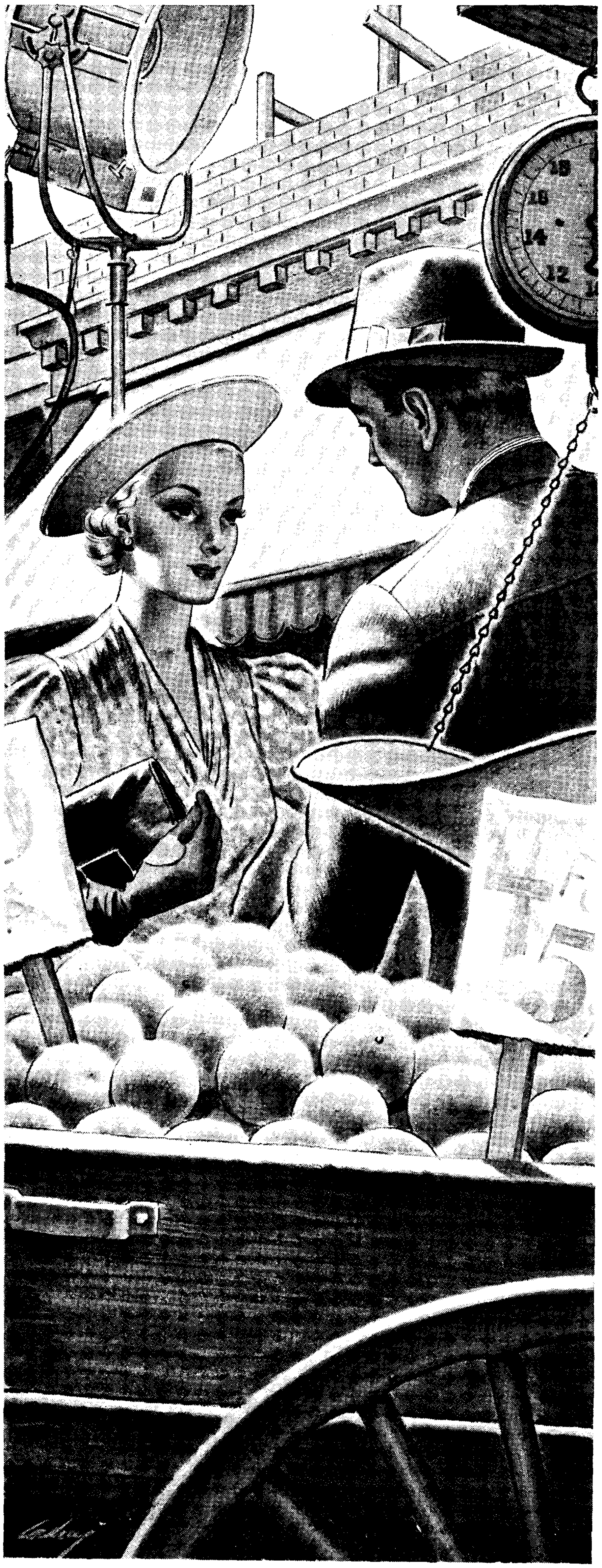
"You're a strange person," he told her.

"You could say that even if you didn't like me."

"But I don't say it that way."

"Then why do you say it, Mr. Gilman?"

(Continued on page 39)



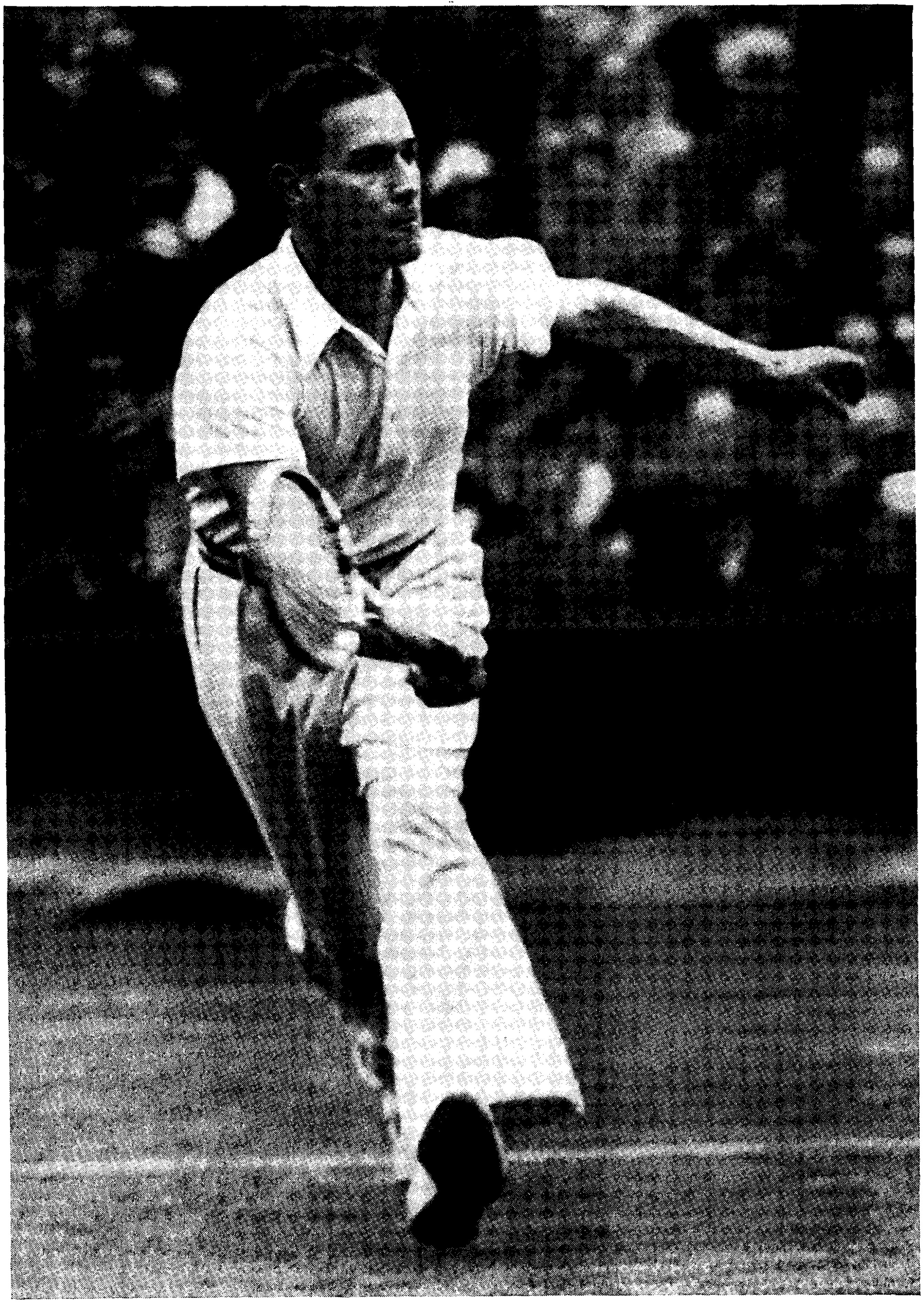
EARL CORDREY

Julia Farrel, exquisitely dressed for her part in the picture, was Andy's guide

Raising a Racket for Germany

By John R. Tunis

Baron Gottfried von Cramm, tennis white hope of Germany, has played in seventy-three Davis Cup matches, winning sixty-one of them. He is at his best in the critical situations of a match, when a championship is won or lost by a single point. Mr. Tunis takes him apart to see what makes him click


ACME

Germany's Baron Gottfried von Cramm is the principal menace to America's 1937 Davis Cup hopes

THE place was Wimbledon during the Interzone Final Round of the Davis Cup in July, 1934. The actors were the two Germans, Baron Gottfried von Cramm and his partner, Kay Lund, playing the American stars, Allison and Van Ryn. At last Germany was on the edge of victory and this was the decisive match. The score was two sets all and the issue in doubt.

Throughout, the contest had been dominated by von Cramm. By his low, accurate ground strokes which tickled the netband, by his piercing volleys and cannonball services he had carried his team within sight of triumph. Paired with a player about as helpful as your cousin Ed from Skaneateles, he assumed the burden of the battle, kept control of the fight. All afternoon he snatched the ball from the bat of his faltering partner to finish the rallies. All afternoon Cramm was the directing force.

For every thrust he had a parry, an answer to every shot. During those four sets he was a master among three clumsy novices. Slowly the sun set behind the stadium and shadows fell into the court as the games mounted to five all and then six-five for Germany in that final set. Already the American team had saved three match points. Another one came up. Nervously Wilmer Allison wiped his forehead with his sleeve as he waited for the German to serve.

Tennis at Its Sporting Best

The crowd sat tense and still. The blond Cramm drew himself up slowly and served. It was a fast delivery and Allison, reaching out, barely got his racket on it. Up came the ball to Lund, waiting poised at the net. There was the whole court before him and there also was the match. Overeager, the big fellow swung at it too soon and plunked it into the bottom of the net. The crowd groaned. Lund smacked his racket on the ground, but Cramm's expression did not change. No annoyance, no disappointment; by the serenity of his temperament he inspired his tired teammate.

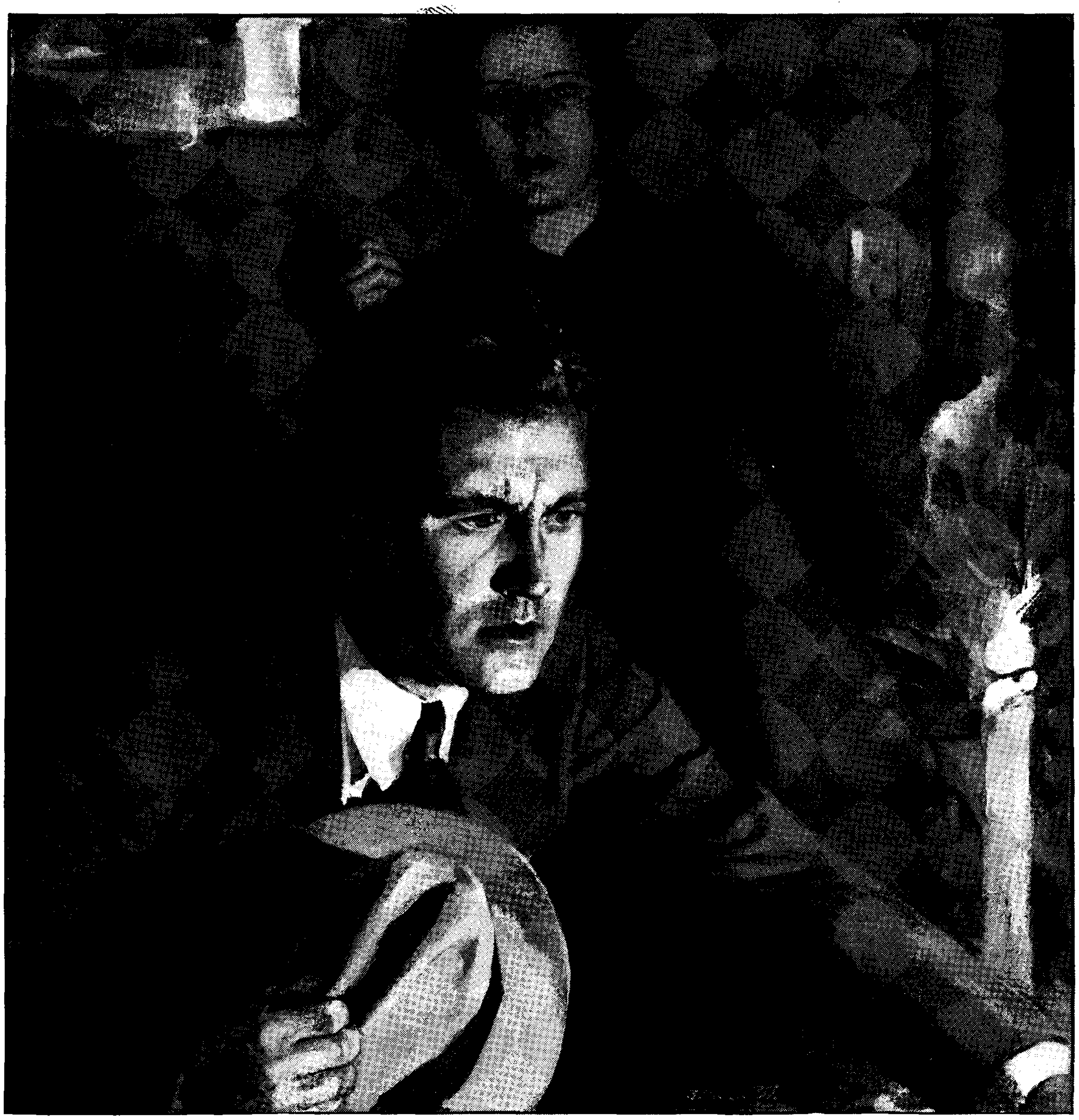
Deuce. Once again Cramm served. Still only two points from victory; anyone's match. The service came fast and true, and Van Ryn's return sailed high past Cramm as he came into forecourt. The German started to hit the ball and then pulled down his racket just in time. Match point again for Germany!

But no! Cramm stopped in his tracks and said something quietly to the umpire in the chair. Advantage America. His racket had touched that ball as it went past. The umpire hadn't noticed it, neither had any of the players. But Cramm knew the point wasn't his by rights, and said so. His chances were gone. He knew it; we all knew it. But he spoke up just the same. That's one reason sporting America will take him to its heart when he plays in September in our national championships at Forest Hills.

Anyone who has ever seen this German champion, who shares with Don Budge of California the honor of being the best amateur tennis player in the game today, will realize this isn't a very hard guess to make. Twenty years' watching the game in the United States and Europe has shown me one place where the crowd is tough. And I mean tough. That's France. The gallery at Roland Garros leans to the home talent. Only two foreigners in my observation ever captured the Parisian crowd. One was our own Bill Tilden. The other is the German nobleman, Gottfried von Cramm.

For one thing, he's a simple, unaffected sportsman. His court manners are impeccable, he is quiet and modest but not stiff. No mannerisms. No

(Continued on page 38)



I forced myself to touch the forehead, to lift one of the heavy hands. It was already cold and wooden

Fools are Clever

By Thomas McMorrow

The decline and fall of the house of Arnot, an establishment dedicated to the ancient and highly developed art of shaking down the public

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

WHAT sort are these big swindlers?" repeated my friend J. Robert M'Kelvie of the Securities Bureau. "Why, just their own sort of fool. Clever fools! On the other hand, the people they take the money from are not fools; they're only a little dull. Here's a case to make that clear: ever hear of Adam and Lilith Arnot?"

J. Robert, at his desk in the Attorney General's office was jaunty and talkative, against his habit. The People had evidently just got a break.

"Adam Arnot," I reflected. "Was he some big financier? What did I read, now—did he die, or something?"

"Or something," nodded J. Robert. "You read of his suicide in a mid-town hotel a few days ago. It was the commonplace taking-off of an unknown man, such as hardly gets in the paper, till his alleged sister Lilith came and claimed the body. I identified it myself that evening, too."

J. Robert opened a file, and had a cigarette.

"Adam Arnot," he puffed, "was a swindler from away back. He did time in a Greek jail for counterfeiting and selling antique statues; he must have been quite an artist. Coming to New York, he was a fortuneteller, up on Irving Place. He mixed with this office when he opened that larceny shop on 42d Street, where he posed as a capitalist and investment counsel.

"The emerald-eyed Lilith passed as his sister. I can't find out what she was up to before the larceny shop. She's a foreigner and I imagine she's not long over here.

"The last big job the Arnots promoted was Televisticon Corporation. Showing they weren't beginners. Televisticon was what is called a reloading, or pete job—selling stock only to investors who have bought worthless securities before—and that's one of the higher branches.

"The way they jobbed an investor, or mooch, named Grover C. Fahey is typical and I'll run through it briefly.

"This Fahey, a young man-about-town with a lot of inherited money, had bought worthless securities before, making him easier the next time. Mind, he's no fool. The operators don't look for fools. They want moneyed people, and they say it's against the laws of nature for a fool to have money."

ONE evening last winter (continued J. Robert) the telephone rang in Fahey's bachelor apartment.

A woman's voice, foreign accent: "Mr. Grover C. Fahey?"

"On the wire," answered Fahey.

"This is Lilith Arnot. Of the office of Adam Arnot, the investment counsel, Mr. Fahey. Let me ask, do you still own one hundred shares of Inna-Wheel Company, Mr. Fahey, and would you care to sell it?"

"I rather think so," said Fahey. "Why, yes."

He tells me he had to think. Inna-Wheel was some wallpaper that he was loaded with three years ago. He had paid a thousand dollars for it, and he knew now it wasn't worth a dime.

"Where are you, madam? Come to see me. I'll wait."

"Not tonight, thank you, Mr. Fahey. Our office is in the Empire Building on 42d Street. Thank you, Mr. Fahey. Good night."

Any price for his dog would be found money to Fahey. And he loves money. You've met them. He was at the larceny shop bright and early. Lilith received him.

Lilith is some kind of Eurasian; my guess. There's a dash of old Asia in her. Hair sheer black, white skin, and big green slanting eyes with black lashes. They look to me like the eyes of a shark with a good appetite; I may be prejudiced. And accomplished as the devil. Lie like a race horse. She'll be a great acquisition to the state prison, if I can get her in. The belle of the ball-and-chain, no doubt of that.

The moment Lilith put those man-eating eyes on Fahey, they lit with admiration. "But it is Tobin Taylor of pictures, is it not?" she cried softly, swimming toward him.

That's one of Fahey's blind spots, by the way. He looks rather like Tobin Taylor, the movie star, and likes to be told.

IN HER pleased surprise, Lilith put her hands on Fahey and smiled fondly. Fahey agreed that it was a natural error, and told who he was and what, but she was still somewhat moon-eyed as they sat in deep chairs opposite each other in a conference room.

"Amaz-ing!" she whispered; and collected her wits.

"Mr. Fahey, then—if it is truly Mr. Fahey—let me tell you briefly why I called you last night. You know my brother, Adam, I am sure?"

"No."

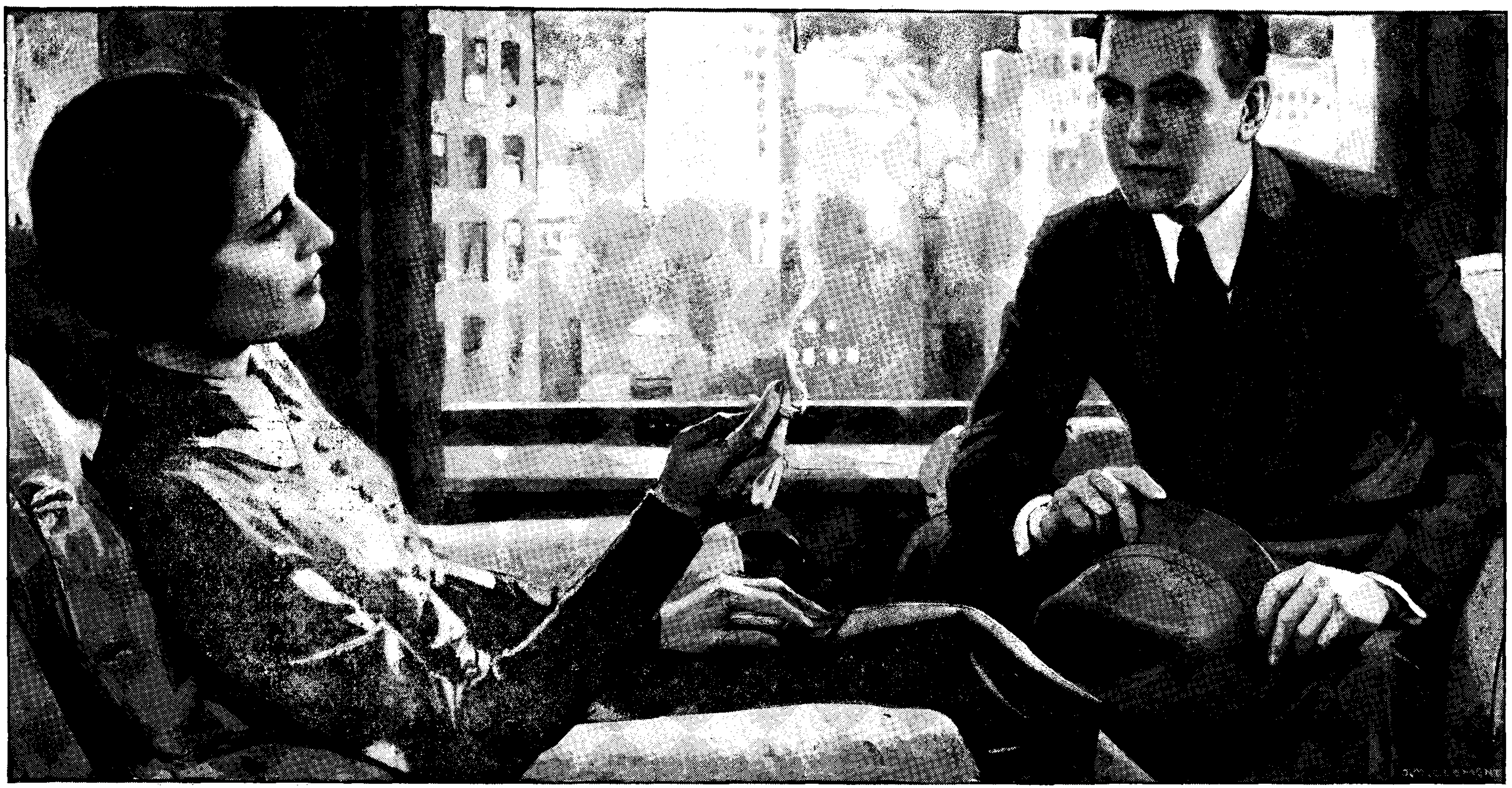
Lilith hesitated, surprised again.

"But you know of him," she smiled. "He is the capitalist. It is true that he interests himself only in promotions of the larger and better sort. Inna-Wheel is hardly—but you will pardon me, Mr. Fahey.

"Adam—I say this because I must, and it is very confidential, Mr. Fahey—is assembling the stock of the Televisticon Corporation. Television; moving pictures by radio, and the right device; as you know, there are several.

"Acting for Adam, I contacted last Friday a gentleman who owns a hundred shares of Televisticon. I offered him ten thousand dollars for his hundred shares.

"He demanded fifteen thousand,



"Amaz-ing!" she whispered; and collected her wits. "Mr. Fahey, then, let me tell you briefly why I called you last night"

which is more than Adam will pay gladly. And, to make the situation more complex, the gentleman said that he would not sell for even fifteen thousand unless he could reinvest in something at once. It is the inflation, Mr. Fahey, that everyone of money fears, and he would not have his funds idle.

"Hoping that I might switch him, as it is said, I asked him what investment he liked greatly. He said, 'Inna-Wheel,' to make the automobile rims, I believe.

"Leaving him, I sought the stock list of Inna-Wheel, and saw that you owned one hundred shares. Now it is this, Mr. Fahey: will you exchange your Inna-Wheel stock for this gentleman's Televisticon, and sell the Televisticon to my brother for ten thousand dollars? That is it, Mr. Fahey. Yes?"

"Why, yes, I would," said Fahey. "To help out."

"Then it shall be so!" said Lilith. "My brother will have the Televisticon stock at his price, and you will have ten thousand dollars. Good.

"Will you talk to Adam while you are here, Mr. Fahey? Have you still one moment? Miss Cunninghame, is Mr. Arnot disengaged?"

"Television, eh?" said Fahey, taking the first sniff at the bait. "There's enough talk about it, Miss Arnot."

"Yes," said Lilith, lifting her black brows.

"You think you got the right device, eh?"

"Mr. Fahey," said Lilith sweetly, "let us not discuss Televisticon, yes? And do you, please, not discuss elsewhere what I had to tell you of it. It is your only wish to sell your Inna-Wheel stock, is it not? Miss Cunninghame!"

"A moment, please. . . . Go right in, Miss Arnot!"

Adam Arnot was standing back of his large and piled desk, hand extended affably—a big, dark and handsome brave with dead-black eyes. Yes, I'd say they were gypsies: that unaired and aristocratic look. He would be ten years older than Lilith.

"My sister has explained to you the nature of the proposed deal, Mr. Fahey?"

He spoke singsong. But an educated man, no question.

"Quite clearly. I'm to swap my Inna-Wheel stock for some Televisticon stock, and sell to you for ten thousand dollars."

"To your great advantage, Mr. Fahey," said Adam Arnot. "I have sources of information not available to the average investor, but I cannot discover another market for your stock. The Over-the-Counter people tell me they never heard of it. But if this man wants it, it must have possibilities."

"Unbounded," said Fahey. "So I heard, when I bought it."

ADAM ARNOT'S telephone rang.

"Pardon, Mr. Fahey. . . . It is Montreal? Hello, Lord Edward. Yes, that is correct. I have fifty-one per cent of Televisticon now assembled. . . . But, my dear fellow, Advance Radio already offers me ten million. . . . No, I will not give you an option until Advance Radio— But pardon, please. One moment."

He waved Fahey and Lilith out.

"Do you please, Mr. Fahey, come here tomorrow at this time and receive your ten thousand dollars, with my cordial thanks. . . . Good day, Mr. Fahey, good day. . . . Hello, Montreal!"

You recognize the pete technique. The Arnots are now inside Fahey's guard and have got him to dealing. And they have given him an artistic glimpse of their wallpaper, Televisticon.

Fahey came back the next day and met one Hargraves—one of the gang, of course—who wanted to exchange Televisticon stock for Fahey's Inna-Wheel.

The exchange was made. No trouble about that. Fahey could lose nothing.

It then appeared that Adam Arnot was not in the office. Lilith said that he had been called suddenly to Montreal. He would be back on Monday, and Fahey should come then for his money.

She held onto Fahey's hundred shares of Televisticon meanwhile. Fahey didn't object. All he cared about at this point was to get that promised ten thousand dollars.

Then the "pusher" was put onto Fahey. He was approached by a pretended representative of Advance Radio, who offered him fifteen thousand dollars for his hundred shares of Televisticon. A certified check; but Fahey couldn't take it because he did not have the stock.

Fahey went to the Arnots and tried to get the stock. They wouldn't give it to him. They insisted that he sell to them for ten thousand dollars, and they showed him a certified check. Fahey wouldn't take it.

Lilith then—but pardon me if I pause to yawn, I see so much here of this shoddy cleverness—Lilith then went privately to Fahey and told him that she would put him in the way of making a nice bit of money if he would play fair and sell her brother all the stock at his price. She knew a man who had some Televisticon stock that could be bought right.

Fahey came in here, a week later, to make moan.

"Twenty thousand dollars, Mr. M'Kelvie. For three hundred shares of Televisticon. Where were my brains?"

"What build-up did they give you?" I asked wearily. "Did you buy the stock from a nervous patient in a sanitarium? Or from a trustee who wanted to steal some of the money? Or from—"

"From a trustee, Mr. M'Kelvie—how'd you know? He was about to start on a cruise, and we closed the deal in his cabin. But I didn't hear that he wanted to steal part of the price. No, I wasn't told that! I surely wouldn't—"

"You paid cash?"

"Yes."

"You surely asked why cash was required; and you were told that the man was a trustee. That the stock wasn't his own. You could infer the rest; you're no fool. One thing a trustee always wants is a record of his transactions, unless he means to pocket some of the money, and then he would like to get cash.

"But we'll assume that you were a fool, and go on to see if you weren't also a bit of a thief. I'm talking plain American, Fahey.

"You bought this wallpaper. Then what did you do?

"I can tell you. You went first to look for that Advance Radio man, to sell to him for more money. Although you had promised Lilith that you would sell to Adam Arnot. Well, you couldn't find Mr. Advance Radio. So you decided to play fair at last and sell to Adam Arnot. . . . So what happened?"

"He told me," said Fahey, blushing, "that the way I got the stock suggested fraud, and he wanted no part of it. He wouldn't even buy the first lot from me! But how do you know all this?"

"By hearing the story, one form and another, just twenty-six times before," I explained. "You are the twenty-seventh mooch who has been here to weep about Televisticon.

"Mr. Fahey," I said, "how often can they take you before you will stop reaching for dirty money? Are you cured now?

"Fahey, if you had played fair with the Arnots in the first instance, and gone down that Monday morning to get your ten thousand, you wouldn't have got it; but the pete would have fallen through right there. It was the honest thing to do, and honesty is the best policy, new and striking as it may seem. I don't know how many prospects the Arnots worked over while getting you twenty-seven good mooches, but the honest ones didn't lose a cent."

YES, I abused him. I wanted to see if there was anything in him to nail to, any pride and self-respect, or would he do any meanness for money. Such as selling out on me to the Arnot's fixer for ten cents on the dollar.

"Fahey," I said, "yours is the best case of the bunch, but I won't even start after the Arnots unless you make up your mind to kiss that money good-by."

"You do your stuff, Mr. M'Kelvie," he growled, "and don't you worry about me. I'm no six for a quarter. I've got plenty left. I'll show them. I wouldn't take my money back now. Just you go get them!"

That afternoon I jumped right into the Arnots' 42d Street larceny shop and

(Continued on page 30)

Winning Streak

By André Birabeau

STRANGE young man, Bernard Catenat. Imaginative. You wouldn't think it to look at him: his bearing and his glance suggest severity. Moreover, he is severe, and severe with himself, which makes it all the more surprising.

One day I went to see him. He lives in a handsome apartment in a fashionable suburb of Paris, for he has a large independent income. He told me without enthusiasm that he was going to marry a girl from the country, a friend of his cousin Lisbeth. I had trouble paying attention to what he was saying, for I kept looking around uneasily.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know. Things don't seem the same here—"

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling wryly, "the chandelier is gone—and the card table and a divan."

"You're redecorating?"

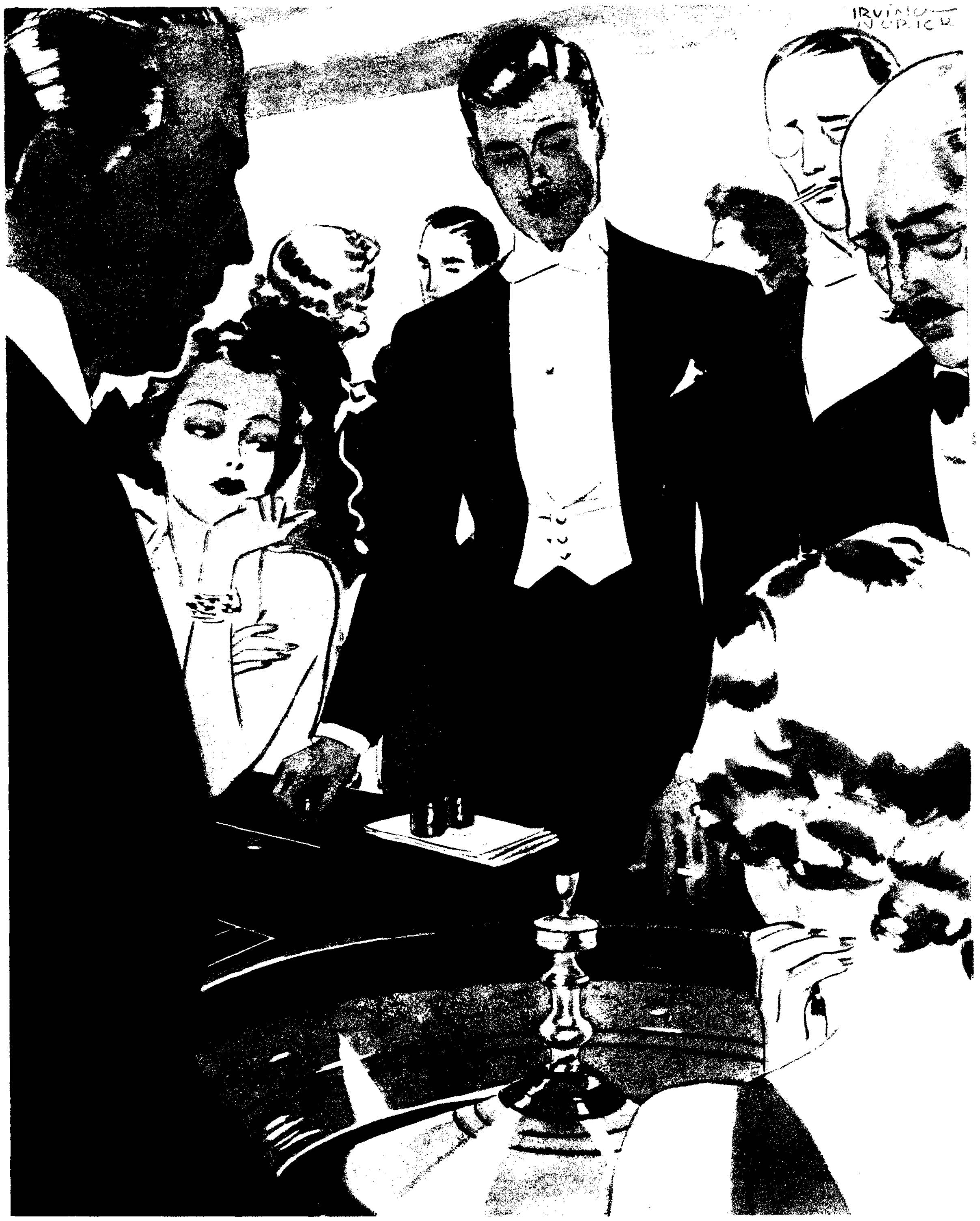
He hesitated. "No," he said at length, "it's more serious than that. I know that I can trust you not to say anything about it. This is the thing: some time ago I realized suddenly that I had become a gambler. Bridge and poker in private houses, roulette and chemin de fer in the casinos—I had taken all that as a matter of course. But all at once I noticed from the trembling of my hands and the thumping of my heart that this thing had got beyond simple entertainment.

"The thing to do was apply the brakes. But what brakes? I'm no Croesus, but all the same I carry a pretty substantial balance at the bank. If I lose a few thousand francs today it won't keep me from sitting down at the gaming tables tomorrow.

"On the other hand, you know my principles. What you call my Quakerism makes me detest any action the net result of which is sinful—such as gambling away money without being punished for it or at least made uncomfortable. It's immoral.

"And so I came to this decision: henceforth the money I draw from the bank to pay my gambling debts will not be money that I give to myself but money that I lend to myself. Don't laugh: it's not all the same thing. What I mean is this: I make the loans only on security.

"I see you don't understand. It's really simple though: if I lose a hundred francs, I, the gambler, turn over to Me, the lender, some object of value that will be a guaranty for the hundred francs. And of course I scrupulously forbid myself the use of this object until such time as I, the gambler, having won, can return the hundred francs to Me, the lender. I began with cuff links, but it quickly got beyond such trifles. You've seen only this room; it lacks the chandelier, a table and the divan. Do you want to glance into my private pawnshop?"



"But all at once I noticed that this thing had gotten beyond simple entertainment"

HE OPENED a door at the end of the corridor. The room was crowded with objects of every sort.

"It's all recorded," Bernard said, showing me a small notebook. "In front of each item I put down the sum I have lent myself on it. To avoid haggling, I have adopted this principle: I lend myself ten per cent of what the object originally cost me. I doubt that the municipal pawnshop would offer me more.

"I've had some distressing times, as you can understand. Often I'm without a watch (and I've missed some important dates) and it's humiliating to appear at parties with cheap studs in your shirt when you're known to be a rich man. But I stick to it."

I looked at him, but he wasn't joking. He even seemed a little sad as his eyes roved over these accumulated treasures.

"You know," he said, "it's only by looking at all these expensive things which I like and need and which I have given up for one tenth their value that I get an idea of what gambling really costs. Some day I hope I'll get genuinely frightened."

We returned to the drawing room. "Have some port," he invited, "while I still have two glasses to serve it in."

It was several weeks before I saw him again. "What's new?" I asked.

"Two things," he told me eagerly. "You remember I told you that I might marry a friend of my cousin Lisbeth? It was to be a marriage of convenience, and the whole affair was being arranged by intermediaries. Well, finally the family came to Paris. They asked Cousin Lisbeth to have a party so that they could meet me.

"Lisbeth didn't think much of the idea. 'Let's not be so formal,' she said to them. 'We'll just go over to my cousin's, I'll introduce you, and that will be that.'

"So they came to my apartment, father, mother, daughter and Lisbeth. My drawing room was bare as a barn except for three chairs and the piano. Even the piano shouldn't have been there: I had borrowed a thousand francs on it. It belonged in my pawnshop. The only trouble was I couldn't get it in.

"Can you picture the father's expression, and the mother's and the daughter's? And Lisbeth's too! The door to the dining room was open. They went in. The place was empty. They opened the door to my bedroom. There was nothing there but the bed. Well, what could you expect? I hadn't stopped playing and I'd been losing steadily.

" 'Heavens!' cried the mother. 'And they said he was rich! He has been covering up his losses so that he could marry our daughter!'

"They got out posthaste. Next day I had a note from Lisbeth, inviting me to dinner There were just the two of us (as you know, she's a young widow). She served me bountifully and even forced food on me.

" 'Please, my dear, have some more,' she kept saying tenderly with a pitying smile.

"FINALLY I understood. She thought I was starving to death in my empty apartment. At dessert she couldn't restrain herself any longer and fell into my arms, weeping:

" 'Bernard, Bernard, oh, my dear, why didn't you tell me that you had no money? And all this time I thought you were too rich for me!'

"And I realized that with these tears she was offering to a penniless man, as she believed me to be, her fortune and a love at which I had never even guessed. I didn't disillusion her immediately. . . . Now we're going to be married. Only she insists that I give up gambling entirely. That's gratitude for you! It was gambling that brought us together. . . . Come over and have dinner next week. We'll have chairs to sit on at the very least. I have a strong feeling that I'm in a winning streak."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Trouble for Hector

By James B. Connolly

WOMEN? A man who's ashore one or maybe two days after ev'ry four or five weeks to sea don't have much time to learn about women. All I know about women is what other women tell me, and half of that I don't believe. Believing more than that of what they tell me about each other wouldn't be doin' right by 'em.

There's shipmates who are always saying that ev'ry fisherman ought to be married, a wife being like a wind'ard anchor to hold him safe to his home moorin's. A wife also means peace and quiet to a fisherman ashore—they say—to which I say how about my dorymate, Hector Penny? If his wife means peace and quiet for Hector, then I'll take a gale o' wind and masthead seas for my peace and quiet.

Hector is maybe a problem for a wife, bein' one of those men who can't take a stroll down Main Street when he's ashore without some woman gettin' a peek at him and right away beginnin' to bait up to hook him. That's his misfortune, having that queer something about him which fascinates women.

The crew of the Cynthia, which is Hector's vessel, used to say they could bear up nobly under a similar misfortune, and I used to say the same till Hector got married. And then? Why, if Hector's misfortune means including his wife Sarah, then I say I dunno. And I'll agree that Sarah is what anybody would call a good woman, and no flat flounder to look at.

Sometimes Hector's trouble will be some woman he never saw before. Hector and me are on our way to the vessel this day and we stop into a drugstore to buy some pipe tobacco afore putting out to sea. There's a fine-dressed woman buyin' postcards, which means she's one of those summer visitors. She heaves a look our way, and another look, and then steps over and asks aren't we Gloucester fishermen. Hector is facing away, payin' for his tobacco, and I answer yes we are for both of us.

"What a dangerous life!" she says—to me—and then Hector turns around, and she gets one good peek at him, and after that I'm the same as not among those present.

"I think it's terrible!" she says—to Hector—"so many splendid men being lost on those frightful fishing banks!" And she goes on asking Hector one question after another, with Hector saying "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am" and doing his best to look interested.

"Surely you cannot hope to continue forever at that fishing life!" she says—to Hector, who by this time is flyin' signals of distress to me, so I warp in with: "Excuse me, ma'am, but why can't we keep on fishin'? What's to stop us—if we ain't lost, o' course?"

"Ah! If you are not lost!" she says—to Hector. "But you will be! I wonder if you would consider taking a position on land that will pay you more than you can earn by fishing?" By this time her voice is earnest, her eyes are shining, and she's holding and patting Hector's hand.

AND then Hector's wife Sarah comes bouncing in. "I've been watching you two through the window," says Sarah. "Who is this woman, Hector?"

"The lady ain't told me her name yet," says Hector, "but she was offerin' me—and maybe Sam—a shore job."

"Oh, she was?" says Sarah, and fixes her black eyes on the summer visitor, who is halfway young and not too bad-lookin'. "Who are you?" says Sarah. "And exactly what is your idea in trying to lure my husband away from me?"

"Lure?" says the summer visitor. "Lure?"

"Come away, come away," I whisper to Hector. "This is no place for mere men." And I tow him through the street door, and hurry him down aboard the Cynthia, where he scuttles below decks and stows himself in a peak bunk.

In a few minutes Hector's wife comes down the wharf: "I took care of that one," she says to me. "Where is he?"

"If you mean Hector, I dunno," I say.

"You're a liar, Sam Pryor," she says, "and you know it. But you can tell him for me when he emerges from wherever it is he's hiding that I'll have something to say to him when he comes back from sea."

Hector don't emerge from the forepeak till the vessel

Hector Penny, son of the hurricane, and marriage—which leads one to suspect a sailor's grave is not always watery

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN

is clear out of the harbor. He peeks around deck like he's afraid he'll see Sarah somewheres, and remarks what a great thing it is to be able to put out to where no women can trouble a man. Then he has a sad thought: "But what d' y' s'pose Sarah was thinkin', Sam, when we run away without my explainin' that I never saw that woman till maybe two minutes afore she come along?"

To which I can only say: "How do I know what a woman is thinkin'?"

Our skipper, Josh Bradley, is pacing the deck near us, and having married and buried four wives in his day, two of 'em bein' widders, Josh is the Cynthia's authority on women.

"Sam is right, Hector," says Josh. "What man can say what any woman is thinkin'? But women bein' what they are, great ones to pass judgment afore they hear the evidence in the case, your wife, Hector, is prob'ly still believin' that you and that summer visitor woman was plannin' one of them what they call roundyvooz when she interrupted."

"If Sarah is thinkin' that," says Hector, "then I'll prob'ly ketch hell from her my next trip in."

"Prob'ly," said Josh, and Hector goes back below looking sad, and Josh says:

"What Hector ought to do to that wife o' his is to pretend fallin' in love with three or four of those women who're forever tryin' to hook him. I cured my third wife that way."

To which I said: "Hector'll never do that. He thinks too much of Sarah, and, crazy jealous though she is, she thinks a lot of him. But d' y' know, Cap'n Josh, somebody ought to tell Sarah Penny a few things sometime."

"Fine," says Josh. "How about you tellin' her?"

"No, no, not me," I say.

"Nor me," says Josh. "Nor no man. Some woman mebbe, yes. If you want to scald a woman properly, Sammie, get some other woman to do it."

"Where's the woman for Sarah?" I said.

"I dunno," says Josh.

NEXT day we're off the Nova Scotia coast and laying a course to clear Sable Island No'west Bar and so on to the Grand Banks. We run into a strong head wind, a no'theaster, which increased to a gale by mornin'. We tack offshore and we tack inshore, we take it on the port tack and we take it on the starboard tack, and for all the headway we make for the next two days we might's well been layin' to moorin's in some Nova Scotia harbor.

The second afternoon of the breeze we sight a vessel in distress. She's a three-masted schooner and she's hove-to with all her sails furled, except one jib and her mizzen sail, and they're split and snappin' from the bolt ropes like wash on a clothesline. She's low in the water, and she's carryin' a deckload of lumber, or what's left of it.

The Cynthia beats her way to her, and by 'n' by we're heaving to under the coaster's lee quarter.

There's seven people lined up along her quarter rail. Josh hails to ask what their trouble is, and their skipper hollers back: "What's our trouble? Can't you see for yourself what our trouble is?"

"Dunno's I do," says Josh, who's feelin' peeved because of havin' to beat against a gale o' wind for two days. "You got a hold full o' lumber inside and you cert'nly ain't callatin' to sink in a hurry with all that lumber to hold you up."

"We got eight feet of water in our hold," hollers the coaster skipper, "and we have only hand pumps."

"What's eight foot of water? And what's any sailin' vessel got but hand pumps? What's wrong with them?"

"We're wore out from tryin' to man 'em. We haven't any big crew of men like you to spell each other. We're only six men and a woman here."

"A woman! Your wife aboard?"

"I'm not his wife," says a voice, and what we thought was a man, because she's wearin' a sou'wester and pants, raises one hand to show who it is talking. "I'm not anybody's wife. I'm a passenger for the voyage from Halifax to Boston."

"Sweet cod-liver oil!" mutters Josh. "She calls that a voyage! How long you out o' Halifax?" he hollers next.

"Three days!" says the skipper. "And the crew have been pumpin' steady for two days and nights now, and they are wore out from it. And our two boats are stove in. What c'n you do about takin' us off?"

"You mean you want to abandon your vessel?" asks Josh.

"I do. She's insured."

"Abandonin' the vessel. Mm—" murmurs Josh, and he scratches his leathery old cheeks with the tips of his fingers and he looks around on his crew, and says: "I ain't orderin' any of a crew o' mine to man a dory in a gale o' wind and a high-runnin' sea to take them people off, but—"

HE GETS that far when ten or a dozen of the Cynthia's crew're singin' out they're ready to go in a dory.

Josh lets his eyes rest on Hector and says he'll let him go. "It'll mebbe make you forget your shore troubles," says Josh, and then names me to go with Hector, me being his dorymate.

There's plenty o' wind and sea, but no more than most of the Cynthia's crew was caught out in some time or other, and with maybe fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds o' fish besides to look after, the same as me and Hector was more than once.

The crew lowers a dory and we drive it against the wind and sea to the coaster, and I hold her off from the side of the coaster with an oar, and when they jump overboard with a line around 'em, Hector hauls 'em into the dory.

The woman comes first, o' course, and: "Gracious! Is he strong!" she says when Hector gaffs her and flops her into the bottom of the dory like she's a hundred-and-ten- or maybe -twenty-pound halibut.

We make two trips of it, takin' four the first time and three the second, and Josh hustles them for'ard, where the cook fills 'em full o' hot coffee and hot stew. The woman has one o' them wrist bags wrapped in a piece of oilskin, and now she opens the bag and borrows a towel off the cook and touches up her lips and powders her face.

Old Josh eyes her with approval and announces that the cabin gang, includin' himself, will have to move for'ard and let the young lady have the privacy of the cabin.

The cook growls some, sayin' that six coastermen and twenty-six of us'll make thirty-two men for'ard, which'll mean a crowded fo'c'sle, with him not havin' elbow room to set the table.

"There mebbe won't be any thirty-two people for'ard," explains Josh. "It's a strong easterly breeze, and if a gang o' men was to find themselves aboard that coaster and could maneuver to keep her afloat till she raises Gloucester off her lee bow, why it'd mean more salvage money for the Cynthia's crew than she'll make in mebbe four or five good trips o' halibut. Now I wouldn't think of orderin' any crew o' mine to go aboard that coaster, but—"

There's plenty of volunteers, especially after Josh tells 'em he'll be standin' by in the Cynthia in case o' real danger. So dories are dropped down from the Cynthia to the coaster with lines to 'em in case they capsize, and eighteen of the Cynthia's crew go aboard the coaster.

"Furl that busted jib an' mizzen," hails Josh to John Houghton, who is in charge, "then hist her mains'l and her other jib. Then double man them pumps, and lay your course in the wake o' the Cynthy for Gloucester."

With all that loose water in her hold the coaster ain't breakin' any sailin' records, but a gasoline truck with sails on her could've logged knots afore that breeze.

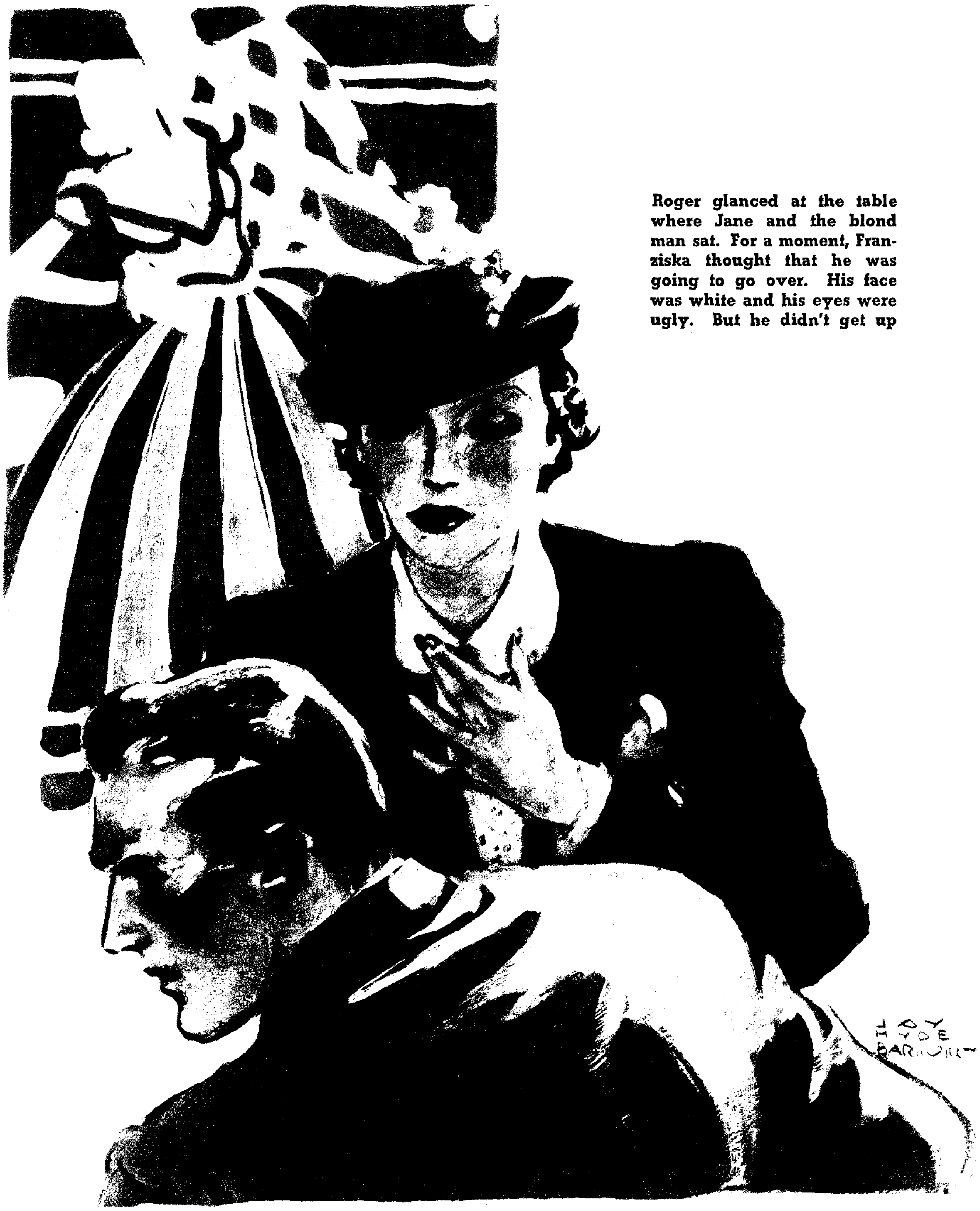
That night the coaster's gang *(Continued on page 64)*

The Cynthia beats her way to her, and by'n'by we're heaving to under her lee quarter. Josh hails to ask what their trouble is and their skipper hollers back: "What's our trouble? Can't you see for yourself what our trouble is?"

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Roger glanced at the table where Jane and the blond man sat. For a moment, Franziska thought that he was going to go over. His face was white and his eyes were ugly. But he didn't get up

The Story Thus Far:

PETER BANYARD, son of rich old Mike Banyard of Cobalt, Nevada, arrives in New York with an all-consuming desire: To meet Franziska Rilling who, while flying East with him, had snubbed him. His father's former valet, Oliver Hooper (who knows all the ins and outs of New York society), advises him to "crash" a party which Miss Rilling is to attend.

Whereupon, after leasing a Park Avenue apartment and installing Oliver as the major-domo, Peter goes to the party. Franziska is there. Again, as on the plane, she snubs Peter, insults him. And presently he realizes that she thinks he is someone else—a man whom she hates and who happens to be his double! But he does not leave the party, and when Franziska and Jane Griffin, the wealthy little hostess, slip away for some mysterious rendezvous uptown, he follows them. He has reason to believe that they may be in peril.

And Jane Griffin *is* in peril. Franziska Rilling, in debt and in danger of losing the man she loves, Roger Van Tyle, to Jane, has become involved in a plot to blackmail Jane Griffin—a bold stroke on the part of Frank Merricka, Steve Tetlow, Roderico Hova and other gangsters. She has promised to bring Jane to Hova's apartment. Naturally, Peter *knows nothing of the plot or of Franziska's* part in it. But, following the girls, he reaches Hova's apartment just in time to save Jane from the blackmailers. While escorting her back to the party he wonders what has happened to Franziska.

But Franziska soon reappears. She had slipped away from Jane, to report to Merricka. She finds the man dead—murdered! . . . The following morning, Peter discusses the evening with Oliver. Oliver, interested by his suggestion that he may have a twin brother of whom he has never heard, advises him to wire his father. He does so. "Tell Oliver he can talk" is the answer.

Oliver then tells him that he has a twin brother: "Charles Dunkin," a crooked reprobate. . . . Lunching with Roger Van Tyle, at Lari's, Franziska tells him that Peter Banyard is a notorious crook. As she does so, Jane passes their table. Her escort is *Peter Banyard!* "And she promised me," Van Tyle exclaims, "that she wouldn't see anything of that fellow until we'd checked him up!"

IV

WHEN a waiter had taken their order, Jane Griffin cuddled her elbows in her hands and leaned across the table toward Peter with a sly and intimate smile and a small, ecstatic wriggle. She looked like a mischievous faun. She was so pretty, so fresh, and so exciting that he almost forgot to be afraid of her.

"You crashed my party," she said.

"Sure."

"You waited out there for me to come out, so you could pick me up."

Peter smiled dangerously. "Sure."

"How'd you know I'd come out?"

"If you hadn't, I'd have gone in."

She looked at him with speculation, smiling in that sly, intimate way all the time.

"I'll bet you would have."

"Sure, I would have."

"You were as wild as all that to know me?"

"Oh, yes, I was pretty wild about it."

The steady scrutiny of her gentian eyes made him uneasy. "You're smooth," she said, after thinking it over. "Where are you from?"

"Nevada."

"What part?"

"Cobalt. Southern Nevada."

"Did you just come to New York?"

"About a week ago."

"You came East just to meet me, didn't you?"

He grinned.

"Did you see my picture in the rotogravure or something? Did you fall in love with my picture?"

"Can't a man have any secrets?"

"Not around me. Did you grow up in Nevada?"

"Yes."

"Ranching?"

"Mining."

"Are you rich?"

"What is this?"

"Well, haven't I a right to be curious? Are you rich?"

"Not according to your standards. We're doing all right."

"Then it wasn't your idea to marry me for my money."

"No," Peter said. "That wasn't my idea."

"You just saw my picture and came rushing to New York because you couldn't resist me. Oh, I like you."

The waiter brought their cocktails.

FRANZISKA'S eyes were stormy. She was furious at Jane for her ability to hurt Roger, and she was furious at the tall blond man for his insolence in lunching with Jane.

"His name is not Banyard, it's Charles Dunkin. And he's utterly unscrupulous. He's a real crook, Roger. I know what I'm talking about. I met him on the boat last summer, coming back from France. Someone introduced us, and he gave me quite a rush. He was attractive and very smooth. I mean I didn't know then that he was a crook. I'd been in New York a few days when he called me up. He wanted me to have cocktails with him, and I met him at a little French place on Sixty-first between Park and Lexington.

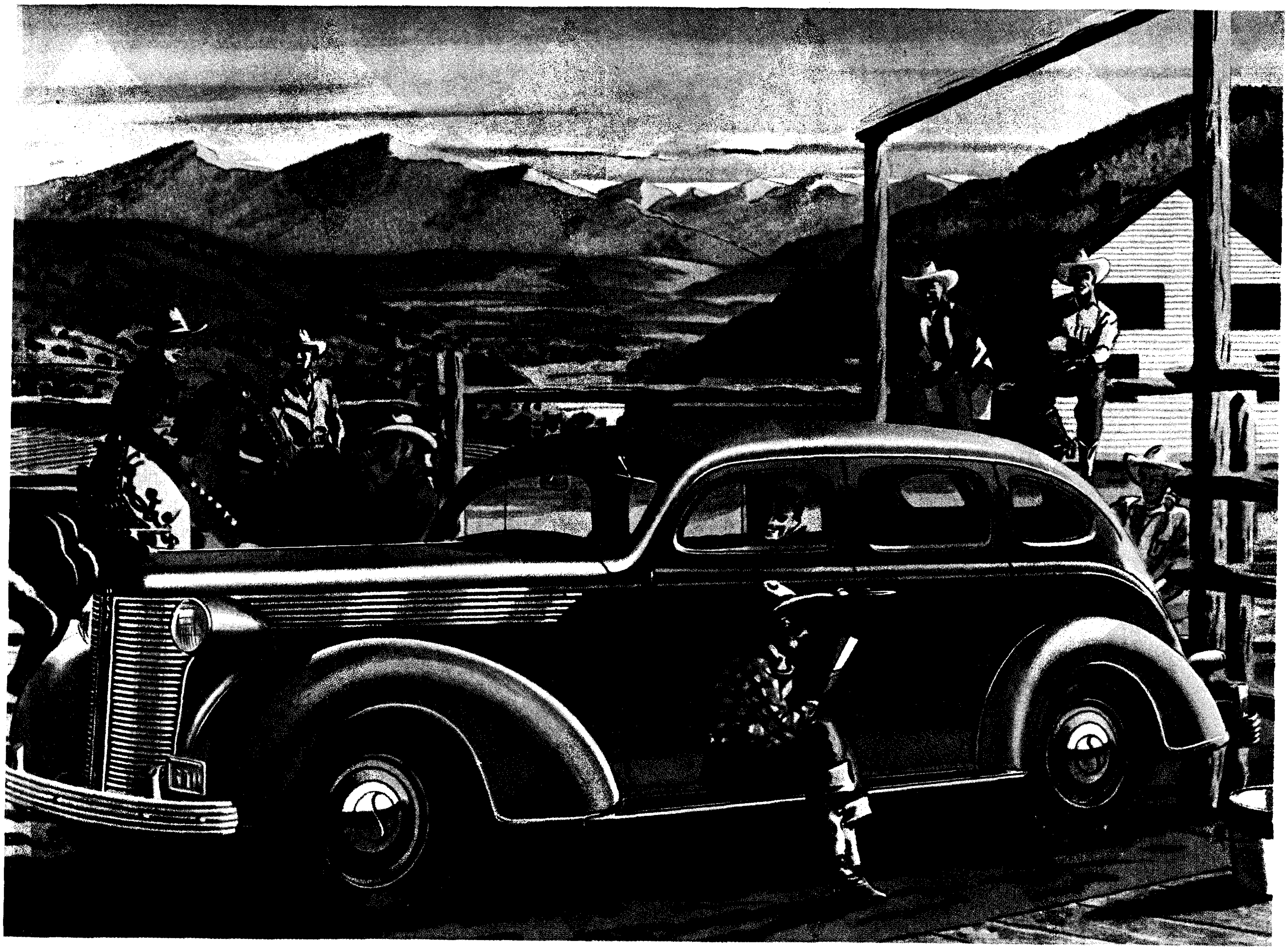
"It was very pleasant and he was quite amusing. He said he wanted me to meet a crowd of amusing people, and that he was throwing a cocktail party at his apartment the following Thursday, and wouldn't I please come? I accepted. His apartment was on East Fifty-eighth between Fifth and Madison. It was a walk-up. I went there on Thursday at about five. He opened the door—and not another soul was there.

"He said it was really a sort of a frame-up, but not to be alarmed. What he wanted was merely to have a very private talk with me. Then he said he had heard some rumors that I wasn't quite as wealthy as I looked, and would I care to make a lot of money. I began to be a little frightened, and I stalled, and I said something to the effect that everybody was interested in money.

"He said that the winter deb parties had always impressed him as offering wonderful chances for clever people to make a lot of easy money. He said the greatest aggregation of wealth in the city was at these deb parties."

(Continued on page 49)

COSTS LESS TO BUY— TO RUN



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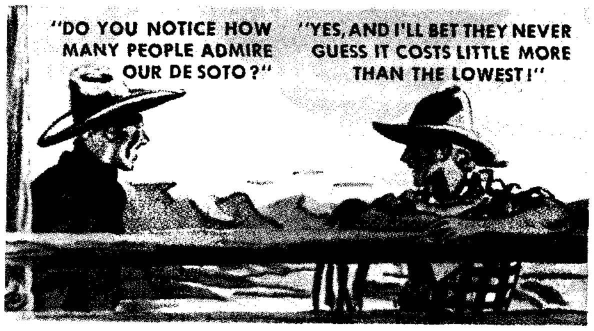
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Firestone

Love is Patient

Continued from page 11

Bridge in the fog, and nudes in chiffon. On the side, to save his soul, he photographed people, with appallingly unflattering results. He was a poet and a dreamer. His hands were acid-bitten and his nails blackened by immersion in developer. But he had a beautiful mouth and he thought Sis was "damned handsome."

They began to meet for dinner at the Brevoort. Afterward, they'd go to his studio and sit on the terrible sofa in the dark and talk. Something hidden in Sis's heart came to life. She listened with awe and a sort of bewildered happiness to the circulation of her own blood. Spring burst in her veins. Her mind was all unjointed and dizzy and full of bird song and jonquil and glitter. She cared terribly about being beautiful—for him.

One night he put his hand firmly on her waist and pulled her forward and kissed her.

The first time.

Afterward, tingling, on fire, her pulse like wild horses, she lay against his shoulder.

She was thirty and self-reliant, but she felt like a helpless child.

They rode uptown on the top of a bus, and at the door of her apartment he kissed her again.

The telephone was ringing, so she said good night and ran, jerking off her hat, humming, to answer.

It was Pussie.

"Sis, darling!" came the soft voice. "I'm here—in New York! The most frightful thing has happened. Oh, Sis, I *tried* to be a good wife! Could I *help* it if I fell terribly, terribly in love? We're running away—to South America. Can I bring Buzz to you? Just until after the divorce?"

And so Buzz came back.

Thin. Sullen. Wise, ignorant and cheated. His eyes full of rebellion. His mouth hurt. Eight years old.

WHEN Pussie and her lover had gone, Sis took Buzz into the nursery. She felt constrained and embarrassed. Her arms ached to hold him—but for some reason she couldn't. Buzz stayed aloof. Hands in pockets, he stared at the cool, clean room. Blank-eyed.

"This is your room, Buzz," she said. "You'd better go to bed, now."

"Sure," he said.

Sis tiptoed out, closing the door softly upon his tense, watchful, hunched figure, motionless in the center of that clean brightness.

When she couldn't stand it any longer, she went back, pretending indifference. "It's me. Auntie Sis. You all right, Buzz?" He didn't answer and she leaned over him. His black eyes were wide and dry. But he was sobbing, carefully, deeply, as if his heart would break. Sis went down on her knees beside him. She felt the thin, sharp arms around her neck, tight, tight. "Buzz—I didn't know. Oh, my darling—thank God you're back!"

Only in the morning did she remember the photographer. She had her secretary telephone him. She was too busy for love. She had a child, now. This was no time for sweet languors and retirement to an attic studio in the village. She had to work for Buzz. Open branch offices in Paris, London, Rome, Hollywood. Buzz had had enough of hot-eyed fathers. The sweet poison of Pussie. He needed to be a kid. To grow up clean. To believe. And then to live.

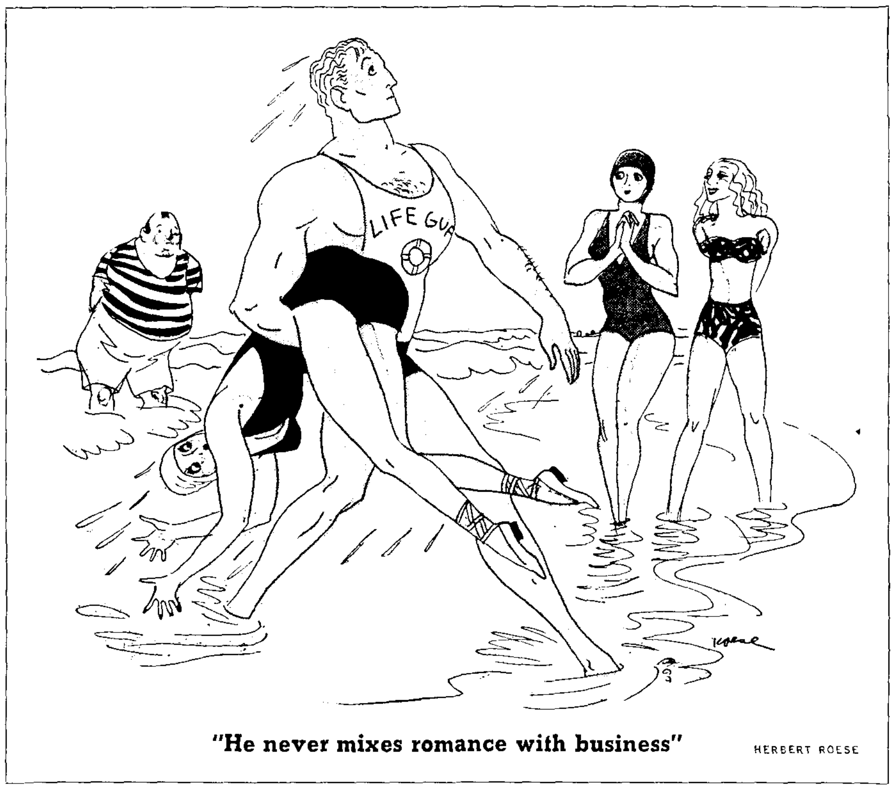
Sis moved into the country, up the Hudson. A big, sprawling house with a cellar, an attic and a woodshed. For Buzz. Every day she drove into town, dictating to her secretary while the chauffeur fought traffic. Every night she drove home again, for dinner, at seven sharp, with Buzz. No life of her own, for a while. No theaters. No tinsel and gaiety at the night clubs. Instead, games and reading before the fire, a romp with Buzz and the dogs, bed at ten. Lights out. To lie awake, listening to the wind in the trees, feeling the silence of the house, sensing her beautiful and satisfying responsibility. *Happy.*

BUZZ was a good kid, once she'd cleaned out the trash in his mind. When he was twelve, she dismissed his tutor and sent him to a boys' school. He needed competition.

Sis used to talk about him to her business associates.

"My son," she'd say. "My big son."

And she'd read his letters, her voice taut with pride. People said that she and Buzz looked alike. They did. They had the same lean, stylish cut, the same rakish walk. At fourteen, Buzz suddenly shot up, and the chalk marks in the attic gymnasium registered five feet ten. He could look down on Sis. This was the year he played basketball and got a charley horse. And this was the year that Pussie came home from South America and invited Buzz to spend the summer vacation at Saratoga with her.



"He never mixes romance with business"

HERBERT ROESE

Pussie was married, now, to a millionaire from Paraguay who owned a string of race horses. Pussie herself was Señora de la Something-or-Other, busty, bleached and noisy.

She was delighted with the job Sis had done on Buzz.

"What a big, fine, handsome boy he is!" she cried. "You must let him spend the summer with me, Sis! I'll see that he has a marvelous time!"

Sis spent three months alone in the big house on the Hudson. She couldn't blame Buzz.

"After all," he wrote, "she's my mother."

Yes, Pussie was his mother. And Pussie was romantic. Wherever she was, things happened.

Buzz had his first taste of luxury and excitement. Sport. Drink. Speed. Gambling.

Sis spent the summer in building a tennis court and a swimming pool.

When Buzz came home, in September, he was thin and pale. There was a funny, set look about his mouth.

He stared at the tennis court and the green pool with its borders of heliotrope and forget-me-not.

"I *hoped* to dazzle you," Sis confessed.

Buzz put his big hand on her shoulder.

"I'd have come home," he said, "for a doughnut and a night's sleep!"

That was all. But for Sis it was the ultimate accolade. It carried her over the next four years. Marvelous years. When Pussie was in Paraguay and Buzz was going through the strange and marvelous business of growing up. Sis saw him safely through adolescence—tough going, some of it. The six months when the bad Heaney boy was his god and idol. The football mania. The long, intense, secretive friendship with a dumb halfback named Stan. The English period, at seventeen, when he played tennis and wore mufflers and had a queer accent, picked up from the pro.

The first love affair—lipstick on his collars and a dreamy look in his eyes. This was the summer of '29. When Buzz was eighteen.

"What do you want to do, Buzz?" she asked one night after dinner. "After college?"

"Business," he said.

"*What* business?"

"I dunno—anything. From the bottom up. It's a cinch. You pick your business. Then you train."

A QUEER relief and gratitude flooded Sis's heart. Now she knew. She'd retire in five years—and pass the business over to Buzz.

Never again to lose him. Never again to fear being alone. They'd be partners—pals. Buzz and Sis, Incorporated. . . .

She hadn't counted on the depression. By the time Buzz was a sophomore at Princeton, Sis was fighting for her life. Suddenly, the silver in her hair turned white. She wrote Buzz that she looked like a portrait of George Washington by Copley. Anything to seem cheerful. Because the books said that her business was on the rocks. Where once there had been security, there was now a cavernous deficit, the winds of insolvency howling through the safety vaults.

The house on the Hudson was no longer the old homestead, no longer the safe shelter, the sweet refuge from reality. It was, instead, a great, sprawling liability, eating its head off. For two years, Sis borrowed against what was left of the institute, trying to stall off the inevitable. Then, one terrible morning, she kissed the house goodby and turned the keys over to the bank.

"I'm living in town," she wrote Buzz.

But she didn't tell him where. Buzz was on top of the world. It wouldn't do to let him know that, little by little, inch by inch, she was being forced to her knees. Women couldn't afford the more spectacular luxuries—they were washing their own hair, using the old brush, going without expensive ointments and rinses. Sis had to face the fact, at last, that she couldn't keep Buzz at Princeton another year. Unless . . .

She sat down, at last, and wrote Pussie:

"Could you let me have about twenty-five hundred dollars? The usual interest, of course. America isn't finished. And *I'm* not finished. I want Buzz to graduate. And when the country comes out of this, he'll have something."

Pussie didn't answer. She came, instead, all the way from Paraguay, bringing thirty trunks and three Pomeranians and five servants.

IT WAS just before the summer vacation, and Buzz came in from New Jersey.

They all met in Sis's dark little flat in Waverly Place.

Pussie was magnificent. She didn't look a day over thirty-five. Sis felt like a tired cab horse.

"I was horrified to get your letter," Pussie said. "Horrified. Of course, in Paraguay, we don't know anything about depressions. My husband is terrifically rich. Why didn't you *tell* me you were in need."

Buzz looked quickly at Sis.

"I'm not in need," Sis said. "I've just had to—reduce expenses—like everyone else."

Buzz was so handsome it hurt.

"Where have *I* been, all this time?" he said. "Playing student! Going in for tennis and the bigger and better clubs!"

Pussie interrupted: "You mustn't blame yourself, darling! Sis was right. She wants you to graduate. And so do I. After all, I can afford it."

She turned to Sis. Brightly.

"I want Buzz to spend the summer with me," she went on. "In Europe. Later, when he has finished his education, my husband will place him, in Paraguay."

"*Don't go, Buzz,*" Sis prayed. She clasped her hands, so tight that her rings cut into the flesh. "*Don't go!*"

But Buzz went.

"I'm just a burden to you, Auntie Sis," he said, with an embarrassed laugh. "After all, Mother's rich. And I'm her son . . ."

"You bet you are," Sis said.

They sailed—Pussie and Buzz and the entourage.

"You're sure you don't need any help?" Pussie said, at the dock.

"Me?" Sis croaked. "I'm okay, dearest! Thanks."

The truth was, she was tired. Over forty—the time of life when a woman wants a chaise longue and a personal maid and a lot of flattery. And here she was, spitting into the palms of her hands, beginning all over again, from the bottom of the ladder.

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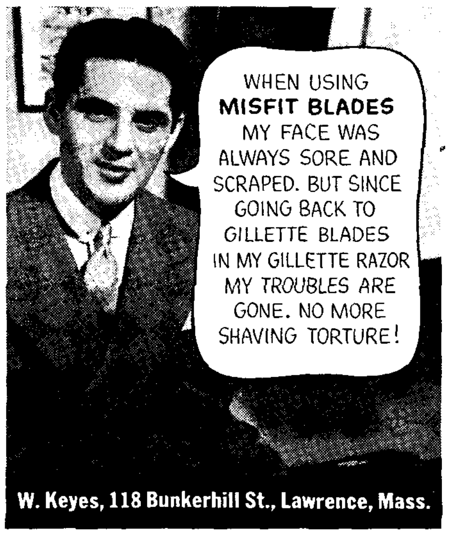
—*says New England man*

Read Why Men Everywhere Will Use Only Gillette Blades in their Gillette Razors


WHEN USING MISFIT BLADES MY FACE WAS ALWAYS SORE AND SCRAPED. BUT SINCE GOING BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR MY TROUBLES ARE GONE. NO MORE SHAVING TORTURE!

W. Keyes, 118 Bunkerhill St., Lawrence, Mass.

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B. Richards, 425 So. 1st West St. Provo, Utah

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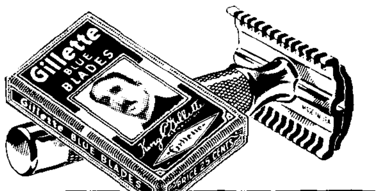


Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

She went from the dock straight to her office, and called a board meeting.

"Gentlemen," she said. "The time to ask for money is when money's tight. The time to expand is when expansion's a pain in the neck. The time to live is when the doctors say you're dying. Somebody's got to break the spell. We're it. Let's go!"

Later in the summer, the bank, in recognition of substantial deposits, allowed her to occupy the guesthouse on the old Hudson River place. Things were faintly better. There were chinks of light in the dark. But she had the fight of her life on her hands to get the business back on its feet—to make money—lots of it. She had to buy Buzz.

Then, one hot bright morning in early September, he came back.

She was setting breakfast in the kitchen. A shadow fell across the table. *She looked up. And there he was*—his nose pressed flat against the screen.

"Cup of coffee for the prodigal?" he said.

"*Buzz!*"

"The same—beat it home on a cattleboat, if you must know."

He gathered her up, held her close, patted her back, let her cry.

"Everything looks swell," he said. "You. This place. The whole works. First feed me. Then I'll get a job. And we won't talk about Europe or Mother, please. Mother's all right. She's just too rich for my taste."

The job he got wasn't much—gymnasium instructor to the children of a certain solvent Mr. Carrington in Mount Kisco. But Buzz worked at it—for *eighty dollars a month. Drove his own* car, too. And paid his food and laundry bills. No Princeton. He liked working. He liked earning his own salt. He was damned lucky, if you asked him!

Winter came. The solvent Carringtons went South and Buzz went with them. Sis stayed in town and watched her business turn the corner. Sis was heading into the fifties—the frozen-over years. At times, she thought she couldn't go on. *Couldn't!*

Spring brought melting snows and Buzz—Buzz with a Palm Beach tan and a lifeguard chest expansion. And a girl.

"You'll love her, Sis. Her name's Sally. I met her at Miami—Christmas week. She's a teacher. Poughkeepsie Grammar. Twenty-two. And *pretty?* Wait till you see her!"

A pain snatched Sis's heart, squeezed and let go.

"Engaged, Buzz?"

Buzz roared:

"Me? Not on your life!"

THIS was all Sis could get out of him. He must have been in love. Only it wasn't love as Sis remembered it. Buzz and Sally were like two young animals, playing in the sun. All summer they swam and danced and laughed and drove around in Buzz's old roadster. Lovers? They weren't jealous. They never held hands. Or kissed. Or wept. Or put on acts. They didn't try to be alone. They played bridge and listened to the radio on moonlight nights. They shared their friends. And ran in packs. And were immodest and unabashed and lighthearted and frank—and cool as ice cubes.

"Sally's okay," Buzz said.

"Buzz is swell," Sally said.

Sis had to be content with this. At least she had Buzz. She knew when he came in at night. She knew he was there. He was still *hers.*

But he wasn't.

One Sunday, just before lunch, Pussie drove up to the guesthouse in a black limousine. Pussie in mourning again. With circles around her eyes. And a look of wither about her throat. And the backs of her manicured hands imperceptibly old

"For the last time," she said, "I've come for Buzz."

"For the last time," Sis said, "you can't have him!"

"We'll see about that!"

Pussie told the chauffeur to wait, and swept into the dining room, where Sis was setting the table for lunch. She watched, with pursed lips and darting, angry eyes.

"All your life, you've been my enemy," she said. "You've *hated* me—because I was prettier. And happier."

"Keep still," Sis said. "Here's Buzz."

Buzz looked from Sis to Pussie.

"I've come for you," Pussie said.

"For me?"

Buzz laughed.

"Is lunch ready, Sis?"

Sis felt a curious sense of triumph.

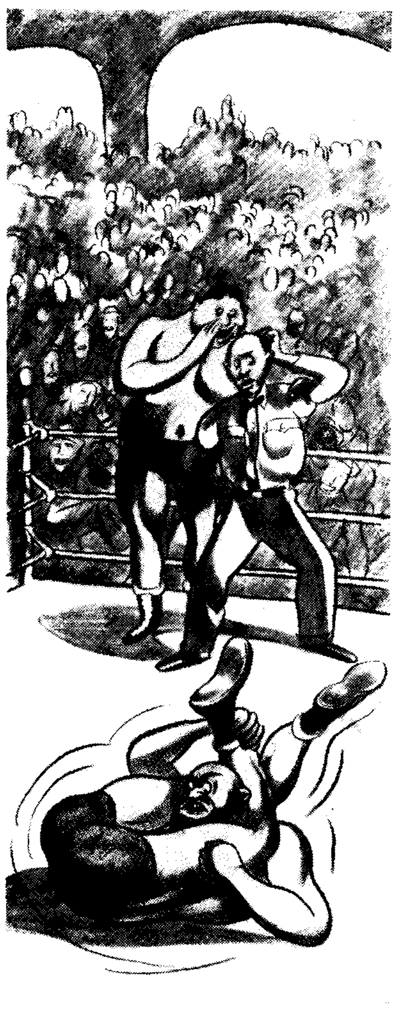
"Bacon and eggs," she said crisply. "Salad. Coffee."

"Swell!"

Buzz leaned over his mother:

"Hello, Mother."

She put her hands to her eyes.



"Heh! Heh! Wait till he finds out I ain't there!"

STEPHEN RONAY

"I'm alone again, darling. Terribly alone."

"*Lunch!*" Sis said. "Come on."

They unfolded their napkins. Buzz was very cheerful, and very hungry.

"I'm not interested in food," Pussie said. "I came here to discuss an important matter—vital to all of us."

"Do you mind if I eat?" Buzz asked.

"Eat," Sis said.

She turned to Pussie. A queer, strangled rage thickened her speech and clouded her eyes.

"I know what you want," she said. "You want Buzz. Now that I've brought him up and made a man of him."

"Buzz," Pussie interrupted. Her pretty, faded face flushed. "Listen, darling. I'm your mother. Nothing can change that. I carried you next to my heart. Now I'm growing old—I need you."

"Why don't you marry again?" Sis said. Her hands began to tremble. She clasped them, under the table, to conceal their telltale shaking.

"Don't listen to her," Pussie said. "She hates me. She always has. That's why she stole you away from me—poisoned you against me—told you all sorts of lies. . . ."

"I wish I had," Sis shouted.

Buzz glanced up from the bacon and eggs calmly, with a sort of mild curiosity, a flicker of surprise.

"I wish I'd shown you up, years ago! Your selfishness! You and your sex! You and your gigolos! But I didn't! I let Buzz find you out for himself. And *he did! He came back to me.*"

Pussie began to cry.

"What have *you* done for him? He's no better than a *servant.*"

"He's a gym instructor," Sis said. "And a darned good one! Next year, he's coming into my business! It's a *great* business. I've been *working* all these years—building a future for him—for my son!"

"*Your son!*"

Suddenly Pussie pushed back her chair.

"My son, you mean."

"Mine! Maybe I didn't give birth to him, but I've given him the best of my life."

"Buzz," Pussie shrieked, "make her stop! Haven't you any pity, any loyalty?"

SHE stood hanging on to the edge of the table to support herself.

"Get your things, Buzz. I'm taking *you away. I'm a rich woman.* You'll finish college. Prepare yourself to share in my estate—my affairs."

Sis slapped both palms flat on top of the table.

"Buzz! I'm putting it up to you. Your mother. Or partnership with me—fifty-fifty."

Buzz put down his cup and pushed it aside—deliberately.

"Thank you both," he said. "It just happens that I have plans of my own."

He folded his napkin and stood up.

"Now, if you'll excuse me."

Pussie's face was like a white mask. Distorted with fury and humiliation.

"You mean you refuse?"

"I mean," Buzz said, "that I'm going to marry and make my own life! I don't *want anything on a platter! You can't* chain me down with gratitude. Or make me pay for services rendered. Mother love's a swell thing. But not when it takes its pound of flesh! I don't belong *to either of you! I belong to myself!*"

"Horrible," Pussie whispered.

She gathered up her purse and gloves and banged through the screen door and down the path to the waiting limousine.

Sis listened until the roar of the machine died away over the hill. Then, without looking at Buzz, she went into the kitchen and leaned over the sink, gritting her teeth to keep from being sick.

Buzz followed her. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"It was tough, I know. You said a lot of things. And so did I—but she's gone, now. For good, this time."

"Oh, God, Buzz," Sis cried. "I'm so ashamed!"

"Listen—"

Buzz caught her arms and turned her around, forcing her to lift her tear-drenched, suffering face and look at him.

"Keeping love's a trick, Auntie Sis," he said. "A cinch if you know how it works. Never hang on to it. Never expect *anything* back."

He laughed.

"If you'll just let me go—don't you see—I'll be around all the rest of my life!"

His clasp tightened. He put his cheek against hers.

"Mother," he said.

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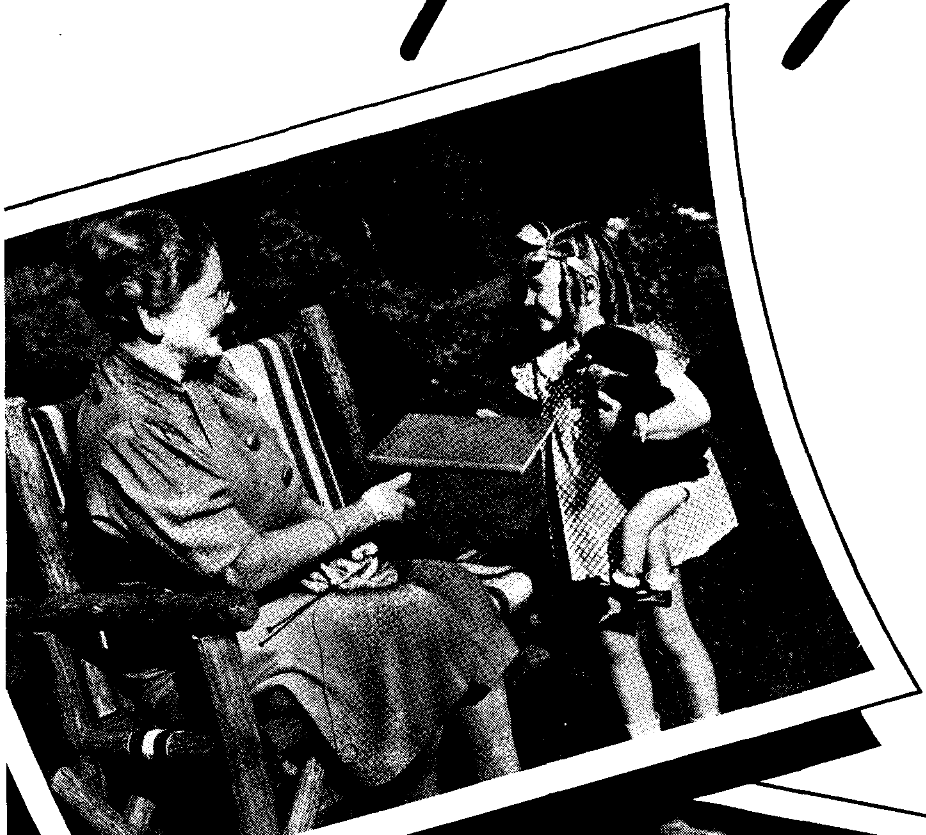

"Sister appeared with a story book—she knows her Grandmother has practically no resistance . . .

"And who would have any, against that smile? The young lady is going to be a menace . . .

"At her age, it's never much of a trip from fairy-land to dreamland. Pretty sweet, eh?"

"A little reading always leads to a million questions—lots of big-time conversation . . .

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Fools are Clever

Continued from page 20

grabbed everything. All books and papers, and Adam and Lilith. We can be high-handed under the new Section 23-A.

I had the Arnots indicted.

Fahey stuck like a major, working with me, sitting here and helping me to beat witnesses into shape. And I built up an airtight case. I knew that I was going to put Adam Arnot away hard, and probably settle him with ten to twenty, as an old offender. Lilith wouldn't be so easy, being a woman and good-looking, but I guessed I could manage her.

The Arnots were out on bail.

SEVERAL months went by, as General Sessions is a little busy these times, and then the case came up on the trial calendar for the first of next month. I was all set for it.

However, there came a hitch. I was at home, dozing over the evening paper, when I saw a brief item telling of the suicide of Adam Arnot in the Toland House, a cheap mid-town hotel. The well-known financier, who "had suffered financial reverses recently," had poisoned himself. The body, at first unrecognized, had been identified by his grief-stricken sister.

I chucked the paper and caught my hat. I wanted to identify that body too.

They were living in a ground-floor corner apartment on upper West End Avenue; what would be called a doctor's apartment, with several street exits. It was a large apartment and furnished haphazardly.

Lilith was alone with her grief. She brought me into the hushed room, and I viewed the man under the flickering candles.

The face was already waxen, but it was the face of Adam Arnot. I forced myself to touch the forehead, to lift one of the heavy hands. It was already cold and wooden. This man was dead; even if I hadn't the verdict of the ambulance surgeon on that.

"It was the disgrace," said Lilith. "Poor Adam had such soft feelings. I have been afraid of this."

She led me into the foyer, closing the door on her sorrow. She was bearing up, though evidently under great strain.

"He warned me to be brave," she said and handed me a note in Adam Arnot's writing. I forget the wording, but it said that he couldn't go through with it, and that he was going away.

"He left here this morning?"

"Oh, no, Mr. M'Kelvie. Adam left about a fortnight ago, and I have been hoping and fearing every day."

"He disappeared," I said, startled, "about two weeks ago? Why didn't you notify the police?"

"Because I hoped," she said, lifting her great green eyes, "I hoped that he had left the country."

I avoided looking too sympathetically into her eyes. She opened her eyes at me once in the office here, some months ago, and I got an odd, unsteady feeling, as if I had looked from a height. My opinion, that girl should have a black cat on her shoulder.

I came back here and lit up a stogie and envisaged the outlook, and it wasn't sunshine and roses. Adam Arnot was out of the jurisdiction for good. And the picture had changed a lot as to Lilith too. She was in a position now which she hadn't been in before; to throw everything on her so-called brother. Confession and avoidance: she had done all she was accused of, but acting solely on Adam's instruction and always believing that Televisticon was worth a hundred cents on the dollar. A young and beautiful woman, charming in black: the jury would vote her a gold watch and a testimonial. A fat chance I had.

THE suicide of the brother would tell against me. The jury would have a feeling that he wasn't such a bad fellow if he couldn't stand publicity and if he tried to spare his dear sister the knowledge of his taking off. New York has its hundreds of unknown dead, and a common sort is the man or woman who removes all marks of identity and goes to some hotel and passes out. Commonplace, with another case in the paper almost every day, but truly pathetic and touching when the facts are known. No, I was licked. No use wasting the people's money trying to hang it on the beautiful Lilith.

And take it from me, Lilith was the brains of that larceny shop. She was the real works. Put try and tell a jury of men. Beautiful and dumb: it's a proverb.

So here I sat yesterday, stopped, sunk, when the door opens and in walks Mr. Grover C. Fahey.

"Mr. M'Kelvie," he said, "you identified the body of Adam Arnot, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Will you call the insurance company and tell them so? They raise the objection that they weren't notified at once of the death and given a chance to verify. They're pretty technical."

"Glad to," I said. "For whom? Who's the beneficiary? I suppose you're talking about a policy on Adam Arnot's life. But wait—what about suicide? Does the policy permit that?"

"Oh, yes. My lawyer looked into that. Suicide is okay. . . . What? Well, yes—I own the policy now. Lilith Arnot assigned it to me yesterday afternoon. Oh, everything's regular."

I sat up and took notice.

"How much is the policy for?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"What did you give her for it?"

"Twenty thousand."

"AGAIN, Mr. Fahey? A fifty-thousand-dollar policy, past due, for twenty thousand? She gave you another rare bargain, didn't she? So what was the build-up this time? I guess she told you she had no time to hang around and collect the policy because she was going to jump her bail right away. Was that it?"

"Oh, no. And I didn't have to assume anything like that. She said that she wanted to make amends, and give me back the money that her brother took from me, and that she was as much deceived as I was, and that she would devote her last dollar—"

I had to grin. He got restive, with a first twinge of alarm.

"Mr. M'Kelvie, don't think I'm an all-day sucker! I took my lawyer with me this time, and he verified everything and buttoned it all up right before I passed the money."

"Everything, except proof of death."

"That's right. The only detail missing is some legal proof of death to satisfy the insurance company. So will you kindly call them up?"

"Fahey," I said, "I'm glad you came in. I may even get you your money this time. It's pete, Fahey. Pete again! I feel it in my bones."

"Don't be silly. How could she possibly—"

"Oh, yes. It was a good build-up. But I'm afraid you are in the wrong office for proof that Adam Arnot is dead. I don't care if I did see him with my own eyes. I'm more curious now than the insurance company. I want to know! I'll have an order of exhumation in twenty minutes—"

J. ROBERT M'KELVIE was interrupted.

An associate thrust his head into the room.

"We got them, Bob!"

"Good! Where?"

"In Montreal. They had passage booked for England."

J. Robert rose and paced the room excitedly.

"What are you talking about, Bob?" I asked.

"The Arnots!"

"You mean Lilith. Adam Arnot is dead."

"Like hell! But can you picture that emerald-eyed sorceress? She was shopping around New York, shopping for two weeks, for a dead man. We may never find out who the poor chap was. Well, that's what he would have."

"But, Bob. You identified the body yourself."

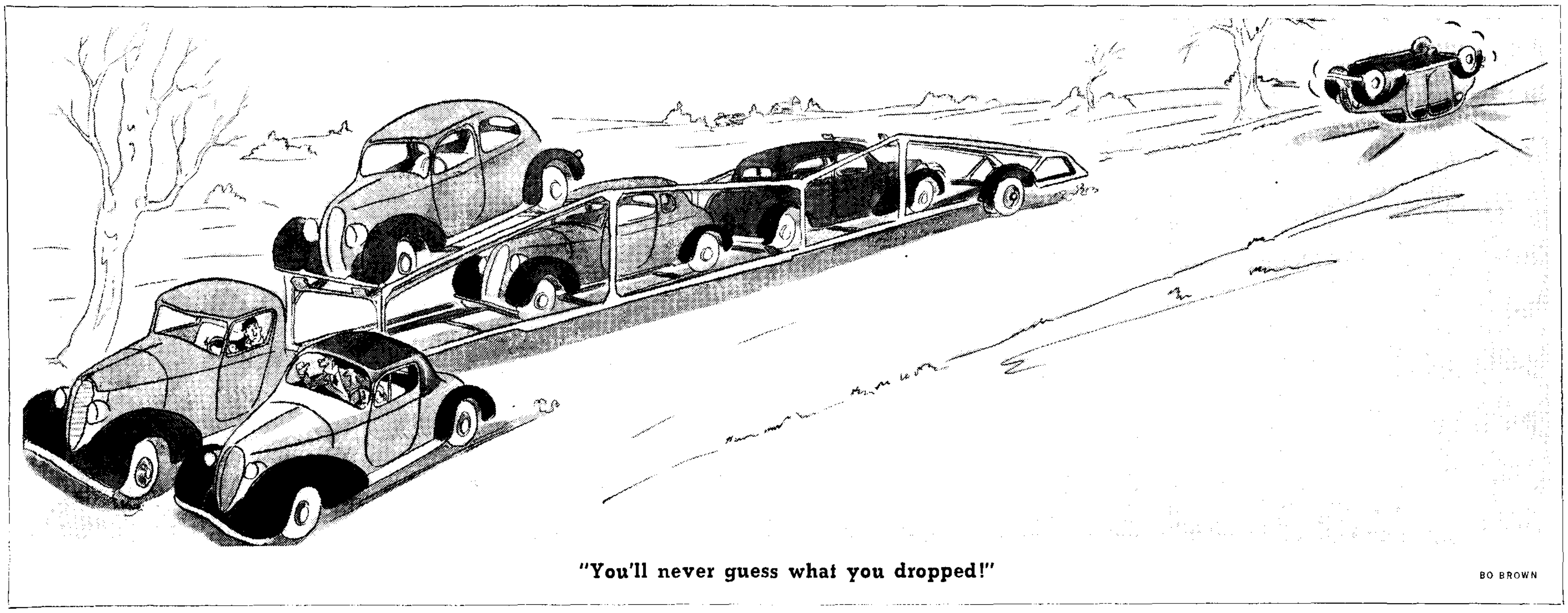
"Don't mention it. The body we exhumed in Briarwood this morning was wearing a mask. A mask of Adam Arnot's face; probably made it himself. That's what I saw. They didn't dare take a chance on showing it to the insurance company doctor.

"You see how it operated. After the legal and medical facts had been established, and nothing left but to dispose of the body, Lilith stepped in and claimed it and took it home. I'll bet her lawyer knew about it, though I'll never prove it. Lilith would want to know when to step in with a minimum of delay and risk.

"Yes, they put it over on me, and they'd have got away with it and been on their way to England now if they hadn't been bound to grab for Fahey's money once again."

J. Robert halted his pacing, and struck the desk.

"That's what I mean! The vital thing for the Arnots was to hide the identity of that dead man. And they themselves directed attention to it; called it in question. They brought in an insurance company. What sort are these marvelously clever rogues? They're fools: clever fools. It's been my experience of them here, and I've met many far smarter than I— Just a minute; that will be Missing Persons again."



"You'll never guess what you dropped!"

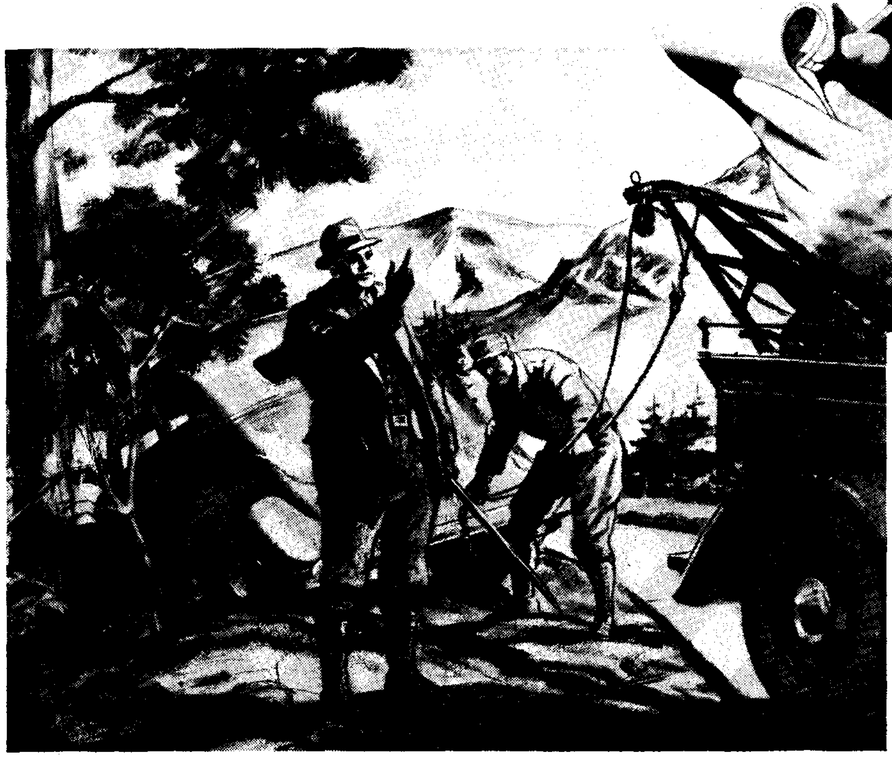
BO BROWN

GRANTLAND RICE REPORTS:

OFF THE ROAD THEY SHOT AS AN UNSEEN DEMON THREW THEIR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

GRANTLAND RICE
Well-Known Sports Commentator
Radio Announcer and Columnist

GRANTLAND RICE describes The Unhappy Ending to A Seattle Motorist's Week-End Trip to Mt. Baker



"It took a towing truck to haul out his damaged car."

THE STRAINS of "When We Come To The End of A Perfect Day" seemed to fit the mood of Mr. Jack Davis of Seattle, Washington, and his party of four, as they motored along the enchanting, scenery-laden paths leading down from Mt. Baker that invigorating Sunday afternoon. And when the familiar Everett highway finally was reached they were still recounting the glorious experiences of that care-free week-end.

Then, with the startling suddenness of a lightning flash, the scene changed. BANG! The left front tire had blown out with the noise of a thunder-clap! A terrible drag set in. The steering wheel jerked itself out of Mr. Davis' control. Off the road they shot. The unseen demon of motoring safety had done its "dirty work."

Narrow Escape

Luckily the blow-out had not occurred when they were up in the mountains. As Mr. Davis walked a mile for a towing truck, it's a safe bet that he resolved *never again to take his tires for granted.*

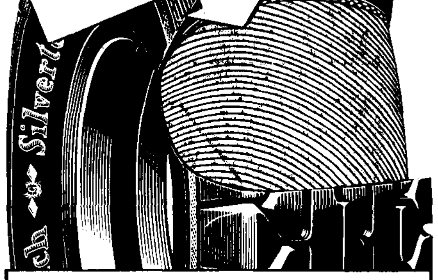
From the way in which it was described to me I would say that today's high speeds are a *triple threat* to tire and motoring safety. The heat generated *inside* all tires by faster driving conditions may cause rubber and fabric to pull apart, constituting danger *number one.* This separation leads to the formation of a tiny heat blister . . . *danger number two,* because you can't see this blister growing bigger and BIGGER. Sooner or later, this blister reaches a point where it weakens the tire and BANG! A blow-out! And if you escape this third threat, consider yourself very lucky.

But why any motorist should trust to luck or take chances by riding around on ordinary tires is beyond me. Especially when the engineers of The B. F. Goodrich Company have perfected a tire invention that brings *real* blow-out protection to every American motorist. This revolutionary construction which they call the Life-Saver Golden Ply and which is found *only* in Goodrich Silvertowns, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from getting a start.

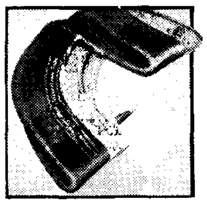
You Can't Be Too Sure About Your Tires

One blow-out was enough to cure Mr. Jack Davis of Seattle, Washington. Now you'll find his car equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Make up your mind to "beat a blow-out to the punch" by starting to ride on Silvertowns *today.* You can buy these life-saving Golden Ply Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers *everywhere.*

Grantland Rice



PUT THESE MONEY-SAVING TUBES IN THESE LIFE-SAVING TIRES



Made of an all black layer of tear-resisting rubber with an *extra* layer of special gold rubber compound to resist chafing and abrasion. No tube gives you more *safety* and *service* for your money than a Goodrich Gold & Black Tube.

Goodrich GOLD & BLACK TUBES

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME AT YELLOWSTONE PARK
OH – WHAT A PERFECTLY GORGEOUS VIEW
THE FAMOUS CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PARK MORE BEAUTIFUL
YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE, AND THOSE FALLS ARE ALMOST TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA
YELLOWSTONE LAKE IS ABOUT A MILE AN' A HALF ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND IS MORE THAN 300 FEET DEEP IN SPOTS
I KEEP FORGETTING WE'RE SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY
SAY, I NEVER SAW SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD FOWL-SWANS! DUCKS! PELICANS!
WELL, NATURE IS WONDERFUL, BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I ENJOYED THE MAN-MADE PLEASURE OF A GOOD SMOKE. HAVE ONE YOURSELF
I'D LIKE TO, BUT MY TONGUE'S A LITTLE SORE FROM SMOKING. I'VE BEEN LAYING OFF MY PIPE FOR A WHILE
AH, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S ONE TOBACCO THAT WON'T GET YOUR TONGUE SORE
WELL, I'LL TAKE A TRY AT IT. SAY, IT CERTAINLY PACKS DOWN NICE AND EVEN IN THE BOWL
JUDGE, THIS IS A MILD SMOKE, YET IT'S FULL-BODIED TOO!
AND P.A. SURE IS MILD AND TASTY IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES
PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND IT'S NO-BITE PROCESS INSURES COOL, TASTY SMOKES WITHOUT A 'BITE' IN A DAY'S SMOKING

3 KINDS OF PIPE SMOKERS — WHICH KIND ARE YOU?

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

BEGINNER? ABOVE ALL, YOU WANT TOBACCO THAT'S **EXTRA MILD!** THE "NO-BITE" PROCESS MAKES PRINCE ALBERT IDEAL FOR **YOU!**

OCCASIONAL? PIPES GO ON **STEADY DUTY** WHEN "CRIMP CUT" PRINCE ALBERT IS IN THE BOWL. SMOKES **COOLER, SMOOTHER!**

SEASONED? YOU'LL LIKE PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS, AND YOU'LL **CHEER** FOR ITS **RICH, TASTY BODY!**

JUST RIGHT FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES TOO!

MONEY-BACK OFFER!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Personal Contract

Continued from page 13

as witnesses. She knew suddenly that she was standing up, her little hand in Jimmy Downing's hard palm, and that she was saying, "I hope I don't disgrace myself. I feel slightly hysterical."

And when she reached her dingy rooming house in downtown Los Angeles, her landlady said, "You look queer, Miss Holcomb. What happened?" and Kay answered, "I don't know. Honestly, I don't."

From Hollywood Reporter

Jimmy (Agent) Downing sitting 'em out at the Troc with Kay Holcomb . . . She's playing in The Governor's Girl at Superfine now . . . Reported he has her under personal contract . . .

From Variety

Superfine's new picture, The Governor's Girl, looks interesting. Good acting, good scribbling and tight direction. There's a new blonde—Kay Holcomb—playing a minor role who looks as though she might go places . . .

SUPERFINE FILMS, INC.
Inter-Office Communication

FROM: Sol Grattner
TO: Harry Fine
SUBJECT: Kay Holcomb

Can I see you at eleven? Want to discuss this Kay Holcomb.

"Well, Sol—what's eating on you?"

"Kay Holcomb. Just a bit she plays—and what happens? Exhibitors are writing and wiring she's got what it takes. They ask who she is and what other pictures will she be in."

"So what do you tell 'em, Sol?"

"I don't tell 'em anything on account I don't know will she be in any more Superfines or not. It's Jimmy Downing."

"An agony in the head, that Jimmy."

"Me you are telling. Look: We offer her a small part in Fireside and what does he do?"

"Riddles you're asking."

"He says no—the part is no good. It ain't her type."

"What does he think she is: Garbo?"

"It ain't that, Harry. He don't think she's no Garbo yet. That's what worries me. Only small parts he wants for her, and small money. But not this part, on account it don't fit her."

"SO WE cast our picture to suit an agent."

"He says, Harry, that he don't give a damn what we do. He says it just like that—only polite. He says he wants her to play the secretary in Lady of Broadway."

"You gotta sign her then, like he wants."

"I know, Harry—I know. So I got already the contracts drawn."

"Hmmm! Is she Jimmy's girl friend or something?"

"You tell me, Harry. Only nobody has ever said anything about Jimmy Downing and women before. He ain't a chaser, Harry."

"I suppose a man has got to start sometime."

"Maybe so, Harry. But I think this is business exclusive. He's got her under personal contract. And these here telegrams and letters look like he's picked a winner."

"Just another dame. Hollywood's full of 'em."

"But it ain't full of Jimmy Downings, Harry—don't forget that. We got to play ball with him."

"You said it, Sol."

So Kay Holcomb was brought along carefully—though not exclusively by Superfine. She was an important pawn in Jimmy Downing's little game of agenting. He was a patient lad, this Jimmy—and he knew that stars were not made in a day.

By the end of the first year Kay Holcomb had appeared in six pictures, five of which were notably successful. She had played a variety of roles, and played them well. Her photos—plus personality stories—had appeared in all the fan magazines and in innumerable newspapers. And Jimmy signed—in her behalf—a contract with Superfine. It called for an initial salary of three hundred dollars a month for six months with a renewal clause for an additional six months at four hundred. Beyond that, Jimmy refused to sign. He explained the deal to Kay one Saturday night at the Troc as they sat against the wall and tried to pretend that they didn't know what others were saying. Of course, they *did* know. They knew that some were asking—"Who's the blonde in green Jimmy's sitting with?" Or—"That's Kay Holcomb, isn't it? They say she's got two strikes on Downing already."

KAY was saying, "I can't believe it, Jimmy. I keep pinching myself—"

"Need any help?"

"I may—if this keeps up."

"Business. That's all. I'm making dough out of you."

"No, you're not. You've taken only an agent's commission so far."

"Listen, lady—you're not wise to Hollywood yet. Furnished rooms are all right for extras. Very fortunate, even. But you're not an extra any more."

"But on the fifty a week you're supposed to pay me—?"

"I was limiting my liability—that's all. Get this, Kay—and get it straight. The days of pink cars and Russian wolfhounds and eight footmen have gone. But a girl has got to put on a little show. You need a wardrobe and a car and a decent apartment—"

"But it's *your* money."

"That's for me to decide. Wait till another year has passed and we'll bring this up again."

"You still think I've got it?"

"If I didn't, I wouldn't waste time on you. You mean nothing to me except a chance to fatten my bank account. Let's dance."

His arm went around her slender figure. They lost themselves in the crowd on the floor. He spoke abruptly:

"One more thing."

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Keep your head. Don't fall in love."

"This is so terribly sudden. But why the vehemence?"

"It would ruin my plans for you. Dames in love are poison."

She said, "I suppose you're right, Jimmy. So I'll try."

"Try what?"

"Not to."

From Variety

Kay Holcomb has clicked. Just made her mark at the bottom of a one-year contract with Excellent at a salary said to be $750 with no renewal clause. That was the idea of Jimmy Downing, her personal and business rep, who set the deal. Reported Superfine offered more to keep her, but Downing figured the breaks would be better at Excellent. Gal will be featured. Moves over soon as retakes are completed on her last Superfine screening.

It was a night for celebration. Jimmy

sent orchids and insisted that she wear "that satin dress that looks like wallpaper." There was the Troc, of course, for dinner and dancing and congratulations; there were cocktails in the bar downstairs and vintage champagne with the meal. Kay—never really beautiful —attracted more attention than any girl in the room. Strangers identified her easily now.

At eleven o'clock Jimmy suggested a drive along the ocean front. Kay recovered from the shock almost immediately and agreed with what might well be termed enthusiasm. Once there, with a full moon doing artistic things to the Pacific Ocean, Jimmy said, "Remember one year ago?"

"What about it?"

"You wanted to pinch yourself."

"And you offered to help."

"Why not?" He pinched her, lightly—and that started it. Five minutes later he said, "Well, I suppose we're engaged."

"I—I suppose so. Oh, Jimmy, I'm scareder and happier than I was that day you first sent for me."

"Can I help it?"

"You can try."

He tried. She said, "You do very well for an amateur."

"Yeah. But I never thought—"

"That you'd fall in love with me?"

"With anybody. I just never played that way."

"What made you so different?"

"Shy. Like a violet."

"You. The hardest-boiled agent in Hollywood."

"That's business," he grinned. "This is pleasure."

She moved closer to him. "And in spite of what people say, Jimmy—I think they mix beautifully."

TO THE inner circle, the announcement of Kay Holcomb's engagement came as a shock. Jimmy Downing—falling for a client. That was the way most of them put it. Others, rather less than charitable, declared that Kay was a smart girl. And studio executives—loudly declaring that they were independent of even so powerful an agent as Jimmy Downing—vied with each other in treating her royally.

She moved into a modest little place in Beverly Hills: a seven-room-and-three-bath cottage with a patio. She started off with a maid of all work but found that one servant wasn't adequate, so the single attendant became a cook plus a personal maid. A combination chauffeur-butler was the next step, and —quite naturally—there had to be a bigger car. There were gowns from exclusive and expensive Beverly Hills shops. There was a horse. There were tennis lessons and golf lessons and riding lessons and French lessons, and dinners and dances and applause and flattery.

At first Jimmy was delighted. At first Kay Holcomb was bewildered. At first their little private joke—"Time to pinch me, Jimmy darling—just to make sure it's I" . . . at first that joke was frequent. Then it became less so. And long before the year had more than half gone, Kay was making a mistake all too common in affairs of the heart. She was taking Jimmy Downing for granted.

That didn't alter Jimmy's affection for her, but it did give him more leisure in which to watch and to think. What he saw and what he thought did not particularly please him. He discussed it with her one night after coffee and liqueurs. He said, "Time to clamp on the brakes, honey."

"Meaning what, Jimmy?"

"You're riding too high."

"How's for explaining what you mean?"

He smiled, so that she wouldn't think he was too serious. "You're going native on me."

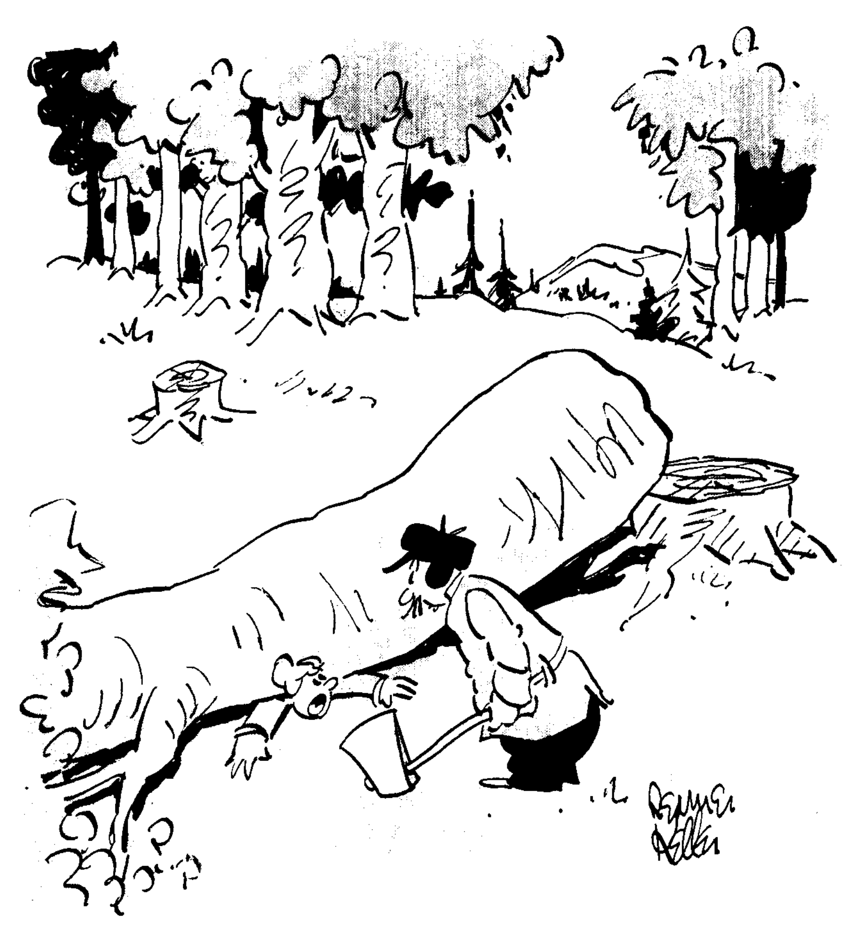
A tiny frown of irritation appeared on her forehead.

"But you're still talking in riddles, Jimmy."

"Trying not to. What you're doing is out of date. The Russian wolfhound era has passed. Folks who amount to anything in pictures nowadays keep their feet on the ground."

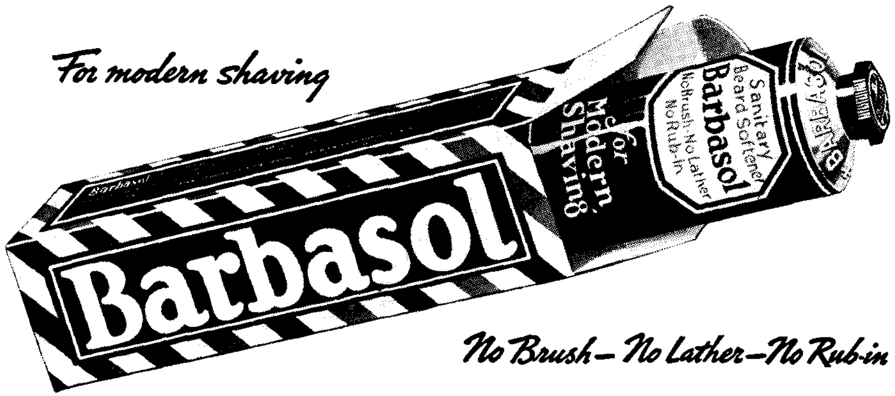
She quit pretending that she didn't understand. "People expect me—"

"They expect you to do just what you



"Gawd help you, Paw, if there's a run in my stocking!"

REAMER KELLER



"I could go for you, Old Fellow—

. . . if you had a Barbasol Face"

Naturally, women prefer the man who has a "Barbasol Face." (Try Barbasol for just two weeks, and the wonderful good it does your skin will tell you why.)

For the "Barbasol Face" is a youthful face with the skin kept soft and firm and youthful looking by the after-shaving benefits of Barbasol.

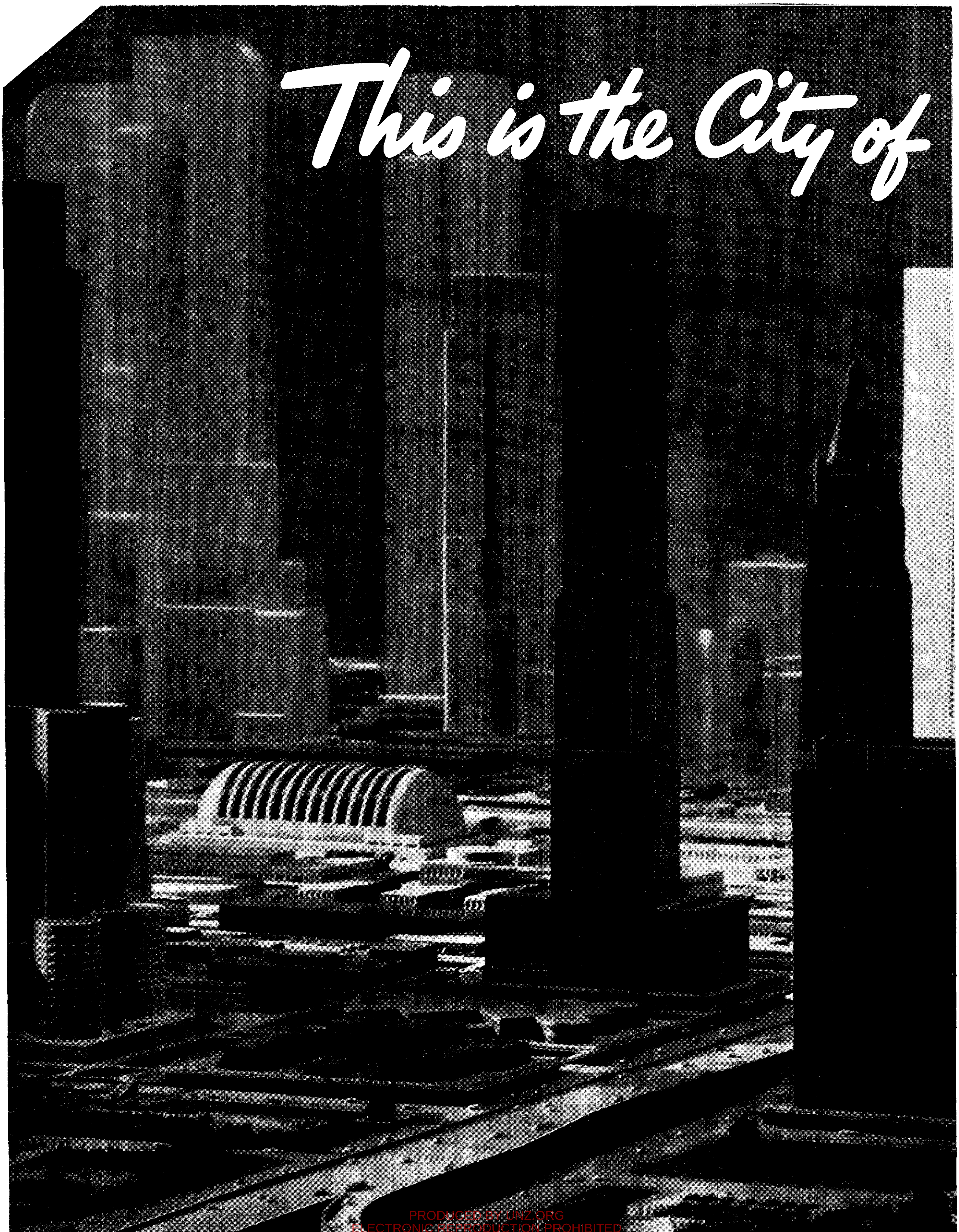
With Barbasol there's no brush, no lather, no rub-in. It's quicker — it's handier — and it leaves your face smooth, for Barbasol contains no harsh alkalis to dry your skin and hasten wrinkles.

Just ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. Use it for two solid weeks, and you'll see how the years slip away from your face — it's a cinch you'll never go back to old-fashioned shaving methods. Large size, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And for 15¢, 5 scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades.

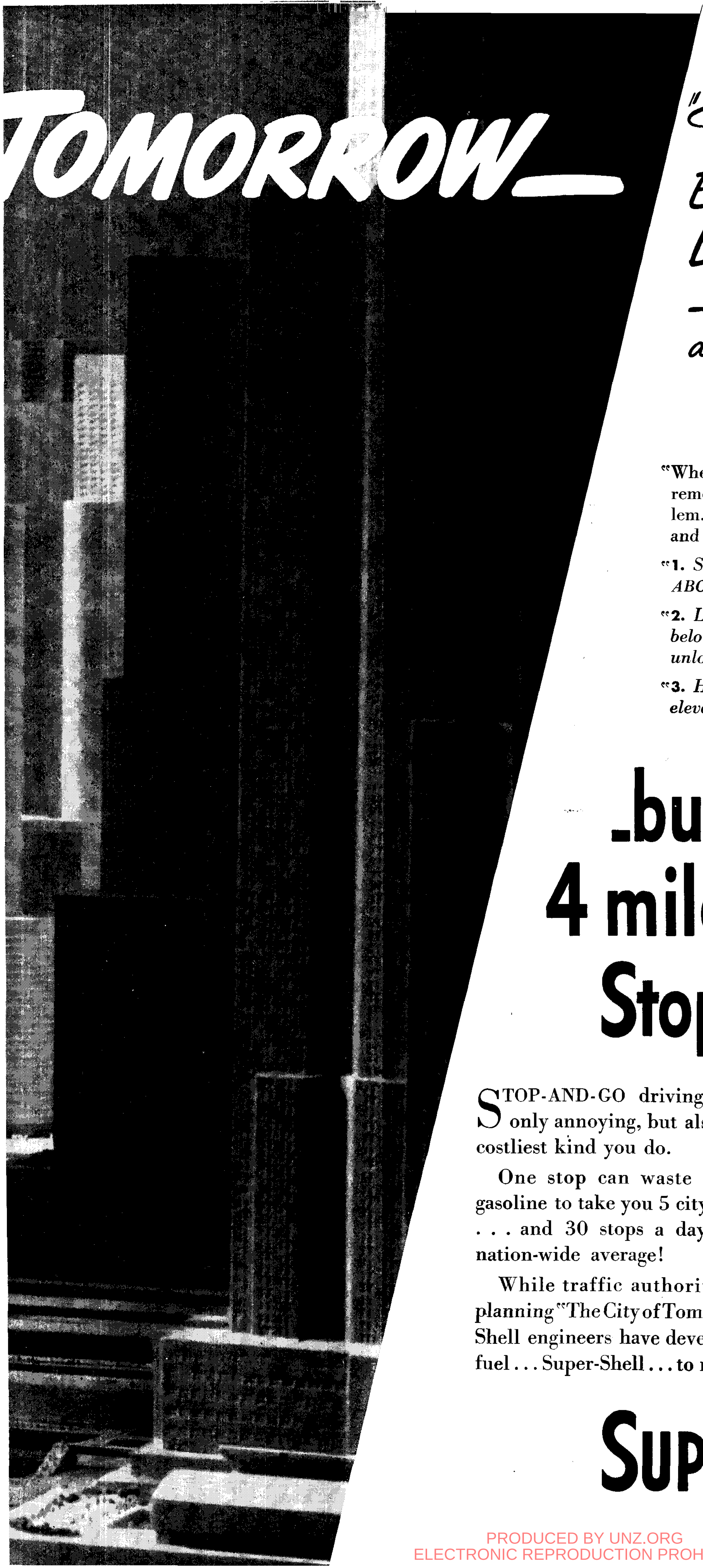
For modern shaving

No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

This is the City of



TOMORROW—



"Pedestrians—
Express Traffic—
Local Traffic—
—each will be given
a clear path by 1960"

—predicts **NORMAN BEL GEDDES,**
authority on future trends

"When traffic delays and confusion seem hopeless, remember that men of vision are working on the problem. Already traffic engineers are planning city streets and country highways free from stop and go . . .

"**1.** *Sidewalks will be elevated—you'll walk and shop ABOVE Main Street, actually cross OVER it.*

"**2.** *Local traffic will use the FULL width of the streets below—no sidewalks, no parked cars. Loading and unloading will be done INSIDE the buildings.*

"**3.** *High-speed, long-distance traffic will have its own elevated, one-way lanes, no stop lights or intersections.*"

—but TODAY, 4 miles in 5 are Stop and Go

STOP-AND-GO driving is not only annoying, but also is the costliest kind you do.

One stop can waste enough gasoline to take you 5 city blocks . . . and 30 stops a day is the nation-wide average!

While traffic authorities are planning "The City of Tomorrow," Shell engineers have developed a fuel . . . Super-Shell . . . to meet today's driving problem TODAY.

They have found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline . . . actually to balance it.

Automotive engineers term Super-Shell "motor-digestible," because at all speeds it is converted so QUICKLY, so COMPLETELY into power.

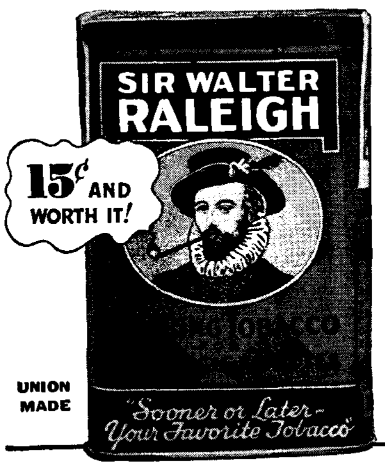
Save by the regular use of Super-Shell. A Shell dealer is near you.

SUPER-SHELL SHELL

PIPE STOPS SHOW!

. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

IT'S the big love scene in the third act and Lulu is swooning! From the tender passion? No—from the rancid briar. Quick, someone, four pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter! Ah . . . she rallies. Now our hero's arms enfold her. They will live happily ever after . . . wreathed in fragrant clouds of this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys . . . Lulu with her dreams, our hero with his two-ounce tins of Sir Walter Raleigh kept fresh with heavy gold foil. Love finds a way . . . 15¢ . . . worth more!



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-77.
HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra and Morton Bowe NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

want to do—and not one thing else."

"What's wrong about the way I'm living?"

"Nothing's wrong with the way, honey. But it's doing things to you."

"What?" Her voice was edgy.

"It's making you hard, for one thing. Not at all the sweet, unspoiled, enthusiastic girl you used to be."

"You've been very critical lately."

"So what? Haven't I had cause?"

"I don't see where."

"I'm afraid you don't. Personally, I don't give a damn what you do, so far as being an actress is concerned. But it just so happens that to me you're a woman and I'm in love with you—"

"So you stand over me with a whip."

He said, "Take it easy, Kay—and listen. Can't you understand? I know this racket. I've watched 'em come and watched 'em go. I've seen them buy the rope to hang themselves. I'd be an awful louse if I didn't tip you off to what's what and why."

"Thanks. And since we're being frank, Jimmy—I may as well tell you that I'm getting pretty tired of criticism and interference."

He had risen. He said, "I'm afraid you're letting yourself get angry, honey."

"I'll say I am. Plenty! I'm not going to be dictated to. Just because you're my agent—"

"And your fiancé."

"That part of it is up to you."

He said, softly, "I'm really not terribly stupid, you know, Kay. I want to ask just one question."

"Go ahead."

"Are you talking this way just because you're mad—or have you thought it all out?"

"I've thought it out."

HE SMILED thinly. "At least remember that I can retire gracefully. I won't embarrass you by compelling you to kick me out." He stepped close and took her by the shoulders. "But before I go—listen to this: You've been making a fool of yourself—"

"That's your opinion."

"And I'm not going to let you keep it up."

She said coldly, "Try to stop me from doing what I want. Just try."

And he answered, "I will."

JAMES H. DOWNING AGENCY
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

DEAR MISS HOLCOMB:

At the request of Mr. Downing, we are enclosing our check for $100 due you this week under the terms of your contract with Mr. Downing personally.

In accordance also with the terms of that contract, Mr. Downing is retaining the difference between this $100 and your salary of $750. He begs me to state that this will be the procedure from now on.

Under separate cover, by first-class, registered mail, we are sending you formal notice of Mr. Downing's election to exercise his option for an additional (the fourth) year of your personal contract with him.

Yours very truly,
HAZEL BRACKER,
Secretary to Mr. Downing.

Kay Holcomb read—but she couldn't believe. She telephoned a friend at the studio and obtained from him the address of a law firm versed in the intricacies and loopholes of picture contracts.

She visited this legal gentleman and gave him the Downing contract to read. Halfway down the first page, he looked across at her and shook his head. He said, "Jimmy Downing doesn't sign breakable contracts, Miss Holcomb. Especially this one. I know the attorney who drew it."

She sat tensely and waited. He placed it carefully on his desk, and said, "Beautiful—and ironclad."

"But it can't be."

"It is."

"Doesn't precedent mean anything? Up to now he's been deducting only the customary ten per cent."

"Then he's been making you a personal present each week."

"But, Mr. Rogers—do you mean to tell me that he can pay me only one hundred dollars a week when I'm actually earning seven-fifty?"

"Yes."

"I'll walk out."

"That wouldn't be very smart, Miss Holcomb. You're on the way up. If you quit now—you'll never come back. That's Hollywood."

"But it's incredible. He can't be serious."

"I wouldn't bank on that. My advice is to try to effect a reconciliation."

She shook her head. "No, thank you," she said.

ONE hundred dollars a week is a fortune if you've been flirting with bread lines. By the same token, it is nothing at all if you've been living on seven hundred and fifty.

Kay Holcomb went into executive session with herself. She was bitterly angry and deeply hurt. But she had courage.

She had a conference with her real-estate agent and convinced him that he would be smart to take the lease off her hands. She closed out her housekeeping arrangements and moved into a two-room apartment. For that apartment she paid sixty-five dollars a month.

It was an efficient, compact little place, and it had a cozy kitchenette. Unhappily, but grimly, she settled down to a life which was more austere than picturesque.

Hollywood saw and wondered and gossiped. But Kay gave no outward indication of what was going on inside, unless it was that she carried her head a trifle higher and was more cordial than ever before.

After all, her profession offered rewards which were greater than mere money.

Hollywood saw her no more in the gay spots. Since she wasn't going around with Jimmy these days, she made a point of refusing other invitations. She didn't want to flaunt herself in places where she might encounter Jimmy—with another girl. She knew that folks were already gossiping. There had been a few newspaper items hinting a personal break between herself and Jimmy Downing; certain persons in the film colony took advantage of the fact that she apparently was no longer under Jimmy's personal protection to let her understand that they didn't like her very much.

She accepted it all doggedly. She was never tardy on the set, nor resentful of delays or repetitious rehearsal. Her work in the first picture following her break with Jimmy was highly successful. Her production chief and the president of the company were both pleased. They invited their wives and Kay and a very nice young leading man to their home for dinner. After dinner the Trocadero was suggested, and Kay had no valid reason for refusing.

She went with them knowing that Jimmy would be there. No one had told her—but she knew. And she was beginning to confess that she'd like to see Jimmy again—even if only to let him see that she had kept her chin up. She knew a lot of things now which she had not understood before. She had tasted disappointment, hope, triumph and disillusionment in quick succession.

She was dancing with the nice young leading man when she collided with Jimmy on the floor. He was with a vivid blonde and looking rather bored. He grinned at her and said, "'Scuse, Kay. I'm all left feet," and the nice young leading man said, "Howdy, Jimmy. Come over to our table for a drink after this dance," and Jimmy said, "Sure."

He came over and had the drink, and when he asked her to dance there was nothing Kay could do about it. She only hoped she would carry it off well, and that he wouldn't hold her so close that he could feel her heart doing tricks. Out on the floor, gliding through the whirling maze of dancers, he came to the point—with characteristic directness. He said, "You sure can take it."

She smiled. With her lips. "Praise from Caesar . . ."

"At least give me credit for spotting you."

"I do."

Twice around the floor without another word. Then he said, "Still sore at me?"

"Does it matter?"

"Sure, it matters. And I'm asking."

"I'll admit you surprised me."

"It hurt me more than it did you, my child. And that's no lie."

"I'm sure it did."

"Still got a chip on your shoulder, eh?"

"I suppose so, Jimmy. It's something I can't very well help."

"Even if you wanted to?"

"Yes. Even if I wanted to."

Again that twisted grin. "Okay, honey. We'll let it go at that."

The evening ended, somehow; but Kay did not sleep very well that night. And at lunchtime the next day a bulky envelope was brought to her dressing room. It was a letter from Jimmy:

DEAR KAY:

If you can't pardon me—at least pardon my typing. I'm doing it myself, hit-and-run method . . . and wotta job.

Listen, honey. You win! You win more ways than you know. You've made of yourself the grand gal you were destined to be. Maybe I helped. I believe I did. But I'm stupid about women, and it looks as though I overplayed my hand. To say that I did it for your own good sounds silly, and doesn't seem to get me anywhere.

I'm enclosing my copy of our personal contract. Paste it on the wall of your trophy room alongside my picture. Then you'll always have something to laugh about.

Also I'm sending my check for $9,100. For the past fourteen weeks, I've been putting your $650 in a separate fund. Naturally, I never intended to keep it.

You're on your way, honey. Good luck. And will I be rooting for you!

JIMMY.

Jimmy's office was full of clients, but Jimmy wasn't interested. He worked languidly during the morning and then informed Miss Bracker that he was knocking off for the day. He went to one of his golf clubs and tried playing alone. The intentions were good, but the results not astoundingly successful.

JIMMY'S head was full of dark brown thoughts. He had tried to be smart, and actually he hadn't been smart at all. Certainly not to his own benefit. He finished an atrocious round of golf, took a cold shower and drove home. He recognized the handwriting on the envelope almost before the front door closed and he ripped it open eagerly. It was from Kay:

DEAR JIMMY:

I've just done the darnedest thing.

I deposited your check. And now I can't draw against it unless you are willing to help.

You see, Jimmy—I deposited this check to the credit of Mrs. James H. Downing.

"Luxury!... AND 22 MILES TO THE GALLON ..WHY I WAS THUNDER STRUCK!"

says Famous Explorer's Wife

MRS. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, wife of the famous explorer, says: "I get more pleasure than I can tell of from driving my new Dodge! I appreciate its handsome appointments, the careful attention given to details, and its distinctive new styling. Such luxury—and 22 miles to the gallon! Why, I was thunderstruck! Imagine such a big, quality car being so economical, too!"

LIKE Mrs. Roy Chapman Andrews, wife of the famous explorer, new Dodge owners from coast to coast enthusiastically report saving money—and plenty of it—by owning and driving the new 1937 Dodge—are further amazed that such a big, quality car with all its smart appointments, "expensive car" luxury and superb riding and driving comfort should cost just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

These new owners cite phenomenal savings on gasoline—tell of getting 18 to 24 miles to the gallon! They report 20% less oil consumption...additional economies on lubrication, tires and general upkeep! All of which, they say, actually makes Dodge cost less to own in the long run than small, lowest-priced competitive make cars!

And along with record-smashing economy Dodge gives you a wealth of extra-value features that make Dodge amazingly easy to handle, luxuriously comfortable to ride in and one of the safest cars on the road to drive!...New "Silenced Ride!"...New "high-safety" interiors!...New airplane-type hydraulic shock absorbers!...Form-fitting Chair-Height seats!...Low, level floor!...Even stronger safety all-steel body!...*Genuine* hydraulic brakes, the world's finest!

See this sensational new Dodge today! See how much more Dodge offers in size, roominess, styling and luxury! Take the free economy test and see how Dodge saves gas! Learn how you, too, can switch to Dodge and save money!

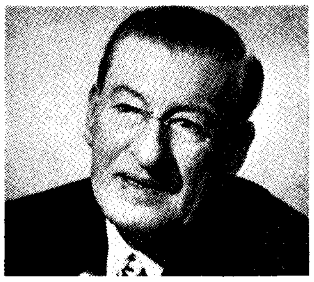
DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

"MY DODGE gives me a thrill every time I get behind the wheel. It gives me everything I could ask of a motor car in performance, safety and comfort, yet is the most economical car I've ever owned. I know—this is my third Dodge."

VICTOR MOORE, *appearing in the RKO-RADIO production, "Life of the Party."*

"MY DODGE has plenty on the ball when it comes to saving gas and oil. I'm getting 20 miles to the gallon of gas. I have never had a car that has given me such complete all-around satisfaction."

CARL HUBBELL
Famous Pitcher, N. Y. Giants



You are invited to tune in on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

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Put your faith in Pennsylvania's exclusive center construction
HALVES MOLDED BY AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS FOR UNIFORM ACCURACY
PATENTED V-JOINT, NO THICK OR THIN SPOTS
BALL INFLATED BY AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS WITH PURE NITROGEN TO PREVENT OXIDATION AND REDUCE DIFFUSION
"Fine Craftsmanship in Rubber"

Here's America's *top-ranking* tennis ball. From exclusively-built center to famously long-lived cover, Pennsylvania Championship Tennis Balls are made for finer play. They're arrow-true in flight, exactly uniform in balance and bounce, with every fine quality kept intact by pressure-packing. ● Play Pennsylvanias; *they'll lift your game!*

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PENNSYLVANIA
TENNIS BALLS

Raising a Racket for Germany

Continued from page 18

shaking of the head or tossing his bat when he misses an easy point. No dramatics or histrionics in action. Poker face? Not at all. He can grin when the occasion calls for a grin.

Cramm was born near Hanover. The estate next to his family was owned by the von Dobenecks, who had one of the first *en tout cas* courts in Germany. Najuch, the great German professional, often came there to give tennis lessons to members of the von Dobeneck family, and recognized the talent of young Gottfried von Cramm. But he did not let him enter tournament tennis until 1929, when the boy was twenty-three.

Today Gottfried von Cramm is not young for top-class tennis. But they develop their stars later abroad than we do. Maybe that's not such a bad idea, either. In this country our athletes start showing the way in high school. By the time they reach college they are often veterans, as often as not burnt out from too much competition.

In Europe they don't come along so early. Cramm wasn't playing tournament tennis until 1929 and he didn't make the German Davis Cup team until 1932. The English had come to Berlin confident of victory and this youngster, playing his first important match in international tennis, beat the British star in four sets.

The next season Cramm won the title of Germany, the first time a native had been victorious since the death of Hans Moldenhauer in 1928. His advance was slow and steady. Froitzheim became interested in him, played with him a lot and advised him. He concentrated on two things: sound ground shots and a strong physique. Today results show the wisdom of this method. In 1935 he beat Hans Nusslein, then professional champion of the world, and later in the year became the first German ever to hold the championship of France, defeating Jack Crawford, the Australian, in the finals.

How did the French enjoy that? They loved it. They loved Cramm. "If Germany," wrote one French sports writer, "had put all her children through a test, she could not have picked one worthier, or more French, to wear the title of champion of France."

A Golfer's Backswing

Studying law interfered with Cramm's tennis the next two years, and after acquiring the title of "Referendar," which means he was about to become a full-fledged lawyer, he discontinued his studies and devoted his time to tennis. In 1932 he married the Baroness Lisa von Dobeneck, and shortly after began his rivalry on the court with Fred Perry of England. At first Perry was the victor, then the German closed the gap and last summer in defending his French title he beat the black-haired Englishman for the first time. But he strained a leg muscle at Wimbledon in the finals and there was no contest when he again faced Perry. Last winter the Britisher turned professional and the question of their supremacy may never be settled.

Cramm's service is the finest delivery that ever came out of Europe. Yes, and the fastest too. He brings his racket back slowly like a golfer, hits the ball with perfect timing, and his first ball resembles Vines' in its terrific speed, while his second ball has a nasty hop which comes up his opponent's backhand. Off the ground he is unbreakable. That's the word, too. He doesn't crumble in the rallies no matter what speed he has to face.

With deep, controlled drives he sweeps the lines off both wings, volleys beautifully and like all good servers—McLoughlin, Tilden, Budge, for instance—he smashes to kill.

I recall another time, back in 1934 when he was playing in the French championships at Roland Garros. Having beaten Menzel, the big Czech, in five sets, he went on to conquer Stefani, the Italian, who had beaten Fred Perry. In the finals, his third five-set match in succession, Cramm was down two sets to one against Jack Crawford. The Anzac took a lead of five games to four in the fourth set and needed but one point for the match and the title.

One Point from Defeat

Back and forth, back and forth went the ball, each man angling for safety with the match at stake. Then finally Cramm leaned into forehand, smacked a shot deep to Crawford's baseline, and scuttled for the net to cut off the return. The Australian ran back and sent up a deep, teasing lob. On that lob return hinged victory and defeat.

What would you have done? Hit the ball carefully, patted it back—let it bounce and strike it off the ground? Not von Cramm. Back went the German, back to meet that descending ball. His feet left the dirt, he leaped in the air, and with a perfect smash buried it in Crawford's distant corner out of reach. From that moment he was in command.

Cramm's record in the Davis Cup is something to write home about. When Bill Tilden turned professional in 1931 he had won twenty-seven matches and lost only six in a period of eleven years of Davis Cup play. Some record. Cramm's is better. He has played in seventy-three Davis Cup matches in every capital of Europe. That's more than any man has competed in since the start of Davis Cup play in the first year of the present century. Of those seventy-three contests Cramm has won sixty-one and lost twelve. Five of his defeats came the first season he played.

Since then he has averaged less than two lickings a year, a record likely to stand for a good long while. Nor is the end in sight. Singlehanded he has pulled Germany to the Interzone Final of the Davis Cup for the past two summers in succession. This month the blond Teuton will lead his forces into the arena at Wimbledon once more to face Don Budge and the Americans just as he did two years ago. On this series will, I believe, depend possession of the historic trophy for 1937. Because the winner is pretty likely to defeat an English team minus Fred Perry one week later in the Challenge Round. For the first time the Davis Cup may spend the winter in the Wilhelmstrasse, and Cramm will be the artisan of victory.

Whether he wins or loses in the Interzone matches we shall see him play here in the first week of September at Forest Hills. To watch this athlete, tall, elegant, solid and imperturbable in action, is to watch one of the finest sights in all the galaxy of sport. He is an inspiring sight to the average player.

He is not one of those flash-in-the-pan lads. He wasn't a potential champion at fourteen. He wasn't a world beater at seventeen and a has-been at twenty. No, he reached the top when he was twenty-three, and there's a lesson in his career for anyone who doesn't happen to be a champion born. Champions are seldom made except by persistence. That's the story of Gottfried von Cramm.

Who wants MORNING-AFTER?
It can be avoided the new BEFORE and AFTER way

1 BEFORE you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. This gentle remedy works while you sleep to help counteract the effects of the party.

2 AFTER waking—another Bromo-Seltzer! This relieves the effects of fatigue from too-late hours. Leaves you refreshed and keener!

WHY suffer next day just because you've had fun the night before? At bedtime take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it settles your stomach—soothes your overstimulated nerves. And ALKALIZES—reduces the excess acidity caused by overindulgence.

In the morning—to relieve effects of fatigue, take another Bromo-Seltzer. You're more alert, keener.

At drugstore soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Call Back Love

Continued from page 17

She hadn't talked this way since the days of the country club dances when she'd walk out on the eighteenth green with some boy. She'd tried it on Andy when she first met him, and he'd gone quiet and then kissed her and told her to stop it. Andy had a way of making people honest with themselves. Only she didn't want to be honest with herself. If she were, she would have to remember that it was Gladiola's day off with the supper to cook.

Gilman stopped her and turned her sharply around.

"I say it because you're so different from all this." His vague gesture included Malibu Beach, the whole movie colony and a generous portion of the ocean. "They're all so spoiled and jaded and fed up with life, and you're so fresh and eager and hungry."

He shot his wrist watch out from under his cuff. "Time we were starting back."

As they passed Beverly she glanced up at Gilman's hilltop house in the late afternoon light. She was glad that he was going to drop her at the studio, and not take her home to the little jerry-built cottage on Sycamore Street.

She rushed into Jennifer's dressing room. Ivarene was hanging up clothes and straightening the litter of the day.

"Miss Jenny's just finished and dressed to go home. Mr. Lane called for her; he's out on the set with her now."

"Oh, good."

She sat down in front of Jennifer's dressing table and repaired the wind-blown damage of her ride in the open car, and studied her eyes to see if distracted excitement still shone from them. Then she went out to find her husband and her daughter.

She found them looking in the shop windows of the tenement street set. But they were not alone. Julia Farrel, exquisitely dressed for her part in the picture, was his guide. A captivating, exciting, alluring Julia Farrel.

At breakfast the next morning Cornelia slipped the motion-picture section out of the Examiner before handing the rest of the paper to Andy. Her eyes scanned the gossip column. After yesterday's glamorous contacts, she hoped to find the name of someone whom she had actually met. It would seem more real to her now. And then her eye caught it: *Robert Gilman lunching at the Vendome with a gal we never saw before. Who is she?*

She flushed with surprise and pleasure. "Look, Andy." She held the paper out to him, pointing to the item. He read it. "That's right. You did have lunch with him yesterday," he remembered somewhat absently.

"And maybe you'll be having lunch one of these days with Julia Farrel!" she suggested, half teasingly.

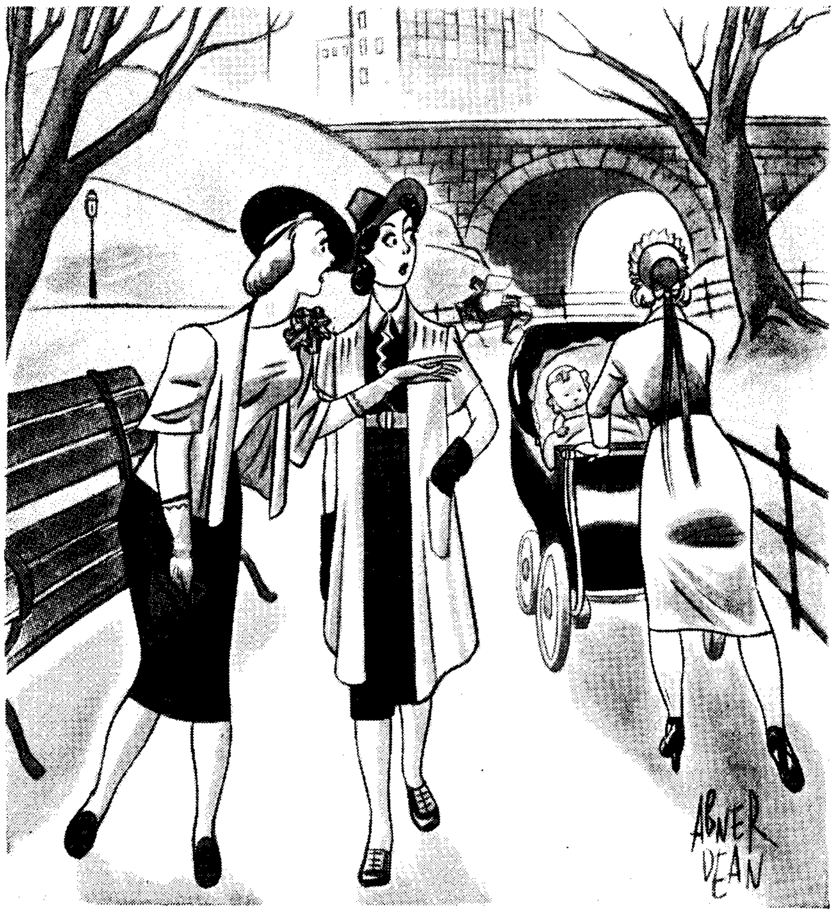
Andy laughed. "She doesn't know I exist. Don't be a jack."

"She knows it," replied Cornelia. "And what's more, I seem to have made a hit with Robert Gilman. The Lanes are coming up in the world!"

"The Lanes had better stay exactly how and where they are," he returned.

HE WAS glad, nevertheless, that Jenny's brief excursion into the pictures, preposterous as the idea still seemed to him, should have this happy effect upon Cornelia. He had been fearful lest the vicarious tasting of an experience which she had so coveted for herself should infect her with a sense of frustration. To his relief, however, she seemed much happier than she had been at any time since the loss of the baby. Taking Jenny to the studio every day, watching her and waiting for her, appeared to be exactly the sort of occupation necessary to use up the slack of her restless energies. He hoped devoutly that when the novelty wore off she would not find it all very boring and fatiguing.

She didn't. Each day proved more en-



"I think it's my baby. That looked like my maid!"

ABNER DEAN

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AIDS NORMAL SCALP FUNCTION by helping to regulate natural secretions—the oils preventing excessive oiliness or dryness.
EXCELLENT HAIR DRESSING. Keeps hair in place, well groomed but not greasy appearance.
Directions
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. Apply a liberal quantity to scalp and massage thoroughly with tips of fingers. Use daily to obtain best results.
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Is your scalp itchy? Are you troubled with dandruff? Is your hair dull and brittle? Is your hair getting thin; does it come out in the comb? Is your hair stiff and unruly?

If your answer to any of these questions is in the affirmative, we believe Kreml will help you. And we back up this belief by reproducing these excerpts from a few of the thousands of unsolicited letters we have received from grateful users.

CLEVELAND FEB 1937 OHIO

YOUR PRODUCT is wonderful! For many years I had scalp trouble, but since I've been using Kreml Hair Tonic I do not have to worry about falling hair or itching scalp. P. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

DETROIT MAR 10 1937 MICH.

I HAVE BEEN USING your hair tonic and shampoo for several months, and think they are wonderful. I would not be without these products at any cost. For many years, I could not get rid of my dandruff, but now I have it no more—thanks to Kreml! A. C. V., Detroit, Michigan.

WENATCHEE JAN 1937 WASH.

I AM GRATEFUL to your product for having given me the first relief from a terrible itching scalp in months, and am not hesitating to recommend it openly. Dr. D. H., Wenatchee, Washington.

FRANKFORT MAR 1937 KY.

MY HUSBAND'S HAIR was coming out by handfuls. He tried Kreml and it checked the falling hair in a surprisingly short time. He is a great booster for this wonderful product. Mrs. E. O., Frankfort, Kentucky.

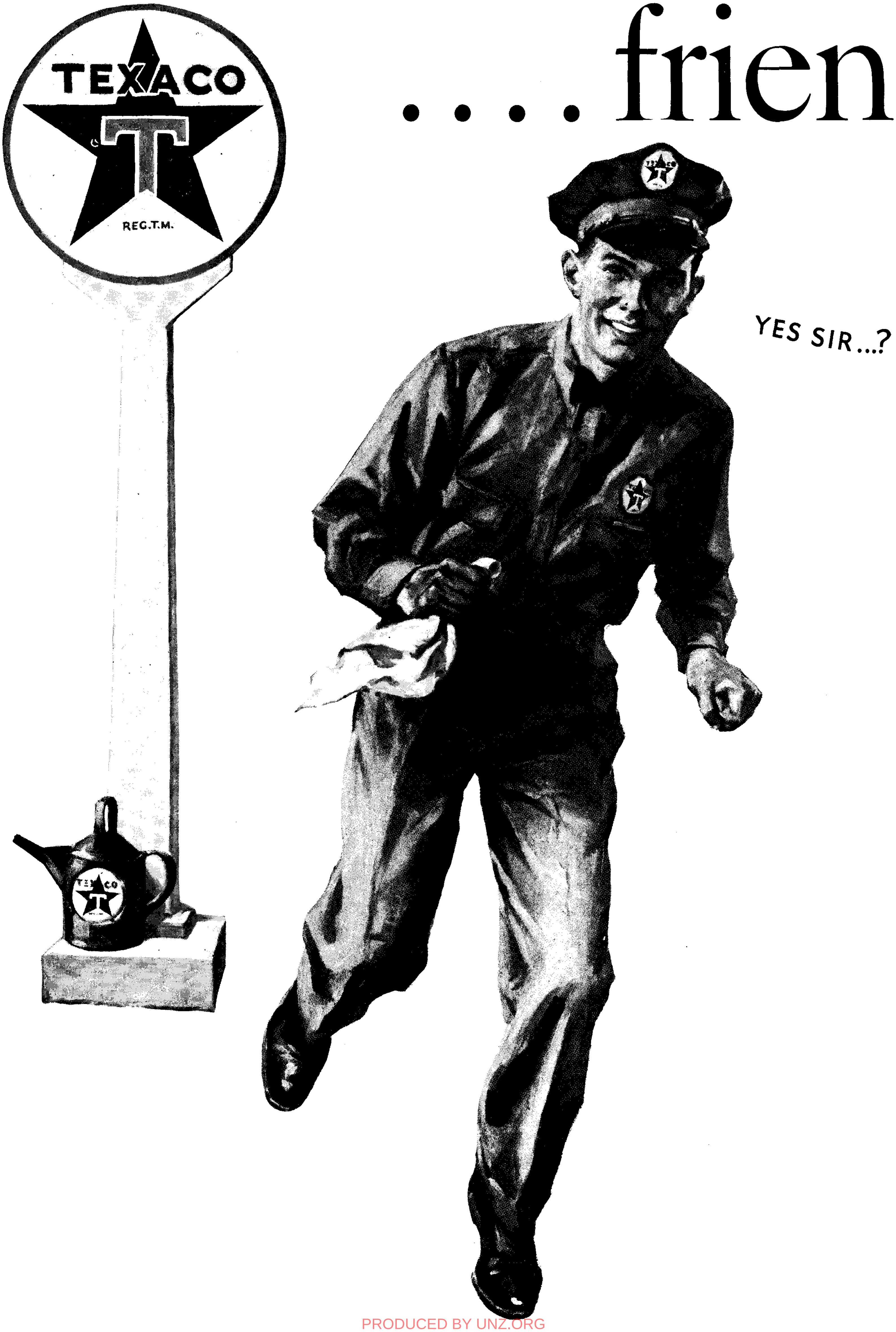
MANHATTAN APR 10 1937 ILL.

I WAS TROUBLED with an itchy scalp and dandruff, and my hair was dry and lifeless, but one bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic has relieved this trouble and checked my falling hair. M.G.L., Manhattan, Illinois.

OAKLAND APR 1937 CAL.

MY HAIR WAS FALLING out so I bought a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. I had used it for only a week when the condition was checked. I think it is a wonderful tonic. Mrs. G. T., Oakland, California.

....friend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The friendliest thing a man can do for your engine is to help keep it an alert, vibrant, eager thing — instantly obedient to your will.

This man offers you Texaco Fire-Chief to do just that, not just "regular gasoline" but *Fire-Chief.* It will deliver full power to your engine in $\frac{1}{100}$th of a second. Months of patient work in Texaco laboratories have been devoted to developing its notable *Texaco response.*

No matter where you travel, you can always find *Fire-Chief,* because more than forty-five thousand dealers in all 48 States have put their judgment behind it — independently.

When one of these men cleans off your windshield or measures your air pressure, he does not feel he is doing you a favor. He knows he is doing himself a favor by bringing you back to do business with him.

Try a Texaco Dealer next time.

"SOMEHOW OR OTHER, CARRIE, THIS GASOLINE'S GOT MORE 'GIT' TO IT!"

MILLIONS OF FOLKS HAVE FAITH IN "*FIRE-CHIEF*"
The fact that so many of our customer-friends remark on its "quick response" in engines is a great satisfaction to us. Because we put it there . . . actually developed this more responsive gasoline by years of patient laboratory work and field tests.

HE HELPED US GIVE YOU A BETTER MOTOR OIL
Farmers are our newest partners. A remarkable oil-purifier is made from farm crops. It is called Furfural. The New Texaco Motor Oil is cleansed by the Furfural Process . . . freed from gummy elements. You get *full* lubrication without having to buy so much oil. You'll find your crankcase *stays* FULL *longer!*

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Never Trust Strangers To Mix Cocktails . . .

they never taste as good as Heublein's ready-mixed CLUB COCKTAILS

It's cocktail hour and he's far from home. Yet this traveling man is prepared. To meet just such an emergency, he always carries in his grip a bottle of Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS.

Whether traveling or at home, why take a chance? Why not always be certain of enjoying *perfect* cocktails by trusting to the sixty-year experience of the House of Heublein. Costliest ingredients go into Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS and a blending mastery that few barmen and fewer home-mixers can match. Yet, quality considered, they're the cheapest cocktails one can serve. From each bottle—with proper icing—come eighteen to twenty generous drinks. And what isn't used from an opened bottle keeps indefinitely.

JUST ICE AND SERVE
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

HEUBLEIN'S THE CLUB COCKTAILS

YOUR CHOICE OF NINE POPULAR KINDS
Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Extra Dry Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof), Rum Cocktail (70 proof). At all state operated and other liquor stores. Prepared and bottled by G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Connecticut.

By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

grossing and thrilling than the last. "After the picture's over, it's going to be worse than ever," she told Andy.

"What is?"

"California. This little box of a house. Gladiola's sloppy slippers. The cash-and-carry markets—"

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. How about going back to New York?"

She stared at him. "Andy, you're joking! Why you've loved it out here! You adore the sunshine and the rest of it."

"You've hated it though, Neal. You've got the East in your blood. Maybe I have too. Anyway, we've got to build for a long future in medicine, and we both might as well be happy while we're doing it."

A chill settled around her heart. "There isn't anything definite, is there?"

Andy grinned. "Sure. I wrote the chief of staff a few weeks ago and got a letter from him today saying there was a swell chance of a hospital post in a couple of months' time. How's that for a surprise? Tickled?"

"Awfully tickled," she replied slowly. "But we can't decide anything until the preview—"

"Nonsense, we can see the picture in New York."

"Don't be silly; it isn't that. You seem to forget that David Morris has an option."

Andy got to his feet, and stamped out a spark from his pipe. "Dave Morris, or anybody else, has got no option on Jenny. This was a one-picture deal to help him out of a jam and when it's over it's through. The kid's no actress. She just happens to be a natural for this particular part and it's saved us from buying a camera to take pictures of her ourselves."

"That's why David did it," remarked Cornelia scathingly. "He wanted us to have some baby movies of Jennifer."

Secretly she felt that Andy was wrong about the child. She had not seen any of the daily rushes but she gleaned that Morris and von Loben were pleased with them. Suppose Jennifer really was a find!

A FEW evenings later, the doorbell rang, and Cornelia answered it. Her brows lifted at the sight of a short stout *man, who burst at once into a con*vivial greeting and then brushed past her toward Andy.

"Doctor Lane? Glad to see you!" he boomed in a hearty voice.

His ebullience belied the possibility of his being a patient. Andy, puzzled, returned his handshake.

"I'm Dooley!" the visitor announced without further ado. "Dooley of Morris Productions! And now, folks, I want to know everything about everything! Where, when and how. A few pictures and a few questions and you good people can return to the peace and quiet of your personal lives."

"Just what are you getting at?" Andy inquired.

"Publicity, Doctor! Publicity and more publicity! Jenny Lane, her life and history, her parents and the little cottage where she was born and raised!"

"Nothing doing." Andy's tone was flat, final and flinty. "We don't want publicity and we're not going to have any!"

"But, Andy," Cornelia tried to smooth him down, "perhaps some other time—you see, Mr. Morris wants it—"

"All right, have it your way," Andy capitulated. "But I don't like it!"

The next half hour was somewhat of an ordeal, for Jennifer's hair had to be coaxed and fluffed between each pose, and there was very little material in the so-called nursery to use as dramatic background. Moreover, Andy did his best to make matters worse. He just stood in the doorway and made terrible faces when the men weren't looking, which caused Jenny and Cornelia untold suffering to keep from laughing. And then whenever Mr. Dooley glanced sharply up he changed like lightning into *a frozen image of decorum.*

He continued to be a frozen image during the interview that followed downstairs.

"I can't tell you much about Jennifer," he informed Mr. Dooley with a straight face, "on account of the fact that she's Mrs. Lane's daughter by her first marriage."

Cornelia aimed a kick at his shin. He dodged and she stubbed her toe against the side of his chair. "Yes," he continued with a small sigh, "by her first husband. Of course you knew he was part Indian? That's where Jenny gets her straight hair."

Cornelia, caught between the vise of tears and laughter, suddenly left the room and, a few minutes later, from the kitchen, she heard Mr. Dooley make an abrupt and not reluctant departure.

THE stew, which was made with last night's roast and didn't have much gravy, seemed like ambrosia to Cornelia, after Mr. Dooley had gone.

"You're not particularly anxious for Jennifer to succeed on the screen, are you?" she said to Andy.

"You know I'm not."

"Oh." She broke off a piece of bread, buttered it, and then neglected to eat it. "Andy, how's the exchequer?" she demanded suddenly.

"Weak in the knees," said Andy promptly.

"Oh," said Cornelia, again, buttering another piece of bread.

"Why?"

"Nothing."

"Come clean."

She hesitated. "It was just that if we did have a little extra cash, I'd have liked a new dress. I can't wear the same suit to the studio day after day—"

"I know," agreed Andy readily. "How much'll fix you up?"

"Forget it, darling." Cornelia managed a smile. "I need a lot more than we can afford, because it's so long since I've bought anything that once I began I'd have to replenish my whole darned wardrobe."

Andy was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said, "I deposited Jennifer's first salary checks yesterday."

"Oh, Andy, no! We just mustn't let ourselves use any of that money. It's hers—for the future."

"Of course it's hers. Why do you think I opened a separate account? Is she asleep yet?"

"Wide awake. I think I'll go up and settle her, or she'll be tired for tomorrow."

"I'll follow along in a minute—"

She had kissed the child and opened the windows when Andy came in. He sat himself on the cot beside Jennifer and handed her a slip of paper.

"Jenny," he told her, "Mother took some money that she could have spent on herself to send you to Miss Lee's school. And it just happened that because you went to that school you got a chance to work in the moving pictures and earn quite a bit of money all by yourself."

Jennifer looked surprised. "Do I, Daddy?"

"Yes, you do, Jenny. You get a lot of money every week. And if you really want to—why, I thought you might like to pay Mother back the money she used to send you to Miss Lee's school."

Jennifer was very pleased and excited about it. "Of course, I do, Daddy! Right now I do!"

"All right," said Andy. "I wrote it all out on that piece of paper and you can give it to her this minute."

"Just the piece of paper? There doesn't have to be any real money?"

"No, there doesn't have to be any real money."

She held out the check to Cornelia. Cornelia drew back. The thought of *touching it made Andy somehow remote* from her and robbed all the childhood from Jennifer. "You great, generous little bunny, you," she said huskily. "Do you think I'd let you?"

Jennifer seemed a little confused and disappointed. "You have to take it. Doesn't she, Daddy?"

Andy nodded. "Neal, it's the right thing to do. It's the right thing for Jenny to do, too. And we won't ever touch her account again."

It took them both a long while to fall asleep that night. . . .

The next day, Cornelia embarked upon the most glorious shopping spree she had ever permitted herself.

She shopped all morning, and finally found a frock that was exactly what she wanted on a sale rack. It was a blue printed silk, which had been ninety-five dollars originally, and was reduced to forty-nine because it was just a little shopworn. Cornelia felt as if a special Providence were guiding her steps, for she also happened on a stunning hat which looked much more expensive than it really was and picked up a pair of sample pumps for less than cost.

She tried on the whole outfit for Andy that same night and he told her she was a knockout in it. "The thing that overjoys me," she exulted, "is that instead of paying over a hundred for one dress, I can get three separate costumes for the same money, and always have a change—"

She didn't realize until Robert Gilman asked her out to lunch again (as she had somehow known he would) that it was the wrong kind of economy. The Hollywood Chatter column put it this way: *"Robert Gilman with some gal at Vendome. Country Cousin, say we. No need to worry, Julia dear."*

"Ooop—!" expostulated Andy, as Cornelia spilled a pitcher of cream. He scraped back his chair to escape the pool as it spread across the table, and ineffectually floundered his napkin in it. "I wish people would stop throwing milk at me," he said, abused. Cornelia made *no reply. He glanced at her. Her break*fast was untouched before her. She had tossed the morning paper aside and her face was flushed and set.

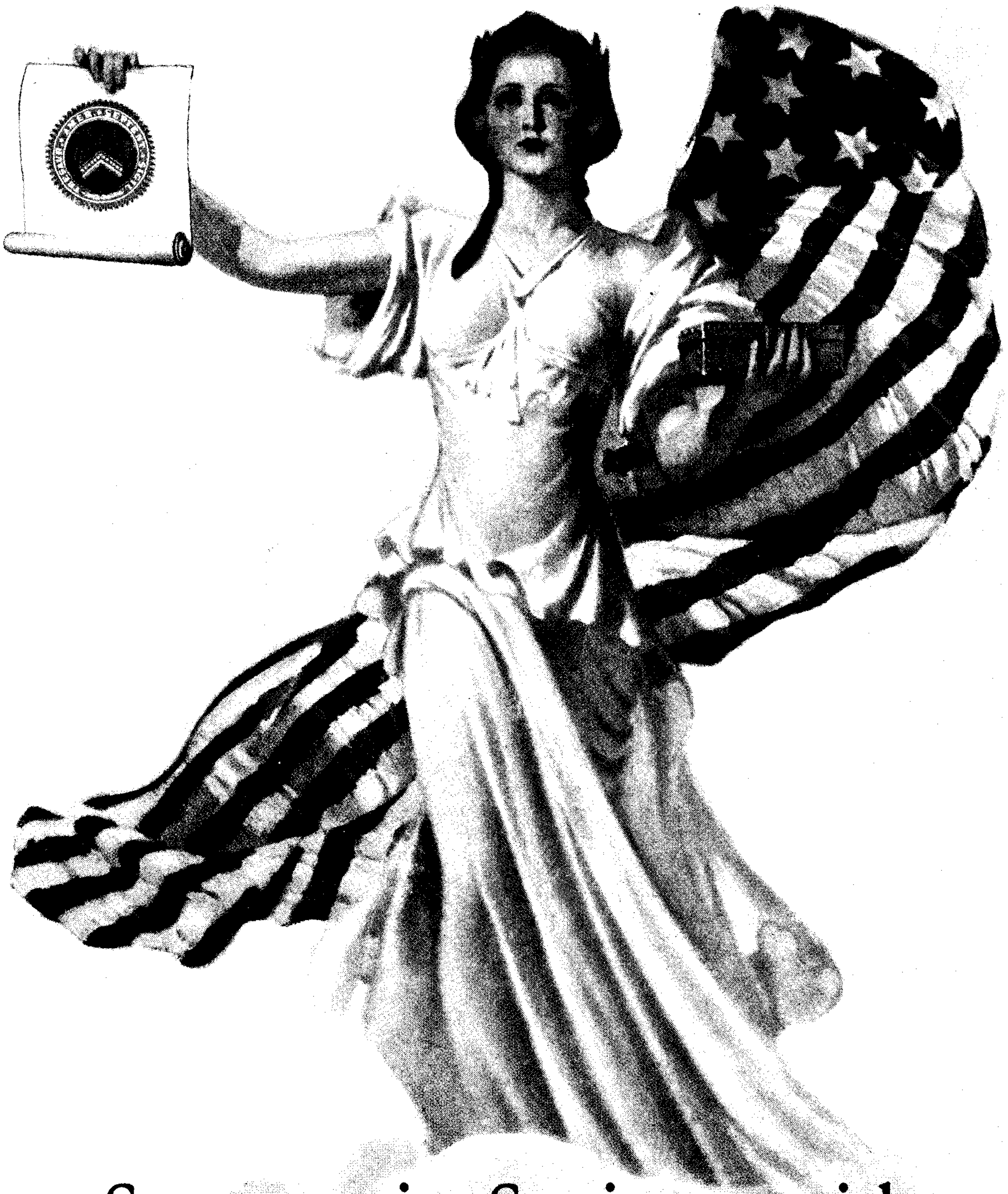
"What's the matter? No more cream in the icebox?"

"Some day," Cornelia replied in a choked voice, "I'm going to show the whole darned town—"

AS THE days progressed, however, she found that she didn't have much time to brood upon the ways and means of conquering Hollywood. Jennifer's temporary career occupied the center of the stage and it needed all her resources and tact to keep things running smoothly. To begin with, the assistant director told her one afternoon shortly afterward that von Loben thought it would save considerable time at the studio if the hairdresser came to the house each morning to arrange Jenny's hair.

Cornelia agreed to the suggestion, and then promptly forgot all about it because Robert Gilman appeared with two apples from the slot machine by the door and gave her one of them. It was soft and mealy, and Cornelia liked an apple to be firm and tart, but one did not look a gift horse in the face, so to speak, so she ate every bit of it just to be able to stand next to Gilman and breathe in his crisp, fragrant nearness, and hear his low rich voice. . . .

The next morning as Andy sauntered out of the bathroom, whistling affably and draped like a Greek athlete in a loin cloth of toweling, his whistling stopped abruptly, and Cornelia heard him say



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in the hallway, "Sorry! I had no idea you were here."

She smiled and waited. He had probably stubbed his toe, and after this brief interlude of mimicry a genial flow of mild profanity would doubtlessly issue forth. But there was only silence. He entered the bedroom with a grim expression on his face and reached for his bathrobe.

"May I ask, with pardonable curiosity," he accosted her coldly, "what has come over this house? I emerge innocently from my bath at seven-thirty to be greeted by a strange woman who recoils from my presence and makes me feel as if I were an intruder."

Cornelia frowned. Then she remembered. "Oh, her!" she said. "Don't get fussed. It's only the woman to do Jenny's hair."

As he drew his socks on, he inquired sourly if they were going to move the studio into the house every morning. He would have continued his line of complaint at breakfast, only for the fact that Miss Ivarene confided to Cornelia that coming to the house was an early chore and she had not had time to have her coffee, without which she was absolutely good for nothing.

"Then do have a cup with us," returned Cornelia politely.

They sat and ate in the strained silence of people who do not know each other. "It's like a one-arm lunchroom," Andy whispered, as he kissed Cornelia goodby in the privacy of the foyer. "With a few more customers we'll be doing a nice business."

HE SAID it in jest, but he came very near hitting upon the truth. Two nights later Jenny, working until six, developed a slight sniffle which Cornelia attributed, without concern, to a sudden bleak change in the weather. Von Loben, however, regarded the child in tragic apprehension and blanketed her temples with his clumsy, gentle palms. "Feverish!" he declared, and rushed them to the heated studio car and bundled Ivarene in with them. "The girl can take Jenny's make-up off and help you get her quickly into bed," he ordered.

Cornelia started to say that she could manage Jennifer very nicely by herself, but he gave her no opportunity and waved them off. "Hot lemonade and mustard plasters!" he called after them.

Jennifer didn't need anything but salt-water in her nose, and Ivarene was a nuisance to have around. She used up three quarters of a jar of expensive cold cream getting off the grease paint and expansively ran through the household supply of face towels in the operation. She also used Jennifer's best nightdress, the one she had had her picture taken in—and inefficiently rinsed out her underclothes, hanging them all over the bathroom in festoons of dripping informality.

Eventually, Cornelia gave up trying to order things according to her usual system and dashed downstairs to tell Gladiola to have something for Ivarene's supper. Fortunately, meat-loaf was stretchable, but the question arose of where to put Ivarene while she ate it. Cornelia glanced hopelessly around the tiny cubicle, overflowing with pots and pans and dishes, and inspiredly pulled out the breadboard and set a plate on it. "Dat gone be in mah way when ahm serving," Gladiola remarked with sad eyes.

"Then it'll have to be in your way," Cornelia brutally informed her.

SHE heard Andy come in and dash upstairs, calling her as usual at the top of his voice. She was about to dash up after him when she was halted by a loud crash from the kitchen, followed by Gladiola's ejaculation, "Ah done told her it was goin' to get in mah way."

Cornelia sat down abruptly. "There goes my new platter," she deplored. A door closed upstairs and Ivarene's firm tone made a fresh impact on her distracted reflections.

"If you'd just be a little quiet, sir, she's just going to sleep. I think she's better."

"Better! What's wrong with her?"

"Just a cold, Mr. Lane, but please don't go in, you'll disturb her just as she's dropping off."

"I'm not Mr. Lane, I'm Doctor Lane." Andy's voice was now measured and metallic. "And I'm also the child's father!"

Nothing was funny, but Cornelia wanted to laugh. She heard Jennifer's shrill, joyous greeting to Andy, and decided just to sit there on the hall chair and await, in a vacuum of resignation, the next emotional eruption. It was not long in coming. The bathroom door opened, accompanied by a shout of protest which was like forked lightning in a summer sky. Cornelia's laughter exploded. She knew what had happened—Andy had got Jenny's wet shirt square in his face. She supposed that she should have moved it after she had suffered the same indignity, but somehow the fact that she hadn't sent her off into renewed spasms of unbalanced hilarity.

Jennifer seemed perfectly well the next morning and Andy departed for the hospital with the hope that his household had once more reverted to normal. But when he came home that evening the sight of an imposing-looking car before his door wakened in him the fear that Jenny might have taken ill during the day. "I'm developing nerves," he thought disgustedly, as he quickly swung his coupé into the one-place garage, narrowly missing the doorpost, and raced into the house.

Everything was as usual. Gladiola was a vague shadow skirting out of the darkened dining room into the kitchen, and from upstairs he could hear the reassuring chatter of Jenny and Cornelia.

Relieved, he put his bag down and lit a cigarette. The bell rang. He answered it. A Filipino chauffeur in gabardine livery stood at the door.

"Mrs. Lane, he want car now, or can eat?" he inquired with a novel variation of pronouns.

Andy blinked. "Wait a minute," he replied tersely.

He found Cornelia in the bedroom, trying on a new blouse. "Darling!" she exclaimed, "I didn't hear you come in! Kiss." She extended her cheek.

"Never mind the kissing. There's a monkey outside wants to know whether he can eat now. Where did it come from?"

"Don't get excited, he's a present to Jennifer."

"What do we do with it?"

"We keep it and feed it and—"

"I'd rather have a dog," Andy interrupted her. "Now, Cornelia, in words of one syllable, tell Papa everything before Papa puts his two hands around your neck and chokes you." His voice slowed down ominously.

Before Cornelia could explain, Jenny ran in, trailed by Ivarene, and flung herself into his arms. "The man at the gate gave me a rabbit's foot for my own," she told him in high glee. "Isn't that wonderful, Daddy?"

Cornelia said, "Is that the only present you got today, Jennifer? Try and think."

Jennifer was so impressed with the gateman's gift, however, that all else faded into insignificance. After she had been lured away by Ivarene, Cornelia told Andy how von Loben and Morris had felt that the child should have a car of her own. "With a heater," she carefully added. "And then they didn't feel that she would be safe with me driving, so the monkey appeared."

THERE were suddenly rumblings of Gladiola's displeasure from the kitchen as the monkey's dinner was being served him. "Oh, Lord," Cornelia broke off, "if only Gladiola doesn't blow up and quit—"

"She'll probably announce that she didn't hire out to a boardinghouse. When do we eat, at the second service?"

"Third. Ivarene eats at the second. Come on, don't you want to see the car?"

"No!" shouted Andy, "it's a lot of damned nonsense!"

Nevertheless he permitted himself to be led out to it, and was like a small boy in his examination of it.

"Isn't it scrumptious?" exulted Cornelia, as she showed him the interior appointments and the special make-up compartment that was built in the dashboard. "It's a gift, free and simple. Not the monkey, though; he only lasts for the picture."

Andy's lips tightened.

"The car only lasts for the picture, too," he supplemented firmly.

(To be continued next week)

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Sad Sin in Shanghai

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

This, friends and countrymen, is Blood Alley, famous for its knife fights and gilded sin. It's the center of Shanghai's night life. Let's look at China's hot spots

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD WILLARD

"FINALLY," said Seaman Murphy judicially, "you just go nuts!" We were rolling up the Shanghai Bund in rickshas, the runners sweating in the steamy heat. Murphy was off an American destroyer, anchored downstream in the muddy Whangpoo. He had come up in a Navy launch, armed with four American dollars, a bit of a thirst and a determination to engage briefly in the highly advertised night life of the world's largest international city.

"We cut down a junk, coming out of the Yangtzekiang," said Murphy, as the runners got squeezed between a two-decker motorbus and the curb and stopped, wheezing heavily. "So we gotta have an inquiry. It's a laugh—because American ships are the only ones that ever cut down junks. They ain't never been a junk crew yet that couldn't dodge a destroyer going thirty knots, p'vided the navigator on the destroyer wanted to dodge 'em."

The motorbus roared away and the runners lunged into the shafts to get the rickshas going again.

"The junks always have a whole flock of devils trailing aft," said Murphy, rolling a brown-paper cigarette and trying to light a Chinese match on his thumbnail. "So they cut across the bows of steamships and the closer they can come, the more devils get shaved off. . . . But when they need a new junk, they come a bit too close and get run down—but always by an American ship. The others don't pay off."

He shouted to the runners, who in a gesture of surrender to a motorized world, held out their right hands and waited for a break in the traffic to make the turn into the Avenue Edouard VII—the broad, winding boulevard that was once a creek and now is the boundary between the international settlement and the French concession. At the turn, the sailor pointed to a white post, standing in a grass plot on the river side of the Bund.

"They took down th' sign," said Murphy.

"What sign?"

"Some guy named Harold Lawson brought it out," said Murphy, as the ricksha swerved across the car tracks. "Some southern California booster club sent him to Shanghai with it, with orders to put it up on the Bund. So he did. He was the guy who invented ricksha races up the Avenue, here, and . . ."

"What sign?"

"He put it up all right," persisted Murphy, "but th' cops musta taken it down. But he got a picture of it, first, for the boys back in the chamber of commerce. You'd oughta seen him, leaping from one ricksha . . ."

"What sign?"

"Jus' a ordinary sign, like you see at home. It said: City Limits, Los Angeles," said Murphy. "But that was nothing. What this Lawson did was to hire ten rickshas, along around midnight, when the traffic thinned out. Then him and his pal, a Dr. Seaton Sailer, would have races up the Avenue here, and when they got tired o' that, this Lawson would line up ten rickshas and start them all off with himself in the outside one, and then change rickshas at full speed until he'd worked clear over to the other end of the line. This Dr. Sailer would sit on the curb and laugh and throw Chinese nickels at the runners to make them stop . . . Whoa!"

Funny Money for Phony Fun

The runners pulled up in response to his shout and, dropping the shafts to the pavement, shot us both neatly out onto the sidewalk. Murphy walked over to a grilled shop, planked down his four American dollars and came away with a double fistful of paper and silver amounting, at face value, to $32.10, Shanghai money and otherwise.

Some of it was in large paper bills, double the size of an American bill. More of it was in ten- and twenty-cent bills, crumpled, dirty, stuck together with adhesive tape, the size of cigar coupons. There was some silver and a score of filthy coppers among which shone some bright orange pieces.

"The silver's worth less than the bills," said Murphy, going into the intricacies of Shanghai money. "Silver is 'small money' and paper is 'big money'—if it happens to be on the right bank. If it's on the wrong bank it's no good, unless you can meet a tourist who don't know the difference. The coppers are small money and it takes from thirty to thirty-six of them to make a dime, except when they're the new kind. Then it takes three of the old ones to make one of the new ones."

"It must be sort of confusing," we said.

"Ain't no word for it," said Murphy, setting a course up the Avenue. "Small money has different values on busses and in stores and on the street, and if you buy a buck's worth of something in a store with big money and give 'em a $5 bill you get back $5.10 in change, only that's worth $3.90 when you got to buy something with it . . . and finally you just go nuts . . . Here's Blood Alley. Let's go!"

Blood Alley has a Chinese name that no one remembers. It runs for a block out of Avenue Edouard VII, opposite the plant of The Shanghai Times, into the French concession, and is supposed to be a haunt of gilded sin. It is lined with cabarets, and occasionally about 3 A. M. a pair of weary, pasty-faced Russians stab each other. Usually this takes place inside some garish, smoke-filled and paper-festooned hall, where a tinny orchestra goes through the motions of playing outdated American jazz and the brown-haired White Russian girls slide monotonously around the dance floor.

But once in a while the battlers come out on the sidewalk, to the great delight of Mr. Palamountain, city editor of The Times, who always strolls over to look at the corpse and file another notch on the spacebar of his typewriter. Mr. Palamountain is the builder-upper of Blood Alley's sinister reputation.

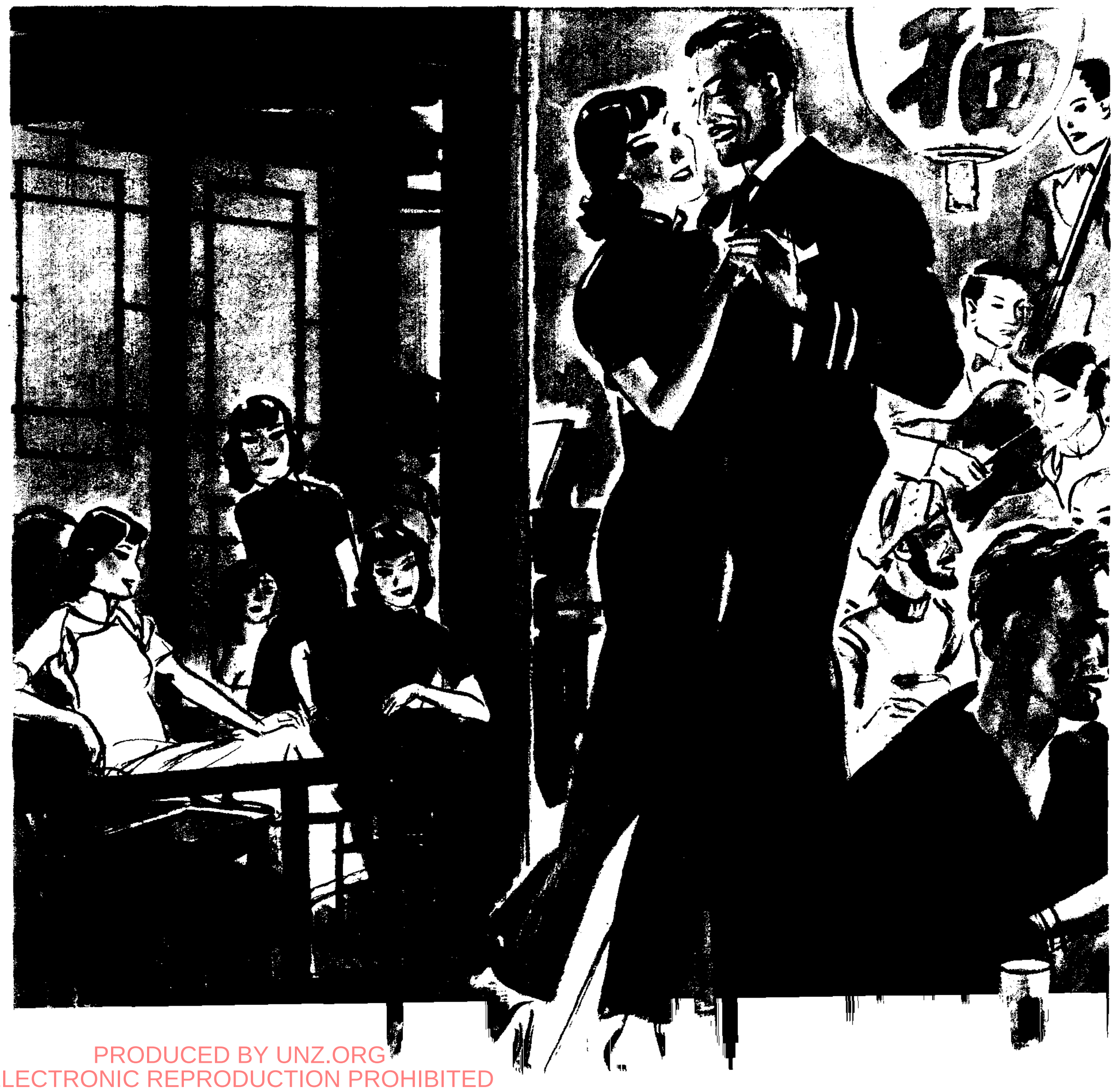
We did the alley thoroughly, in at one door, a look around, out again, and so to the next place. Gloomy Russians sitting around. White-faced girls in fantastic frocks. Glasses on wet-ringed tables. Sad sin.

"Like a Sunday-school picnic," commented Seaman Murphy. "Let's gwan up th' St. George."

We got a couple of rickshas, shouted: "One piecee!" at the runners, and set off. The St. George cabaret was in an old house set in a garden, with a graveled driveway in front. A great barn of a place, several steps down, with a large dancing floor and a colored orchestra in the middle of the long side. Tables were jammed in together so that the waiters had to inch through sidewise.

"The Oriental melting pot," said Murphy, mopping his forehead and ordering beer.

The girls sat around at the tables with the customers—sailors from the ships of a dozen nations,



The Chinese taxi-dancers sit inside the railing, sometimes with a glass of tea and a cigarette. Dance tickets sell at three for a Shanghai dollar

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We don't
taste it . . .

But we know it's there!

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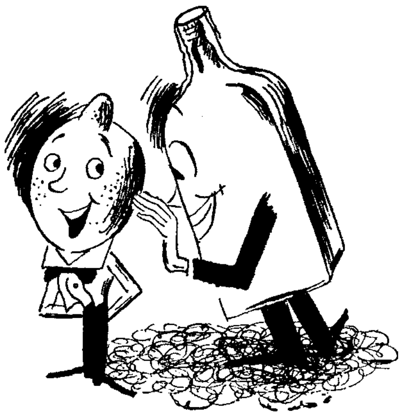
It dissolves the sugar completely . . .



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sleek Chinese, chattering Japanese, a slumming party or two from a cruise ship. Some of them were the much-overrated White Russian beauties, languid and dull-eyed, drinking whisky and water. There were Japanese girls, made up to resemble American movie queens, looking chunky and ungraceful in Western clothes. The Chinese girls, in their simple gowns, were the most attractive.

"'Banner gowns,'" said Murphy, drinking half his beer at a gulp. "They call 'em mandarin gowns, but the right name is 'banner'—going back to the time when the old Chinese aristocracy were all banner men under the Manchu banner."

Falling simply from a high, stiff collar, the banner gowns hung in long, flowing lines almost to the floor. On each side, they were slit almost to the knee. Of heavy silk, in rainbow colors, black and white checks, red and gold stripes, white circles on blue ground, they slid in and out through the low-cut evening frocks of the White Russian girls and the Japanese film-queen imitators.

"The little doll in the black and gold for me," said Murphy. He finished his beer and walked over to a slim Chinese girl, momentarily alone at a table. The orchestra started again and a Filipino singer in a fluffy yellow frock wailed into a microphone. The floor filled with dancing couples and the lights dimmed.

"This ain't the real stuff," said Murphy, coming back to the table. "Let's gwan up to th' Santa Ana."

We had another beer and struggled out into the foyer, with Murphy's Chinese girl hanging to his arm. He bought her a bottle of perfume at the glass counter, said goodby and asked the doorman to call a cab. We rolled away in the hot night, along brightly lit boulevards, down winding lanes, and so to the Santa Ana, with its howling beggars around the doorway and dimly lit dance hall above.

High Life in Shanghai

There was a railing inside and, inside that again, the dance floor. At the far end, a Negro orchestra played Chinese adaptations of American popular songs, while a huge colored man bawled out the words. The Chinese taxi-dancers sat in a row inside the railing, often with a glass of tea and cigarettes on a little stand beside them. Tickets were three for a Shanghai dollar.

Chinese youths in Western dress mingled at the tables and on the floor with older men in the sober blue and black gowns of ancient tradition. Little groups of Chinese politicians sat around tables, talking in singsong tones, sipping tea.

"Half the plots in North China get hatched around here," said Murphy, ordering more beer. "The politicians from all over come into Shanghai for safety when their customers in Chinese cities go on the warpath. . . . There's Ting-a-Ling. Hi! Ting-a-Ling!"

The Santa Ana's No. 1 girl waved and smiled at the sailor from her chair. Her glossy black hair was Dutch-bobbed and as she rose her dead-white silken banner frock clung to her figure, slim and graceful. Murphy shoved aside his beer, walked over and led her onto the floor. When the dance was over, Murphy slipped the girl a dollar bill and came back to finish his beer.

"Good girl," he said. "She makes one hundred—two hundred dollars a week, dancing, and what mugs like me give her. But it's kinda expensive. Three new gowns a week, and she has to pay an amah to keep house for her, too . . ."

"What happens to her, later?"

"Oh, she'll get married. They all do—to high-up men, mostly. . . . C'mon, let's get outa here."

We walked over, through the hot night, to the Avenue Joffre. Out of a side street came a gaudy ricksha. From a semicircular bow over the seat, two electric spotlights shone down on the occupant. She sat there, dressed in red and gold, on her rolling throne, the trotting coolie shouting to clear her way—and give her "face." One silk-clad leg, hung negligently over the other, dangled a tiny silver slipper. The coolie wore red and gold shorts and the muscles rippled under the bare skin of his back. Back of this turnout came another ricksha, the coolie also in red and gold. His passenger was a soberly clad older woman, carrying a mandolin on her knees.

Songs on the Cuff

"Singsong girl," shouted Murphy, across the space from the ricksha into which he had climbed. We followed along to a Chinese restaurant, into which the singsong girl swept grandly, followed by her amah. Upstairs, at a dinner party, the guests were eating noisily to show their appreciation of the food. The singsong girl slipped around behind the honor guest and, taking her mandolin, sang a little song in a high, quavering voice, smiled a set little smile, chatted pleasantly for a few minutes and then rose and bowed herself out.

"That'll cost the host about $50 Mex," said Murphy. "He pays the girl nothing the first two times he calls her—but he makes up for it the third time. But singsong girls aren't for the likes of you 'n' me. Come on."

Early in the morning, we swung back to the Bund and headed over the Garden Bridge and down into Hongkew. Over there was the Venus cabaret—known to the sailors of the Seven Seas as the Venice, that being the nautical pronunciation of the goddess' name. A vast, rowdy place, with hordes of Russian, French, Chinese, Eurasian and Japanese girls, dancing with sailors from the Japanese cruisers tied up at the entrance to Soochow Creek, American gobs from the destroyer squadron, French sailors, German sailors, British tars . . .

It was all rather sad, in a beery, bluey sort of way. The orchestra played mechanically and the girls danced woodenly around and around and around. A White Russian girl in a red backless dress cried in a corner and was consoled with Scotch and soda. A husky contralto shouted a song that was popular in America ten years ago. The Japanese girls' kimonos made spots of crazy color under the dim lights. We had some more beer and Murphy danced with a Chinese girl in a yellow and black banner gown.

"I got to be getting back to th' ship," he said, returning to the table and finishing the beer. "They tell you, all over the world, that this is a hell of a place, the most goshawful, sidewinding sink of sin in the world. You hear about them lovely Russian girls—an' where are they? You hear about them extra-wild parties—and we ain't seen none, have we? We been all over this burg looking for excitement, all night, and here we are, with a load of beer and a headache apiece."

"You be sure and get a one-man sampan out to the buoys," I said. "You get a two-man sampan this time o' night and you'll land up in the creek, without your money."

"I know," said Seaman Murphy. "You gotta watch yourself every minute in this burg. You go crazy trying to figure out the money, and run a couple coolies to death trying to find some excitement, and then you get all mixed up because the Chinese do everything backward and finally . . ."

"Finally," I said, as we came out into the night and headed for the river front, "finally you just go nuts!"

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 24

Roger's eyes were bright and hard again.

"He said he hadn't any definite plans, but that the situation was worth looking into, and he thought that some clever girl and himself could team up and make a killing. He said that I could get him into these parties, get him invitations."

"I'll bet you were scared stiff."

"I was petrified. He kept asking me all these questions and looking at me with those cold bright blue eyes. I knew he was the most dangerous man I'd ever known, and all I thought of was how to get away."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was a silly idea. I said he must be out of his mind. If I'd had my wits about me, I wouldn't have been so abrupt, but I was furious and scared. The rest of it was awful, Roger. I'd rather skip that."

"Don't skip anything."

She was pale. "Well, he said he'd fallen for me, and that I suited him better than any girl he'd ever known, and I said I had to be going, and he grabbed me and kissed me, and I punched him as hard as I could and he grabbed me again and threw me down on a couch, and I picked up a book and hit him in the face with it, and ran to the door and ran down the stairs with him after me. That was the first clever thing I'd done since I'd known him. I went down those stairs like an antelope."

"You got away okay?"

"Yes, I got out the door okay. I didn't go to the police for the same reason I never mentioned it to you. I was an idiot to go there, knowing nothing about him. I wouldn't tell you now, but it's necessary. And that isn't all. Flying East, he got on my plane at Las Vegas, Nevada. He had the seat across from mine. I didn't see him until we were turning around to take off, and the floodlight came in my window and lighted his face. Honestly, Roger, it was like a nightmare—seeing that man grinning at me. And he pretended he couldn't imagine why I snooted him!"

"Oh, he tried to talk to you?"

She nodded. "I cut him cold."

"Has he tried to see you since?"

"Only last night at Jane's party. He kept cutting in and cutting in, and telling me he wanted us to go somewhere where we could talk in privacy."

"Why the devil didn't you tell me, Fran?"

"I didn't want a scene, and I had this Roderico business on my mind, and I'm afraid of him. He's dangerous."

Roger glanced at the table where Jane and the blond man sat. They were bending across the table toward each other, and laughing. They seemed to be having a gay time.

For a moment, Franziska thought that Roger was going to get up and go over. His face was white and his eyes were ugly. But he didn't get up.

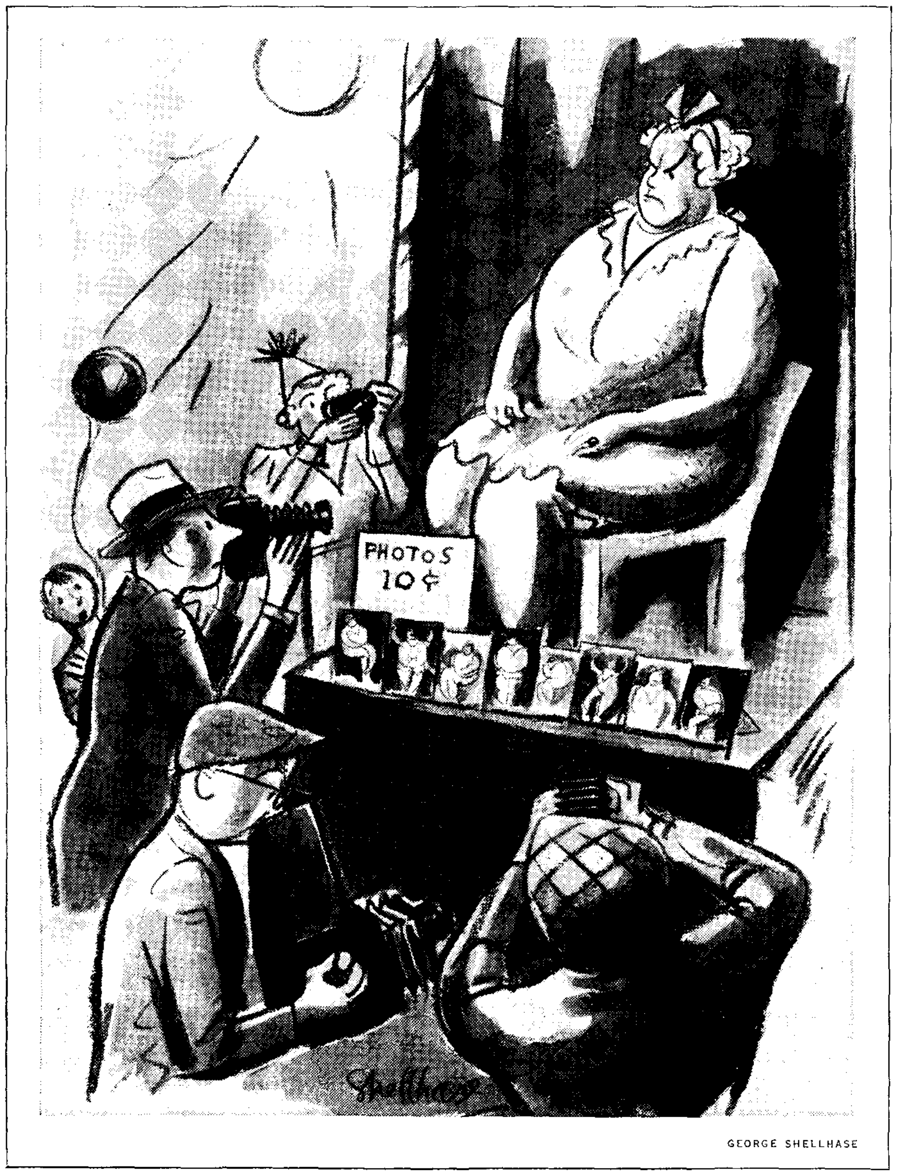
JANE'S lower lip was squared. "Have you talked about last night to anybody?"

Peter thought of Oliver and said: "No. Of course not."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Because people talk about me. People say the most fiendish things about me. Once people start talking about you,



GEORGE SHELLHASE

"OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"

THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BREATH AND HANDS ME THIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?

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LATER—*THANKS TO COLGATE'S*

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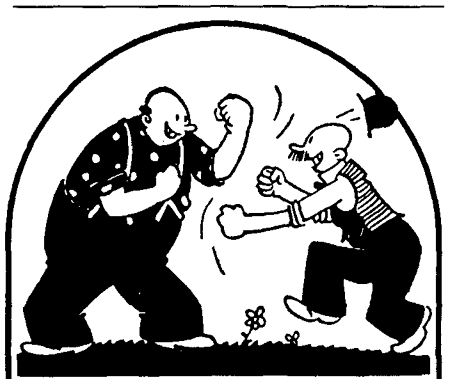

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you're sunk. I mean you're sunk if they get the right things to talk about."

"Don't worry about me."

"It was pretty slick, the way you came barging in there. Now I want to know why you went there."

Peter thought of Franziska and Tetlow outside Lazarre's, and said, "It was just a hunch. I have these hunches sometimes."

"I don't believe you. You overheard *something*, or saw something, that made you suspicious."

"No."

"It was just too pat, the way you came dashing into that room."

"It's the way I work. Something told me you were in danger."

She smiled faintly, and she stared at him. Then she softened.

"They're talking about us. I promised Roger I wouldn't see you again until Dad checked up on you. But I had to see you. I was burning up with curiosity."

Peter had turned to look at the table where Roger Van Tyle and Franziska were. Franziska looked unhappy. He sighed. When he turned back to Jane, his eyes were hard. He had made his first mistake.

"You danced with her a lot last night. Do you know her?"

"I met her on the plane coming East."

"Oh," Jane thought it over. "Did you come East on her account?"

"I thought it was *your* picture I saw in the rotogravure."

Jane's lower lip was still squared. "I think I ought to warn you about her, if last night wasn't enough. It was enough for me, but don't think that's all. She isn't nearly so innocent as she looks. I've never really trusted her. Oh, I could tell you lots of things about Fran Rilling."

Peter doubted it. He believed that Jane was merely spiking Franziska's guns in the immemorial feminine way. It suddenly occurred to him that Jane Griffin had decided that she wanted him for herself. He was astonished, delighted and terrified.

ROGER glanced at Peter's smiling profile. "He crashed Jane's party, of course. We called Mrs. Bartholomew, and there wasn't a Banyard on her list."

"He might have got in under another name. Men like that have aliases."

"It doesn't matter. Oh, Fran, this has me in a spin."

Franziska smiled tenderly. "Don't you think it's fairly obvious? He certainly knows Jane's reputation. He arranged that whole business last night quite cleverly, I'd say. He cleared the decks of Roderico—with Roderico's connivance, of course—and put on that wonderful rescue act. And you know Jane. You know how she falls for heroics."

"But he knows you'll tell Jane all about him!"

Franziska shook her head. "Who can tell Jane anything?"

"I could. I will, by God!"

"Will she listen to you? Did she listen to you when you complained about that comedy director and that prize fighter? Why, she'd think it was thrilling to be seen about with a handsome crook."

Roger nodded slowly. That look of pain was in his eyes again. "I'll try to get to the bottom of it. I'm seeing Jane's father this afternoon. If he wants to see you, you'll see him, of course."

"Of course. I'll do anything you say. Only don't ask me to explain to Jane, Rodge. You tell her. After the way she looked at me last night— It was terrible. But I'll see her father, gladly."

"I don't think it'll be necessary. He's in a state and God knows you've been through enough." His gaze was tender. "Poor kid!"

She smiled. "Oh, I can take it."

He nodded. "You're an awfully swell person, Fran." He looked as if he were about to go on from there. She waited breathlessly, with her heart racing. "Well," he said, "let's eat. Before it slips my mind, Mother wants you to have tea with her this afternoon."

"But, Rodge, I'm a wreck."

"I never saw you looking lovelier."

PETER was sure that Jane was deliberately killing time until Franziska and Roger got up to leave. He didn't want to walk out with them. Franziska knew that he knew the truth about her, and he wanted to spare her feelings. And the way she confused him with Charles Dunkin could only lead to more unpleasantness. He wanted to talk to her, but not here. Not with Jane's shrewd, lovely eyes watching him.

But when Franziska and Roger got up to go, Jane said, "Heavens! I didn't dream it was so late. I'm due at my father's office at three-thirty and it's almost that now."

Franziska and Roger were ahead of them when they reached the sidewalk. "Roger!" Jane called.

Franziska and Roger turned instantly, as if they had been expecting it, and their expressions were wooden. They both stared at Peter.

Jane said breezily: "Rodge, are you going to Dad's office?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you ride down with me? Hello, darling. You look simply marvelous. You know Mr. Banyard, don't you? Mr. Banyard, Miss Rilling."

There was that shimmer in Franziska's gray eyes. "How do you do?"

Peter smiled dangerously. "How do you do?"

"And Mr. Van Tyle, Mr. Banyard."

Peter put out his hand expecting to have it ignored. But Roger, smiling, a little grimly, shook it with a firm hard grip that Peter liked.

Franziska said, "I have to run. It was awfully nice, Roger. Goodby, Jane. Goodby—Mr. Banyard."

Jane's car was at the curb. Jane took Peter's hand and squeezed it hard. She held it while Franziska turned the corner. "Don't try to get in touch with me or anything, Pete."

"I won't."

Roger put her into the car, turned and looked steadily into Peter's eyes. It wasn't a challenging look. It was only steady and cool and aware. Only his smile was faintly hostile.

"Goodby." There was such unexpected finality in that that Peter didn't answer.

As the limousine swam out into the traffic, Peter turned quickly to follow Franziska, and suddenly became aware that a very small, strange-looking man was staring at him with the round-eyed, uninhibited curiosity of a child.

He was a ridiculous-looking little man, with his pouter-pigeon chest, his square pink face and large round chin. His eyebrows were high up on his forehead in an expression of perplexity that might have been congenital, and his rust-colored hair grew forward in a stiff brush. He wore no hat. His eyelids were long and heavy, his eyes were small and greedy. He had a small, freckled pug nose, a small thin-lipped mouth. He was dressed neatly, but his clothes had a threadbare look.

He suddenly grinned at Peter and Peter had a perverse impulse to kick him in the pants. When he reached the corner, Franziska Rilling had disappeared.

ROGER sat forward with his hands clasped tightly in his lap. He said, with anguish: "Why do you do it? Why do you waste your time and risk your reputation with these fellows?"

Without turning her head, Jane slid him a bright glance. "What fellows?" She was going to be deliberately difficult.

He said with patience, "Roderico Hova and this fellow and all the rest of them."

"Because they aren't dull."

His face became crimson. "I'm getting damned sick of that."

"Then why do you bring it up?"

"Anyone would think I'm a deadly bore."

"You are."

He had the air of a man clenching his teeth. "Jane, for God's sake, don't treat me like this."

"Then stop acting like this."

Humiliated and angry as he was, he sighed. Even when he was most furious at her, he adored her. He picked up her hand.

"Darling," he said, "can't you give me a little consideration? You know how much I love you."

Looking at him steadily, she pulled her hand away.

He groaned: "It bores you."

"It does."

"Everything I do bores you. Good Lord, I used to think I had some pride."

"Light me a cigarette and give your pride a vacation."

HE LIT a cigarette and gave it to her. "Jane, honestly, this guy Banyard is dynamite."

"He's perfectly marvelous."

"Do you really like him?"

"Mmmmm."

"Are you falling for him?"

"Mmmmm."

Roger shook his head with despair. "What is it? For God's sake, what has he got?"

"Everything."

"Don't tell me you fell for that rescue stuff."

She puffed fiercely at the cigarette. "What do you mean by that?"

"It was all a put-up job."

Jane stared at him. "You're crazy."

"He's a crook."

"Why! You're utterly crazy!"

Roger's fists were softly pounding his knees. "I know all about him. He's a crook!"

Jane snapped the cigarette out the window with the air of a woman getting down to business. "Who said so? Franziska? What is this—her alibi?"

"Never mind her. At least, she doesn't travel around with crooks and Cuban dancers and lecherous comedy directors!"

"Of course not. She's too busy being a gun moll."

"Jane, that's a lie. She was roped in."

"You both used the same rope."

"You're deliberately being as nasty as you know how."

"Roger, you'd better take a rest cure. Look at your face! You're having apoplexy! I know all about him. His father owns mining properties in Nevada. He's spent his life there. He never saw New York until a week ago."

"Did he tell you his name is Banyard?"

"It is Banyard. Should he have said it was Winterbottom?"

"It's Dunkin—Charles Dunkin. Franziska met him on the boat coming back from France last summer. He's an out-and-out crook. I'm going to check up on him."

"Hooray!"

"He's one of the smoothest crooks in New York! I'll prove it!"

"Go ahead. It's easy. He's from Cobalt, Nevada. All you have to do is call up the sheriff or somebody out there."

"If I prove he's a crook, will you drop him?"

Jane's gentian eyes became speculative. "Well, I'll consider it."

The name of the pigeon-chested man who had stared so boldly at Peter Ban-

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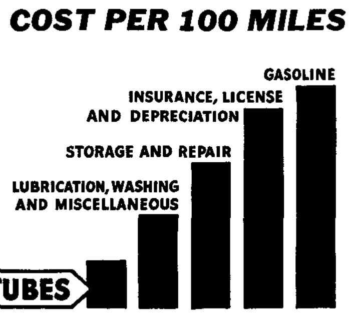

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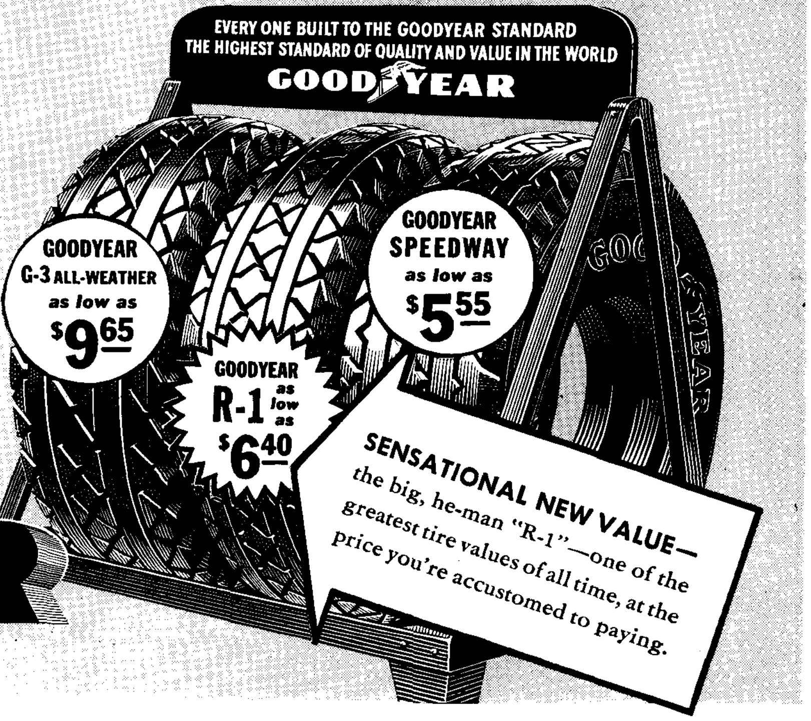
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yard, outside Lari's was Otto Dagney. Because of his passion for ancient Egyptian jewelry he was known to his intimates as Egypt. He spent countless hours in the Egyptian section of the Metropolitan Museum, gazing covetously at the golden ornaments in the glass cases. He hoped some day to think of a way to steal those lovely ancient adornments without being caught. So far, no practicable plan had presented itself.

There was something of the 'possum about Mr. Dagney, something sly. Peter Banyard had sensed it. Mr. Dagney was often, literally, kicked in the pants. He was the unresentful butt of many crude practical jokes, and he had been kicked in the pants probably oftener than any man in New York. But he was a mild-tempered man who bore no grudges, and he made himself useful to his friends in many ways.

WHEN he saw Peter Banyard talking to the two pretty girls and the important-looking young man, he did not stare because of idle curiosity. He was startled. The only time in his life he had been more startled was when, an instant after he had snatched a woman's purse on Forty-second Street, a policeman had seized him by the coat collar.

Usually Egypt went about his business with his eyes on the sidewalk, looking for lost articles. Something about the tall, blond man's voice had made him lift his eyes. And once he looked at him he could not take his eyes away.

When the striking young man turned and started up Park Avenue, Egypt followed him. He followed him until he disappeared into an imposing apartment building, then made inquiries of a cool and disdainful doorman.

Bursting with his news, Egypt took a taxicab to a walk-up on West Forty-ninth Street. He climbed to Apartment 4-B and knocked softly four times, then, after a pause, three times.

When there was no answer, he put his mouth close to the door panel and said, "Charlie! It's Egypt, Charlie."

The door opened and Egypt scuttled into a room so dark that he could see nothing. The shades were drawn and the air was sour with old tobacco smoke.

A strong, deep voice said: "I told you never to come here in the daytime."

"Charlie!" Egypt was panting. "Have you been out of here in the past hour?"

"No. Is there anything in the papers?"

"Not yet. Listen, Charlie. I just saw a guy on Pock Avenyuh who looks so much like you I couldn't tell you apart if you was standing there side by side. It's the payoff, Charlie. This guy looks so much like you I wouldn't believe it. Same eyes. Same nose. Same way about you. Same everything. It gimme the shivers."

His eyes were growing used to the dimness. He stared at Charles Dunkin, at his mouth, at his hot sapphire eyes, at his hair which was the color of raw sugar. Charles Dunkin wore a blue brocade dressing gown over light blue silk pajamas. He looked at Egypt gravely.

"He was in front of Lari's with the Griffin girl and a young guy and the Rilling dame."

"Yes?"

"Yeah. That's why I took him for you, and he was sayin' goodby to 'em, and his voice is just like your voice, Charlie, with that deep kind of ring to it. I figured you had lunch with the Rilling dame, but I couldn't figure why. My eyes almost popped outa my head.

"The Griffin girl and the young guy gets into a limousine a block long, the Rilling dame scrams and this guy hoofs it up Pock Avenyuh and I folley him to where he lives. I got his name from the doorman. It's Banyard."

Charles Dunkin smiled. The smile started at the left-hand corner of his mouth and traveled slowly across his lips, then up to his eyes which crinkled and seemed to sparkle.

"That was my twin brother."

"Since when did you have a twin brother?"

"Since I was born, Egypt. Tell Tetlow this. Tell him just as you told it to me. Perhaps he'll feel better. Take a cab."

He took a five-dollar bill from a wallet and gave it to Egypt. "Tell him to come here."

"He won't come, Charlie. He's just as scared as you are. But maybe this will make a difference."

Egypt was staring at him with glittering eyes and a fatuous grin. "You look alike and you talk alike. Mike and Ike!" Egypt laughed with his shoulders screwed up and his mouth shut tight. "Hmp! Hmp! Hmp! Hmp!"

"Run along."

"Okay, okay."

Egypt stopped at a newsstand, glanced at the freshest front pages, and took a taxi to Steve Tetlow's apartment. He pressed the bell button four times, waited a few seconds, then pressed it three times. When no one answered, he did as he had done at Charlie Dunkin's door—placed his mouth close to the panel and called, "It's Egypt, Steve. Let me in. I got big news."

The door opened a crack and Steve Tetlow's voice said, "Eddie, get a broom and sweep whatever it is off the landing out there."

"Listen, Steve. I got something hot."

Tetlow opened the door. Egypt hopped inside. A sallow-faced man sat on the piano bench.

"Get rid of it," Egypt said.

The sallow-faced man got off the piano bench and got out.

"Merricka?" Tetlow said.

"Not yet. Listen, Steve. It wasn't Charlie that busted in there last night. It was his twin brother!"

"Can't he think of a better one than that?"

"I tell you I just seen him on Pock Avenyuh! With Jane Griffin and Franzy Rilling and another guy. I tailed him up to where he lives. His name's Banyard. He's Charlie's twin brother. I beat it down to Charlie's and told him how I seen this guy, and Charlie says it's his twin brother and Charlie ought to know. They look so much alike it gives me the shivers."

"Oh, nuts."

"I tell you I seen him. And Charlie hasn't been out of his apartment."

"Skip it."

"Listen, Steve. I never lied to you yet. It wasn't Charlie. He looks so much like Charlie you couldn't tell 'em apart if you stood 'em up side by side. And why don't it explain that funny business at the tavern the other night, when the guy you and Frankie thought was Charlie popped Albert Mowrey in the nose?"

STEVE TETLOW looked at him with his lidless, Oriental eyes. He looked dangerously bored.

"What does Charlie say?" he drawled.

"He says to come right over."

"What the hell have you done—gone over to Brunetti?"

Egypt looked shocked. "Aw, Steve! You don't mean that!"

"Then stop talking like a sap. Brunetti said he'd get Merricka, didn't he? He said he wouldn't quit until he got Charlie and me, didn't he?"

"Maybe it wasn't Brunetti."

Tetlow spun Egypt about and kicked him in the pants. "Don't fall down those stairs."

Egypt got out. He bore Steve Tetlow no resentment. He knew how men felt when they were on a spot. He had been on plenty of spots. He went to the nearest newsstand. The Wall Street editions were up. It was on the front page:

GANGSTER FOUND SLAIN IN HOTEL ROOM

Mystery Shrouds Shooting of Frankie Fife

Police Search for Woman Who Wore Blue Evening Gown

Egypt's eyes jumped to the print:

"Frankie Fife, alias Frank Merricka, one-time gangster and racketeer, was found dead in his room at the Hotel Adlington shortly after noon today by a chambermaid. Death was caused instantly by a bullet entering Fife's head above the right eye. An examination proved the gangster's death occurred between two and four o'clock this morning.

"Search was immediately launched for a young woman in a pale blue evening gown who was seen entering Fife's room on the twelfth floor at about two-thirty last night. She left a few minutes later. She was described to police by John Kilburn, night desk clerk, and Harry Nagle, night elevator operator, as a slender, beautiful brunette of about twenty, with an air of refinement.

"According to Fife's neighbors on the twelfth floor, there was no sound of a shot, leading to the supposition that a silencer may have been used. The walls and door of the room are thick, however, and might have muffled the shot so that it was unheard.

"Fife was evidently surprised as he sat at his desk. There was no evidence of a struggle. Only one bullet was fired. A wallet containing five hundred dollars was found on the gangster's person, seeming to indicate that robbery was not the motive for the killing. Police believe the killing was not the work of gangsters, and are making every effort to trace the mystery woman in the blue evening gown.

"Frankie Fife changed his name to Merricka shortly after his release from Sing Sing in October, 1932. His criminal record is a long one and he had many aliases. . . ."

Egypt read no farther. He knew the criminal record as well as he knew the track standings of the season's fastest horses. He ran all the way back to Steve Tetlow's apartment.

Egypt thrust the paper into Steve Tetlow's hands and said, panting it out in chunks: "So I went over to Brunetti, huh? Read this, sweetheart. Right here—nuttin' but this. What color dress did she have on last night?"

"Blue," Tetlow said, almost singing it. "Pale blue with little gold stars in it." He settled slowly to the piano bench with the paper stretched out between his hands. " 'A slender, beautiful brunette of about twenty,' " he quoted. "Well well, well."

He smiled. When Steve Tetlow smiled, the lines down from the nose, instead of enclosing his mouth, flared out. It was a smile that women liked.

"Get me a drink, Egypt. What a break!"

"Wit' little gold stars in it," Egypt said. He screwed up his shoulders and began to laugh with his mouth tight shut. "Hmp! Hmp! Hmp! Hmp!"

OLIVER closed the door silently and came tiptoeing over to the bed. "Mr. Banyard, I hate to disturb you—"

Peter opened his eyes. He was dressed except for his coat. "That's all right. I wasn't asleep."

"Two men are here to see you, sir. They're Jim Bracken and Tom Hurley, of the Fifth Avenue Squad."

Peter sat up. "Cops?"

"Detectives, sir."

"What do they want?"

"They won't say, Mr. Banyard. They just said they wanted a little talk with you—a little informal talk."

"What do you think they want?"

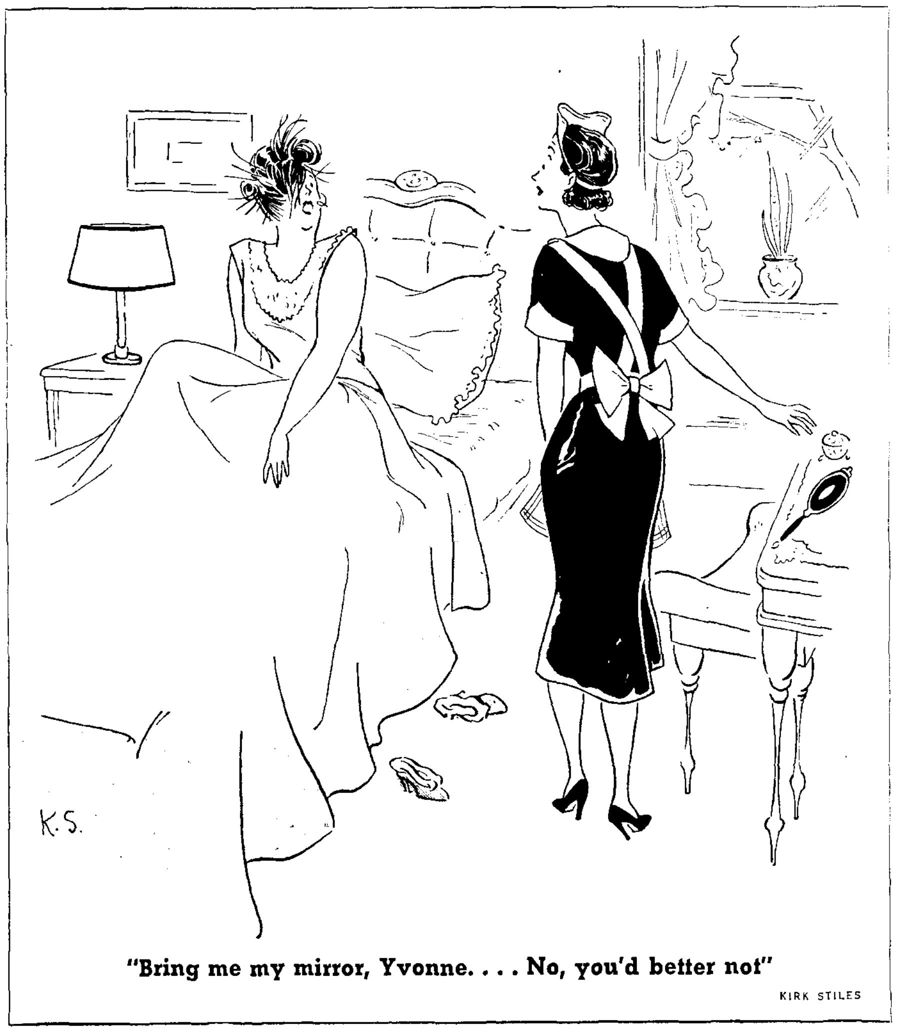
"I haven't the slightest idea, sir."

"It's something about last night. It's got to be something about last night."

"I presume so, sir."

"Okay. Tell them I'll be out in a minute."

He needed a minute to pull himself together. He had been thinking grimly about Charles Dunkin, weighing half-formed plans. And he had been day-dreaming about Franziska. He was



"Bring me my mirror, Yvonne. . . . No, you'd better not"

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being quite firm with Franziska, and she was looking at him with soft, beautiful gray eyes, agreeing with all he said.

He put on his coat, looked at himself in a mirror and brushed his hair with one swipe of the brushes. He assured himself that he had nothing to fear from the police, but policemen had always been on the list of things that terrified him. Yet he didn't look terrified. His color was good and his eyes were sharp.

He went smiling into the long white living room. Two men were standing before the fireplace, in which a log was burning, looking up at an 1812 musket which hung above it on old handmade nails.

"Hello," Peter said. His first impression was that they didn't look any more like detectives than Steve Tetlow and Frankie Fife had looked like gangsters. One was forty, blond and thin, with a vague, absent-minded air. The other resembled the late President Harding so closely, with his iron-gray hair and his handsome, deeply lined face, that Peter was startled. He had a folded newspaper under his arm.

THEY looked him over, critically, then the man who looked like Harding said, "This is a pretty nice layout you've got, Charlie. You've come up in the world. It must take five or six servants to keep a place like this going."

Oliver said, "Only four, Mr. Bracken."

"I see. You're just roughing it."

Peter said, smiling, "Are you sure you aren't making a mistake?"

The detectives looked at him steadily a moment, the blond man with his air of vagueness, the other with a faint smile, then they looked at each other, and the blond man said, "He doesn't know us since he came up in the world."

The man who resembled Harding said, "It's okay, Charlie. We only dropped in for old time's sake and to pay our respects. We just dropped in to leave our cards."

"It's just a social call," the blond man said.

"I appreciate it," Peter said. "But aren't you confusing me with someone else?"

"You'll always be just plain Charlie to us," the man who looked like Harding said.

"But my name isn't Charlie."

"It's okay," the man who resembled Harding said. He was evidently the spokesman. "You meet a lot of people and you're apt to forget faces. I'm Jim Bracken and this is Tom Hurley. The last words you said to us were, 'You're just a couple of misguided enthusiasts.' Isn't that what he said, Tom?"

"That's what he said, but we don't bear any hard feelings. Forgive and forget is our motto."

"This is a nice layout you got here, Charlie," Bracken said. "It must set you back a thousand a month, anyway."

"We don't even want to know how you do it," Hurley said. "We like to see our old friends make good."

Peter's throat was dry, and the pulse in it was jumping.

"You're cards, both of you," he said, "but you'd better save your ribbing for somebody who appreciates it. I've been in New York just about a week, my name's Peter Banyard, I'm from Cobalt, Nevada, and, if you doubt it, call up my father out there, or Orel Lawler, superintendent of the Cobalt Consolidated, or Nick Greenley, editor of the Cobalt Citizen, or Sheriff Johnston."

The blond man wrote the names down in a notebook, and the man who looked like Harding said, "You mean, you don't call yourself Charlie any more?"

"I never have."

"Then you wouldn't know anything about—" He took the paper from under his arm, and said, "This," wriggling his thumb:

MYSTERY WOMAN IN GANGSTER MURDER

Frankie Fife Killed Early This
Morning in Hotel Room

Police Seek Mystery Girl Who
Wore Blue Evening Gown

"With a bullet in his brain, Frankie Fife, alias Frank Merricka, was found in his room this afternoon at the Hotel Adlington, slumped over his desk. According to a medical examiner, the notorious gangster was killed some time between two and four A. M.

"A belief that Fife had been shot by a gangster enemy was scouted by police after they questioned hotel employees on duty last night, and learned that a mysterious woman in a pale blue evening gown was seen entering Fife's room at about two-thirty A.M., the probable time of the shooting. Occupants of rooms adjacent to Fife's testify that no shot was heard.

"Hotel employees described the mystery woman as about twenty, slender, brown-haired and beautiful, with an air of elegance. According to John Kilbane, night desk clerk, she hastened into the lobby and went straight to the elevators.

" 'She was pale,' Kilbane testified, 'and she looked agitated. I never saw her before. When she came down a few minutes later, she was as white as a sheet. She crossed the lobby, almost running.'

"Harry Nagle, night elevator operator, said that when the mystery woman entered his elevator, he was struck by her beauty and her air of mystery.

" 'She seemed to be under a great strain,' Nagle said. 'She told me to take her to the twelfth floor quick. Her voice was hoarse with emotion. I held the car at the twelfth floor until I saw her enter Fife's room.

" 'A few minutes later—no more than ten minutes—she rang from the tenth floor, and I took her down from there. She was white as a ghost and she looked scared. I was naturally curious, but didn't report the matter because I figured it was none of my business.'

"A sum of money amounting to a little over $500 was found by police in the dead man's wallet. Police believe the mystery woman entered the gangster's room and killed him for reasons of jealousy. Frankie Fife's career is a . . ."

"Well?" the gray-haired detective said.

Peter looked up at him. He knew that his eyes must look blurred and horrified. He was so weak he could hardly stand up. Across the room, Oliver was staring at him with owl-eyed solemnity.

"Well, what about it?" Peter said.

The blond man said, "Oh, we just thought you might know who the dame was. You and Frankie used to be pretty good pals, and we figured you might be kind of sore about it."

"I never heard of Frank Fife."

THE detectives exchanged a glance, and the one who resembled Harding said, "You wouldn't know a beautiful brunette with a blue evening gown."

"No."

"A pale blue evening gown."

"No. Will you kindly get the hell out of here and check up on those names I gave you?"

The blond man smiled. "You needn't get sore about it."

"Why not? You come in here insinuating that I'm a crook or a gangster, and you insinuate that I know something about a gangster's murder."

"If you're what you say you are, we certainly apologize."

"Find out, and don't bother apologizing. Show these gentlemen the way out, Oliver."

Oliver looked frightened. "Yes, Mr. Banyard."

"If you're not who you say you are—" the blond man began.

"Find out!"

They followed Oliver out of the room. When he returned, Peter was leaning against the mantel, reading the paper.

Oliver said, "Don't you think you should have told them about your brother, sir?"

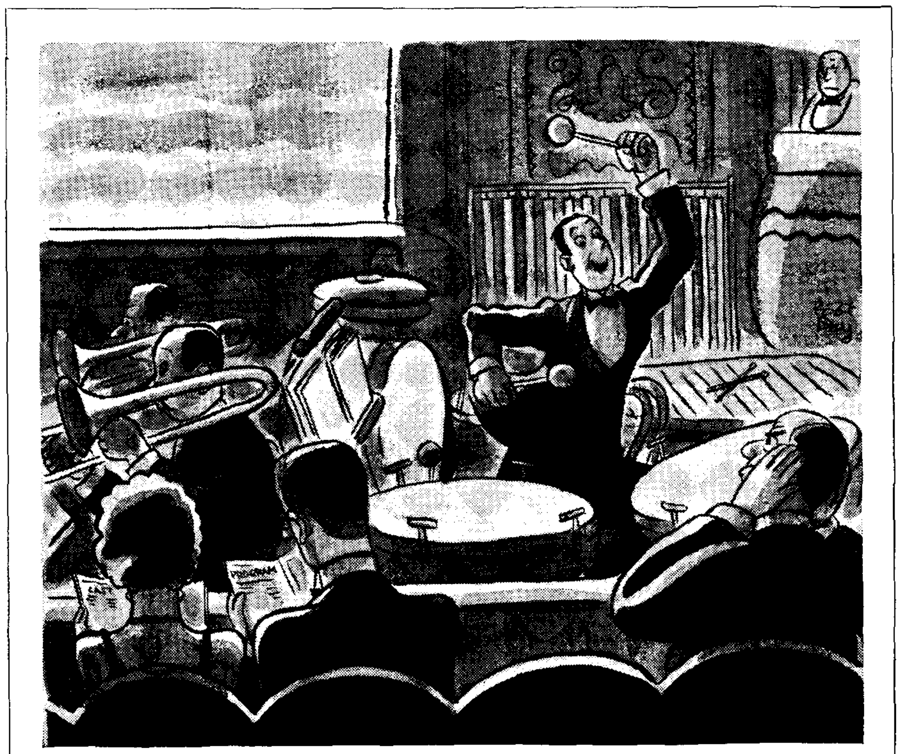
"Read this."

Oliver came over and stood beside him. He read part of the story and said: "Did she wear a pale blue evening gown, Mr. Banyard?"

"Yes. Even so, how could they trace her? The Griffins aren't going to talk. Roger Van Tyle won't talk. Roderico Hova and that photographer won't talk. Tetlow won't talk. My brother won't talk. Who else can possibly connect her with that shooting?"

"But they have ways of finding things out, sir."

(To be continued next week)



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BRAND

Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

Crafty Americans

Continued from page 15

machines such as lathes, milling and boring machines. What did surprise him was that American workmen could set up and operate them so that no further handwork was necessary. This isn't done in Germany. There, when the machines get through, the handwork begins. Emery paper, files and hammers make parts fit. And in Germany, when a part becomes worn, it cannot be replaced from stock until handwork is done on the new part.

An airplane engine is made up of from 700 to 1,000 different parts. Most parts are made on semiautomatic machines by highly skilled workmen. One part may go through a dozen different processes. Along the way and upon completion every piece is subjected to many inspections, and inspections which are so rigid that the fractions of inches dealt with sound like an astronomer's measurements in reverse. Around the engine plants there is much talk of measuring to "half a tenth" and the visitor says, "Hmm—must take a pretty good ruler to measure that." The guide blithely answers: "You can't measure half a ten-thousandth with a ruler. We use gauges."

The visitor swallows hastily and says, "Half a what?"

"Half a ten-thousandth. But that's nothing, that's just the beginning. When we really go to town on this precision stuff we work to a few hundred-thousandths of an inch."

But even half a tenth is pretty small. Suppose you take an average human hair and divide the diameter or thickness into 32 parts. Each will be half a ten-thousandth. If you divide the width of the hair into 160 parts, each part would be 1/100,000th, or .00001. Keep it in mind for later.

There are gauges for checking the work, master gauges to check those gauges, and super gauges to check the master gauges. Dial gauges show by a swinging pointer if a connecting rod, for example, is a few 10,000ths of an inch too large or small. Electric measuring devices, which appear to the layman as tremendously complex gadgets, measure as fine as .00001 of an inch with ease.

American Block Makes Good

The basic measuring device for machine shops is the precision block. These are small square- or domino-shaped blocks of varying heights made of the finest steel, which is aged and treated for stability of size. They are among the most accurately manufactured articles in the world. Their surfaces are flat, parallel and accurate to within a few millionths of an inch. Until the war, the best blocks were made in Sweden but during the war a great need developed here for blocks to be used in military production. Shells and gun parts had to be made in widely separated factories and brought together for assembly. Consequently a firm in Connecticut began making blocks. With typical Yankee ingenuity they improved on the foreign blocks and now the Bureau of Standards recognizes the American blocks as having qualities found in no other gauges.

Fine workmanship is shown in our airplanes as well as in our engines. Several European airlines now use our planes and more would if they could get them. Hundreds of airplane parts are made to such close tolerances that to an outsider the demands on the worker seem fantastic. Army and Navy inspectors swarm through the plants which are making military ships—as most of our large plants are. The inspectors are not content to inspect an airplane when it is finished. They work in the plants continuously and pick random samples of every batch of parts. If the sample they happen to have selected is not within the close tolerance permitted, they junk the entire lot.

In one large factory doing military work the factory's own inspector had approved some parts one evening just before closing time. The Navy inspector didn't get at them until the next morning. During the night the factory had cooled off just a few degrees, but enough so that the metal had contracted the tiniest fraction of an inch. The tolerances were so fine that the parts would not pass the Navy inspector, who threw them out.

Aircraft instruments are another good example of fine workmanship. The more expensive instruments have some of the quality of a fine watch, but must be built in such a sturdy way that sudden changes of temperature and the jar of rough landings will not alter dependability. Many American instruments are sold abroad and compete on a basis of fine workmanship.

Superiority of American Cars

At about this point in the story the automotive engineer pushes forward.

"Sure," he says, "what you say about airplanes is true. But if you want to see real machine-tool precision work, come out here where we're making cars. Without trying to take any cracks at the airplane people, we make more cars in a day than they do planes in a year."

When you talk about automobiles you are really talking the American language. Probably if there were no tariff barriers we would make 95 per cent of all the cars in the world, and certainly the rest of the world would profit by the deal. If you have ever seen the kinds of cars which sell for $1,500 in Europe, even with their cheaper labor, you'll know why.

You may have heard the story about how an American automobile maker won the DeWar trophy back in 1908. This English trophy was awarded annually for the outstanding advance in automotive engineering. In 1908 three American cars were shipped from Detroit to London. They were driven around a track to prove they would operate properly, then they were completely dismantled down to the last small nut and bolt. The parts were mixed up thoroughly. And then, to the great amazement of European engineers, the visiting Americans rebuilt three cars from the pile of parts. Every part fitted perfectly without further filing or hammering, and the cars were driven away. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. Some foreign cars couldn't do that trick today, and yet in this country it is a commonplace.

Automobiles have advanced a great deal since 1908, in manufacturing processes as well as in design. As production speeds up, tolerances on parts have become smaller and smaller. One of the more expensive American cars has some 27,000 parts which are made with a tolerance of only 1/1000th and 37,000 more parts with a tolerance of 2/1000ths of an inch.

But it is not only on our expensive cars that precision work is done. The larger the market and the more cars produced per year, the more automatic the machine work. All of which means more work for the gauges. On one of the most popular cars there are about

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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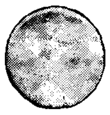
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo



2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

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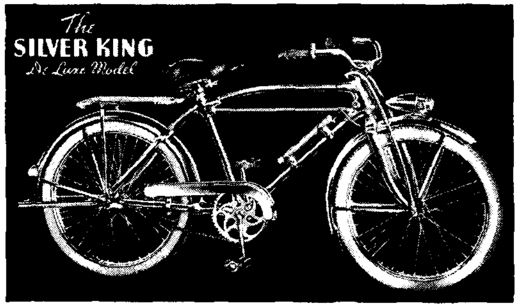

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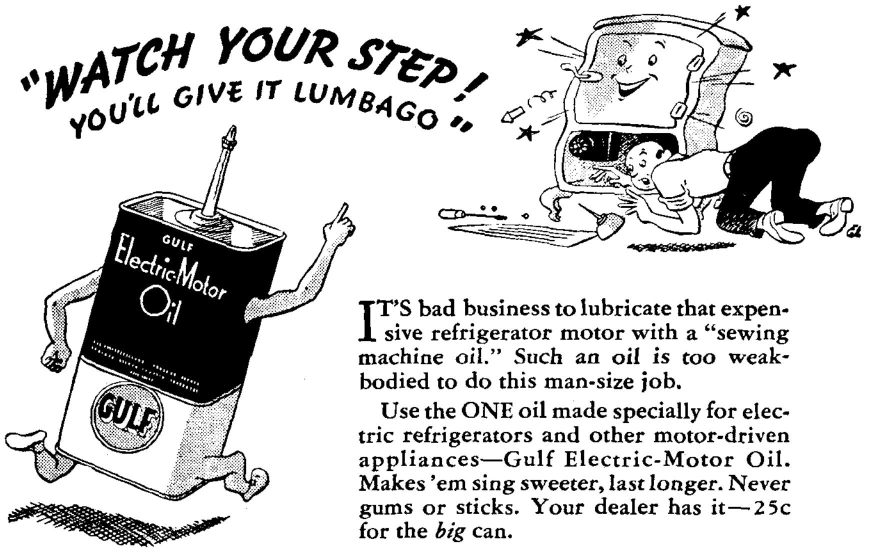
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6,000 gauge applications for each car. Over 3,000 parts have been planned, manufactured and gauged to less than 5/1000ths of an inch. Some 35,000 gauges are in daily operation at the plant and the best of them, in the hands of a skilled engineer, can be read through a magnifying glass accurately enough to show that two fingers placed on a gauge block for ten seconds will expand the metal 25/1,000,000ths of an inch. The delicate gauging is done in air-conditioned rooms where the temperature is kept at 68 degrees. Sudden rises and falls in temperature would throw the gauges out of line.

Below the American Standard

German manufacturing methods and workmanship are often held up as a model for other countries. "German efficiency" is a byword. But in the automobile business American methods and workmanship are so far ahead there is no comparison. And for the doubting Thomases here's the proof:

In 1929, an American motor company, with much money in its pockets, looked around for a European outlet and finally bought a controlling interest in a German automobile plant. This was pre-Hitler, and later difficulties of getting profits out of the country could not have been anticipated. About 7,000 cars and trucks a year were being made by the German plant.

The American firm sent to Germany a group of its best engineers, who looked at the plant and uttered a sharp "Pfui" of dissatisfaction. A lot of things were wrong. Fine automobiles cannot be made without fine tools, and yet the Americans found that machine tools such as lathes, grinders, boring and milling equipment and other such machines were hopelessly out of date. Even the new equipment being turned out by machine-tool factories in Germany could not meet the American standards. So new machines were built to American specifications. In short, machines, tools, layout and methods were designed and installed by Americans.

And what happened? Well, the depression came along and not much happened. But during the poor years German workmen learned American methods and the few cars that were turned out were good ones. Recently when Hitler started building his superhighways and then inaugurated his motorization-of-Germany campaign, this particular plant was ready. With American methods, production boomed until in 1936 this one firm was making 40 per cent of all the German cars and trucks.

This plant, using our methods, is probably Germany's outstanding automobile factory. Its methods have influenced automobile making throughout Europe. Still its production per man-hour is far less than that of the American manufacturer who gave it its start.

Another example of fine American workmanship which we take for granted but which is admired properly abroad is the common office machine. Typewriters, especially the portable variety, are such a commonplace that we fail to appreciate the remarkable workmanship behind them. Excellent engineering ability and much fine craftsmanship go into every typewriter.

Even more amazing are the intricate parts of adding machines, calculators, card-punching and -sorting equipment and the large billing and bookkeeping machines. Visitors at business shows and fairs crowd around these machines and gasp with amazement at the complicated stunts which the machines will do—stunts to the visitors but everyday routine to industry. Some of our electric business machines will give 150 totals a minute. Card-punching machines are made so carefully that each electrical timing impulse takes just .005 second. And that is very much less time than it takes you to snap your fingers.

Office machines which can satisfy the American businessman are so much better than foreign-made products that our machines sell best everywhere.

Up to this point in the story some readers have been fidgeting in their chairs, impatient to answer all the foregoing talk by mentioning two articles about which there is seldom any argument: Swiss watches and German cameras.

First the watches.

It is true that some very fine watches are made in Switzerland. One watch in particular which sells from about $300 to $1,000 is really a work of art. A man's pocket watch, for example, which costs about $700, is a thin, fragile thing of great beauty. Needless to say, relatively few watches of this kind are sold.

Recently the head of the watch department of a large New York jewelry store was asked about the comparative value of Swiss and American watches.

"I'm Swiss," he said, "but I'm in this country thirty years. I went through the apprentice system in Switzerland and worked in watch factories there. Also I know American watches thoroughly because in our store we sell both kinds.

"See these?" he asked, pointing to a row of shining beauties resting on black velvet. "They are all Swiss. Every one is a fine watch. They are Swiss because when a well-to-do American buys a watch he often wants something imported. He has always heard that Swiss watches are the best in the world."

He shook his head. "You know, it's a funny thing about Americans. They think if an article is made outside the country it must be better. The best Swiss watches are good, certainly! But the purpose of a watch is to tell time. And some of the best watches in the world are made right here in this country.

"Let me tell you a story," he went on. "Many years ago there was a bad train wreck in this country. It had been caused because there was a variation of four minutes in the watches of two engineers. As the result of that wreck, the railroads installed a watch-checking system which they still use. And American watchmakers met their demands for accurate watches."

Fine and Accurate Watches

Even Swiss watchmakers will tell you that the most successful Swiss factories have learned much from America. The inventor of the most widely used Swiss lathes and other special watch machines admits he got his original ideas from seeing American machines at a fair in Philadelphia about 1900.

If making fine watches is one of the tests of skilled craftsmanship, then Americans have it. In our important watch factories tiny hairsprings are made which vibrate just 18,000 times an hour, no more, no less. Pallet arbors, small shafts which look something like rolling pins, are so small that 4,000 could be put on a dime, and yet they are made precisely and uniformly. Gauges used in jewel setting are precise to 1/100,000th of an inch. Engineers have a time microscope which can detect variations of 1/8000th of a second in the balance wheel of a watch. The result: accurate watches.

As a sort of proof to end all proofs of the limits to which Americans will go to make better watches, watch engineers have utilized an ultramicrometer designed by Professor J. C. Hubbard of Johns Hopkins which will measure expansion in hairsprings of .000000001 inch. This is less than the size of an atom. Better hairsprings: better watches.

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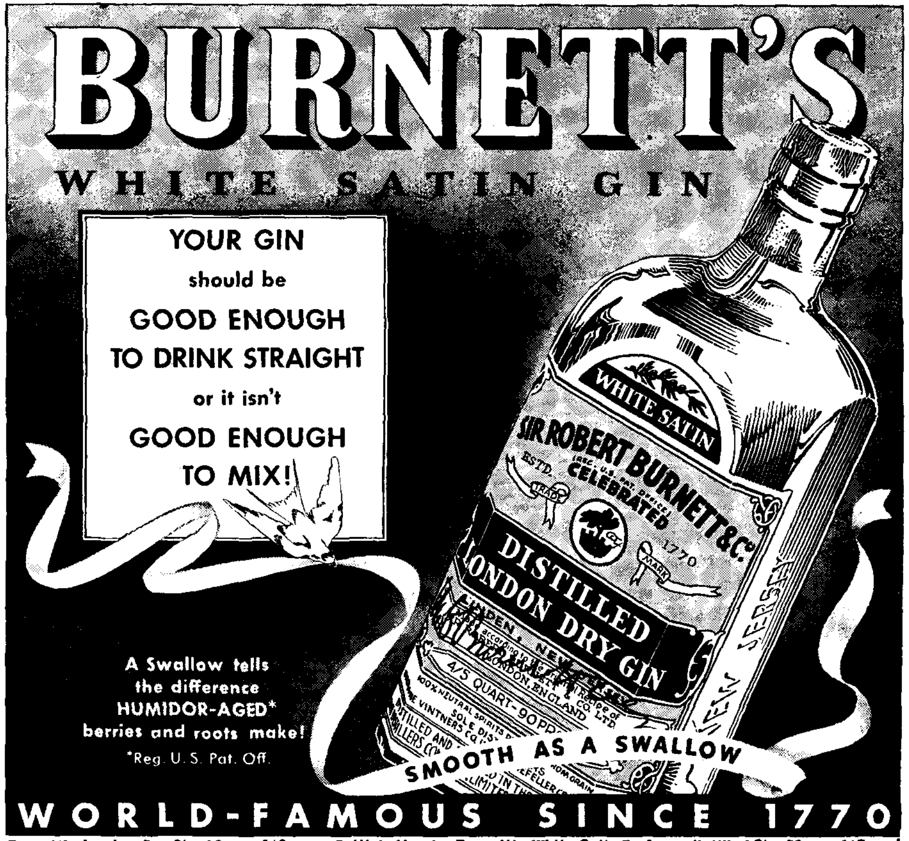

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Now we come to cameras—and they are as touchy a subject as we could bring up. Talking about cameras is like talking about religion or politics. A lot of people get sore and no one is convinced.

In the great price range of cameras which most of us buy—the price varying from $1 to $50, no better products are made than those of America. Dollar for dollar, you get more for your money in real picture-taking equipment than you will in any foreign cameras. American-made medium-priced cameras are sold throughout the world. Many were sold in Germany until the recent economic barriers arose. Some European dealers have said they prefer our cameras because fewer repairs are necessary. Since 1890 we have been turning out remarkable equipment.

If we jump from the low and medium-priced cameras to the most expensive miniature equipment, there is little argument about the superior adaptability of the best German equipment. These imported minicams, as they are called, cost from $200 to $600 or more for the camera alone, and a tidy sum can be spent for additional equipment. There are more than 400 attachments for one foreign camera, which addicts believe is an advantage. These costly German cameras are small, compact, well made and are beautiful examples of fine work.

The News Photographers' Choice

If you entirely omit the fact that America makes no really high-priced small cameras, then we run in second place. But it is not a poor second, by any means. Last year an American manufacturer introduced a fine small camera which sold for a little over $100 and was small enough to fit into the hand, beautifully tailored, with a fast lens—an all-round precision job. Skeptical camera dealers ordered one or two and put them in the showcase and forgot about them—for a week or so. Then the deluge. Every one that was sold made friends, and right now the manufacturer can't make them fast enough. A large New York store steadily runs about fifty orders behind.

"What about these new American miniature cameras?" several large photography dealers were asked.

"Well," they say, "it depends on what you want. If you are one of those enthusiasts, God bless their luxury-loving souls, with a pocketful of money, then you'll probably ask for one of the expensive foreign miniatures. You can buy yourself a dozen lenses, a lot of gadgets and have just a whale of a good time.

"But," and they peer through their glasses at you again, "if you want a real miniature camera, with a fast, all-round lens, with the most practical focusing device yet invented, then this American miniature is your dish. It will do tricks that some foreign cameras costing a lot more can't do."

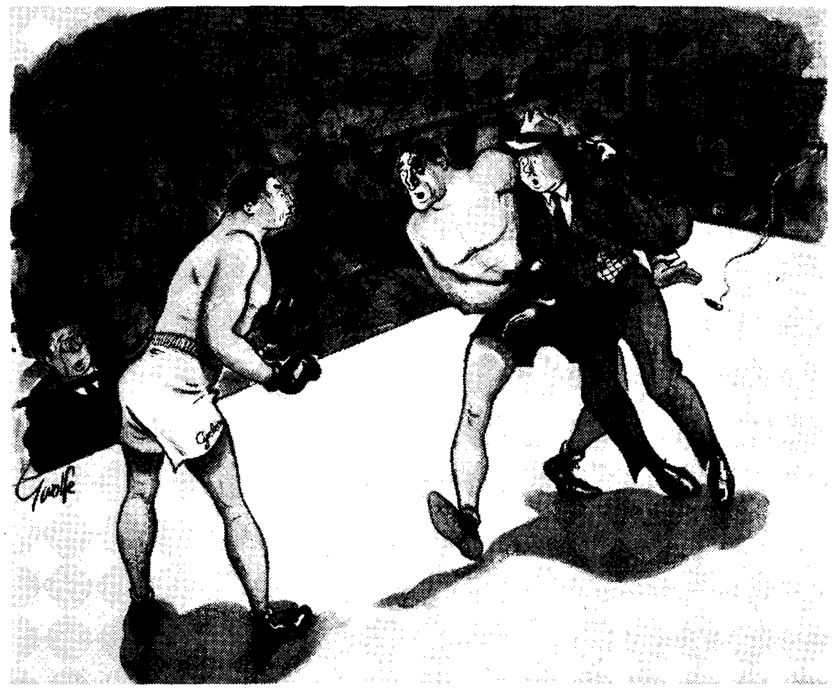
Undoubtedly the most rigid test any camera can get is in the hands of a newspaper photographer. The average amateur takes his picture when the light and conditions are just right. He walks around sizing up the picture he wants, uses his light meter, and makes the finest adjustments on his camera. Newspaper photographers work under all sorts of conditions and can't wait for any fine adjustments. It's like hunting lions—there is time for only one shot, and that one must be right.

And what cameras do 95 per cent of American press photographers use? American-made cameras! One day at the Hauptmann trial there were 24 photographers working, and 23 were using one kind of American-made camera.

Large newspaper and picture services have one or two foreign-made miniature cameras which they may use under certain conditions but such equipment is used in a small proportion of cases. Most pictures can be taken with the standard newspaper camera, and film from such cameras is infinitely easier and faster to handle.

"We'd go crazy if we used miniature cameras," said a photographer on one of New York's tabloid newspapers. "We rush back here with our pictures, slap the film through a couple of baths and in two minutes we have our picture and in a few more minutes the paper is on the street. With miniature film it takes several hours to get a print. They're just not adapted to our kind of newspaper work."

Many special cameras are made better here than elsewhere. All professional moving-picture cameras used in this country and many used abroad are American. They have no equals. In the field of aerial cameras, those made here are unsurpassed in Europe. The battery of cameras used on the stratosphere balloon trip of Explorer II were American made. American amateur movie equipment outsells all others.



"Here's my manager. He gets forty per cent of everything I get"

GEORGE WOLFE

The story of photography is only half told if the subject of lenses is omitted. Most American cameras are equipped with their own lenses.

There is no "best" lens. One lens may be better than another for a particular purpose. What is best for still cameras is not best for movies, and neither type is best for binoculars. The United States Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Forestry services all use thousands of binoculars and each was determined to buy the best it could get regardless of who did the manufacturing. Each service has conducted rigorous tests and now each uses American-made lenses. American lenses are used almost entirely in the tropics, for cameras, microscopes and binoculars.

It is hardly necessary to mention films. American film makers have spent millions perfecting films for all types of cameras. Even the German cameras do the best work with our films. The story of almost yearly improvement in American films is the story of some of the finest chemical research which has been done. In fact, it is American research on fine-grain films which has made possible the success of the miniature camera. You can't enlarge pictures unless you have the right film. The new color film for both home movies and for still cameras is a whole story of fine workmanship in itself.

American microscopes are so well made that by themselves they should refute any arguments about carelessly made articles in this country. Some of the finest medical and other scientific research in the world is done by American scientists. They are indifferent as to who makes their laboratory equipment so long as they have the best. Many more American-made microscopes are used than foreign-made.

Precision with a Punch

The average medical microscope has some 300 parts which require over 3,000 operations. The better microscopes include a small lens shaped like a hemisphere which is accurate to within 6/1,000,000ths of an inch. One American manufacturer makes prisms whose right angles are machined to within one second of an arc. If the sides of the prism were extended, the error from the right angle would be less than one foot at a distance of 43 miles. Yet the prism is about an inch long. Precision work? Yes, indeed!

Another field of workmanship in which there has been considerable misinformation is that of housing.

A man who is an important national real-estate figure visited housing throughout England last summer and came home saying, "In this country we couldn't rent those houses, to say nothing of selling them. Structurally they are solid, with good thick walls and roofs that will last. But the interior finish is much poorer than we put in even our cheap houses.

"Take the millwork," continued the expert, "the woodwork around the doors and windows doesn't have the excellent finish and fit which you find in American houses. The floors abroad are apt to be of pine in all but the expensive houses, rather than of oak or maple. When the great mass of English houses are sold they have no paint or wallpaper on the interiors. In fact all the interior workmanship appears crude. And, of course, only houses which sell for about $8,000 or more will have a furnace or boiler.

"Sometimes," he went on, "you see pictures of the outsides of English houses and a price is quoted which seems to be much lower than an American house of the same size. But don't let it fool you. Many foreign houses have no central heating, exceedingly primitive bathrooms, and practically nothing in the kitchen but a small antiquated sink and a gas plate. The electrical system is vastly inferior. Even on the Continent the less expensive houses have poor interior finishing. Not until one gets up into Scandinavia does he find as good workmanship as in our houses."

America is full of fine products, and back of every product is a story of fine workmanship. The excellent craftsmanship exhibited in the making of our electrical products is an entire story in itself. Our shoes give more for the money than those of any other country. Some shops here sell imported shoes for men—but almost no women's shoes are imported. Usually American women like imported things to wear, but somehow they have got to the truth on the matter of shoes.

In such fields of craftsmanship as printing, Americans are doing work of which we may all be proud. Our better magazines, many of our large city newspapers and our finer books are works of printing art. Mechanically our presses are probably the best in the world, but the men behind the presses have a skill which has taken many years to acquire. This list of excellent products could run on and on.

One reason we are ahead in our manufacturing processes is that we are less hidebound than other countries. We continue to make improvements. Our automobile plants think nothing of junking a small fortune each year in equipment if new machines will make a better car. Modernization is a continuous process with us.

Our conception of mechanics is that anything is possible. When automotive designers asked for dies over eight feet square for stamping out metal panels for all-steel cars they were demanding something which had never been made before. And they got them. In Europe the answer would have been, "It can't be done."

Machines and the Labor Problem

Another great asset for American manufacturers is the freedom to purchase anything they want. Any type of new equipment may be ordered immediately. In Germany or Italy a government permit must be secured to buy any new machinery. If the machine smacks of labor-saving, the permit is never issued.

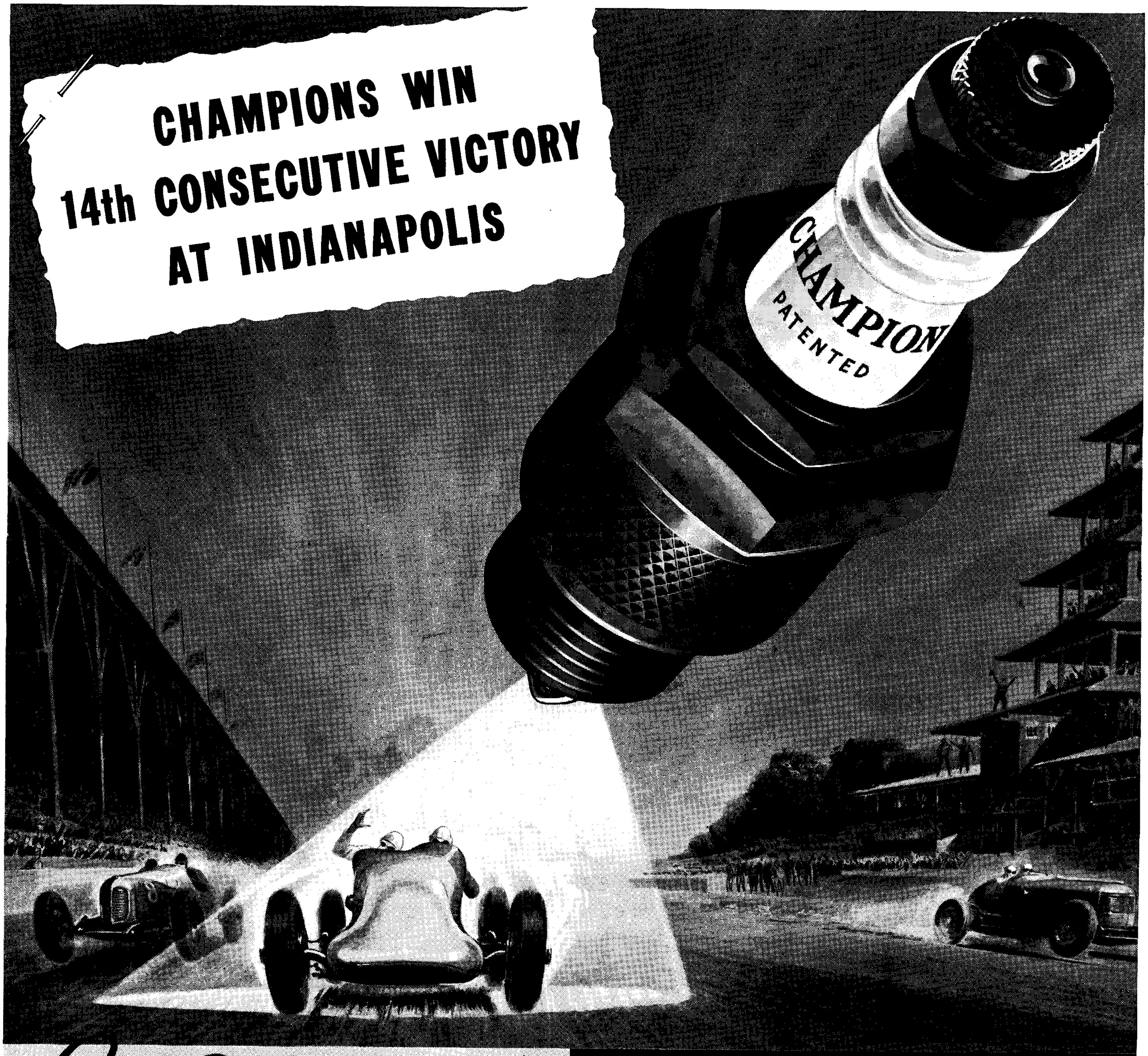
There has been much eulogy of the machine in these pages. "Yeah," says the cynic, "we're pretty good at making machines, but look at what they're doing to our labor problem."

What are they doing? Machines in American industry are really "labor-saving" machines. There is less back-breaking work than at any time in the history of our country. The sweatshops today are the handwork shops.

The old theory that machines replace men has been pretty well exploded in several industries. In Detroit, for example, despite continuous new equipment, more men are working on cars than ever before. Today there are 25 per cent more man-hours per car than there were in 1929 because cars are bigger, better and have a lot more accessories. Because of the new machines in Detroit all of us benefit by getting more car for our money than formerly. As a result, we are buying more new cars and consequently more men are needed to make them. Nor is it honest criticism to say that machines make work monotonous. Only two per cent of automobile workers do strictly repetitive work.

Fine craftsmen and fine machines! There's a healthy combination!

CHAMPIONS WIN 14th CONSECUTIVE VICTORY AT INDIANAPOLIS



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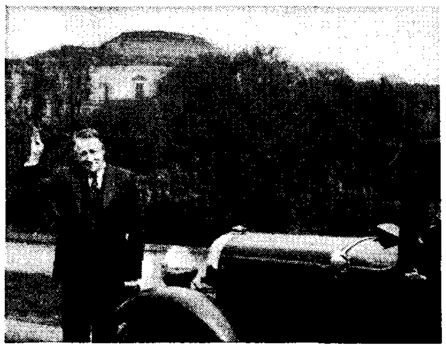

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Hollywood Cocktails

Continued from page 9

local custom—and it is quite general among the gentle movie folk—you will order in from your regular liquor dealer two grades of drinks, good drinks and just plain Second Avenue hootch of no distinction and little cost. The good drinks are for your important guests and the bilge is for the meek and humble of the films, the known and accredited rumpots of the colony, the moochers, hangers-on and others on the fringe.

Anyhow, many of these latter are guests who have not been invited, but came along either with a friend of yours, or without. There are roughly five hundred moochers in Hollywood and nobody can throw a party without their knowing it and crashing in for the ride. There is a grapevine system in the town and the instant a householder even thinks of having a party next Thursday afternoon news is flashed to the Moochers' Union and the fact is noted.

If your home will permit, it is considered rather nice to put in a temporary bar, circular or square, employ a couple of bartenders, an extra man in a Tuxedo to pass refreshments on silver platters and a couple of maids in uniform to look after lady guests.... Denizens of the movie town love best of all to crowd into a small room and are never as content as when packed like sardines—say sixty of them in a room that holds twenty. This coziness affords a better chance to talk freely about recent progress in the films, each person speaking for himself and of himself; to refer to the present picture, the last picture, the oncoming picture, the salary boost, the new contract, what the astounded director said and the amazed expression on Mr. Zanuck's countenance when he saw the person's last scenes in a projection room.

The A, B and C List

The regular hour for a Hollywood party take-off is about five o'clock, but there is sure to be a nervous married couple that comes ahead of time and walks in about four—just folks who are tired of driving or can no longer bear the strain.

From five to six, the inflow of jolly guests assumes real proportions and presently all the rooms are churning with motion-picture actors, actorines, extra girls, extra men, persons wishing to be either extra girls or extra men, directors, cameramen, producers, song writers, dialogue writers, writers of added dialogue (an entirely different breed from dialogue writers), supervisors, location experts, technical men, old-time vaudevillians and all the merry hodgepodge of people that make Hollywood the fascinating place it is today.

Those present who happen to be temporarily out of employment are hoping to bump informally into a director or producer or supervisor who may chance to have a happy thought, about third cocktail, and fix them up with a part in the coming picture. And to tell the truth many a good job is thus obtained. Important executives sometimes grow so hearty about it that they hand out bits here and there, stay up too late that night and forget everything with the coming of the sun.

There emerges still another little item that seems to be indigenous to Hollywood, as I have never come across it in the cocktail parties of New York, Boston or Baltimore. That is what they call the A, B and C list, which is a device used to put people in their proper places, and is somewhat on the order of first, second and third cabin or the three classes of British trains. If you can manage to snare or secure half a dozen persons from the Hollywood A list, then you can be certain of a successful party and you may even hit next morning's newspapers; possibly with photographs. A sprinkling of A's in your home means only one thing—that you are somebody in the business and your social standing is without question.

You are practically certain to reach the Sunday social column, with a complete list of your guests, a picture of yourself and your spouse, your sheep dog, your swimming pool (if you have one) and an explanatory line: "The Doorboortens in their lovely villa." You and your wife are the Doorboortens and the Sunday paper will probably state: "One of the smartest, gayest and most distinguished groups of motion-picture celebrities rolled in upon the Doorboortens last Wednesday and made merry under the genial tutelage of those charming and clever hosts, who stand high in the social circle." You can then clip these pieces from the papers and mail them back to the old folks in East Liverpool, Ohio.

This is assuming you have hooked at least half a dozen, preferably a dozen, from the A list, which includes leading figures in the industry, prominent directors, and not just ordinary directors; outstanding stars, male and female; supervisors who have recently come through with a knockout; vice presidents and other officials at the top of the trade and anybody who happens to be on page one at the moment. This is considered the crème de la crème of the crop and is hard to get. The A people receive so many invitations each week that they are inclined to be a trifle coolish—not snooty, but a bit standoffish.

The B list is made up of ordinary actors, directors, cameramen, writers out of work, producers no longer producing, but who were once top-flight; extra people of the higher order, scenarists, song writers who are still waiting to hit, forgotten stars, Hollywood businessmen who love to mingle with artistes, and what might generally be termed the run-of-mine. They are all nice people and fairly prominent but not actual headliners, and you must have them, as they help fill up your rooms and add a friendly atmosphere.

Arriving finally at the C list, we find it composed of those eager spirits who are always champing at the bit, ready to leap into harness at first mention of a cocktail party, or any other kind of party marked by the presence of food and drink, and if not food, then drink.

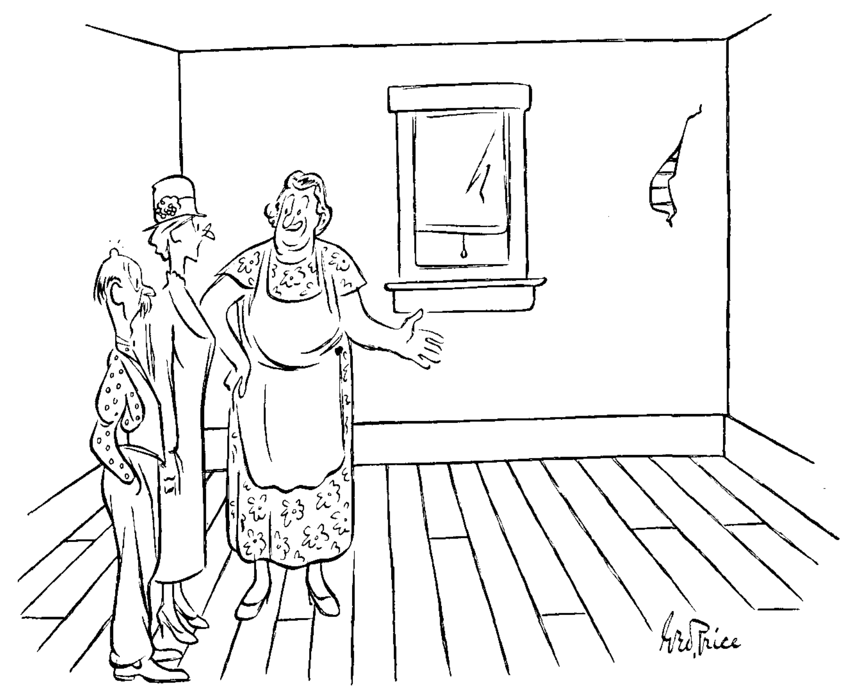
A and B guests never have to be asked to go home, as they usually leave early, perhaps for other parties during the evening. After thanking their hosts, they slip quietly away, but the C people care nothing whatever about a multiplicity of parties in one evening and wouldn't bother. What they ask is one reliable festivity and once in the front door they remain and a G-man couldn't dislodge them.

Very often there is a guest of honor and then you have something. It isn't actually necessary for you to know the guest of honor previously, for sometimes the personage is drawn in at the last moment and sometimes to his astonishment.

Those Two Swedish Noblemen

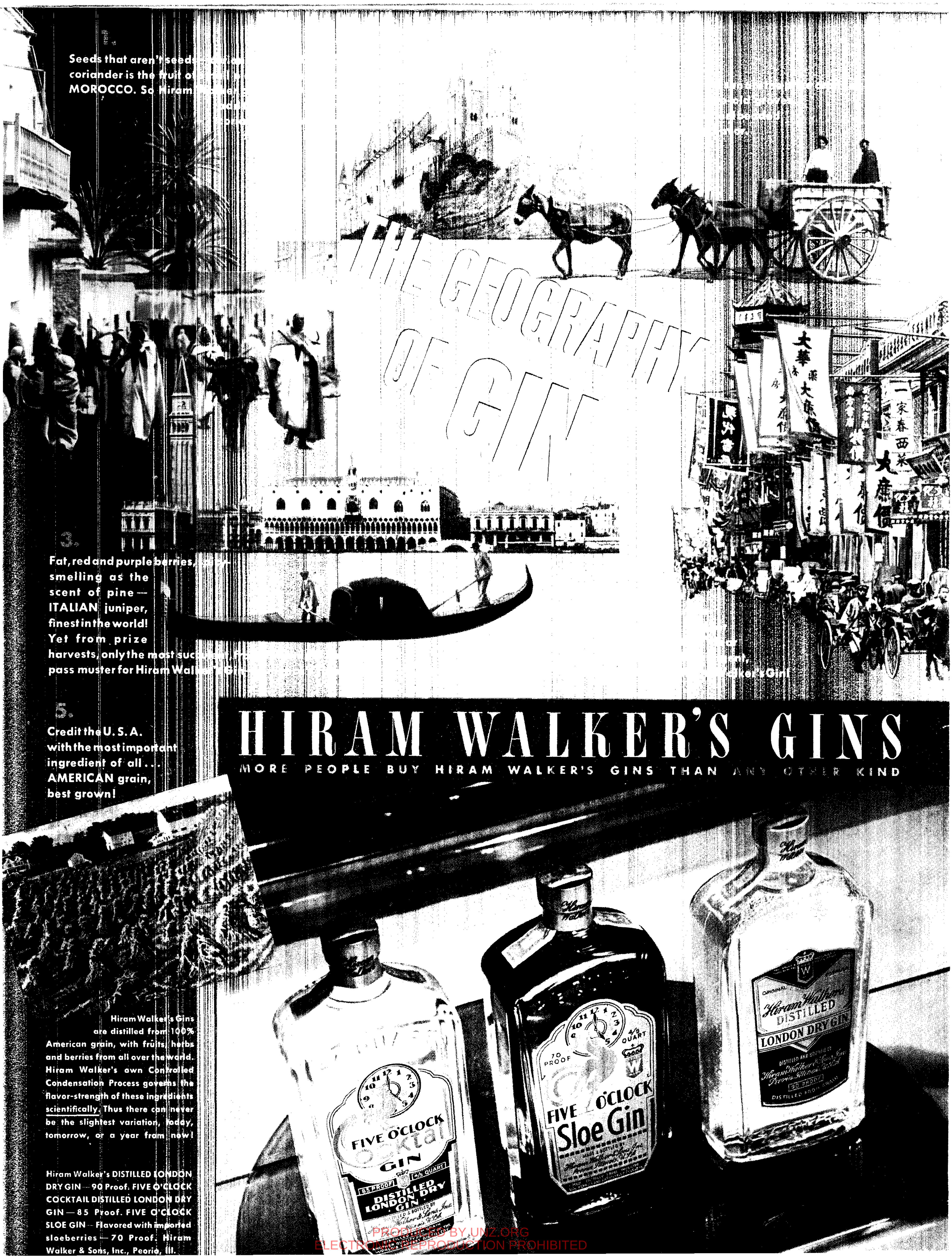
Another thing you can fairly well depend upon: after you have been invited to a Hollywood cocktail party you are almost bound to meet a number of famous men's sons.... You will not meet the famous men themselves, as they are probably at home working. In Hollywood, sons of famous men don't seem to care so much for hard work, or any kind of work, and do love and adore cocktail parties. These offsprings of celebrities are not invariably interesting or amusing chaps, but they are usually present, for there is always a chance of meeting some pert extra girl and having a fine time. The usual introduction to an extra girl is: "This is Mr. Walter Raleigh, Junior, Miss Darbyford," and for the rest of the evening Miss Darbyford thinks that the son is his father and treats him with every courtesy.

Nobody has ever been able to explain about the two Swedish noblemen who stroll in at seven and remain side by side, nibbling at firemen-on-horseback or small sardines. They are generally twenty-three or twenty-four and sometimes they are twin Swedes. I have seen them when they were only brothers, or



"This is where we settle our quarrels"

GEORGE PRICE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just pals from Sweden, very blue of eye, athletically thin, with slick blond or ash-colored hair and the healthy, rosy complexion common in their native land. They are here to do the best they can and their history is vague. Few present ever know the names of the distinguished foreigners, whether they are acting in the movies or hunting employment, but everyone admits they are fine-looking boys. Occasionally, they are Danes, Russians, Rumanians or Czechoslovakians, but no matter what the homeland they smile pleasantly upon the gathering, shake hands earnestly and chat in their broken English.

The feminine stars of a few years back often refuse to eat, except for a mere dab of food. Drink—yes, but no food, as they are bent upon preserving their figures, which have long since passed beyond the zone of preservation. They must be ready, when a call comes from some studio, slim and alluring. The young stars who happen to be present seem to pay very little attention to their figures and eat heartily up to midnight.

The True Sit-down Strike

When the song writers begin arriving, the air of festivity warms up at once, as song writers waste no time. They come two by two, the man who writes the music and the man who writes the words greet the host with hasty enthusiasm, snatch a couple of cocktails and a handful of popcorn, pick up a sardine on white toast, head straight for the piano and sit down. There is what might be called the true sit-down strike—when a couple of song writers get to a piano at a Hollywood cocktail party. They play and sing. They play and sing their own songs exclusively and the songs of nobody else and why should they?

Other song writers arrive during the course of the evening, two by two, as there seems to be an ordinance against songsmiths going anywhere alone. They likewise grab their drinks and food, stare icily at the occupied piano and inquire of the host would there be any chance for them to sit down and render a little genuine harmony for the guests, or are those two tin-pan alley refugees going to hog the melodeon for the rest of the evening?

Never was there such a party without the red-haired woman in the slinky costume, whose sole ambition and care in life is obviously her own hair, which is red in hue. . . . It is not ordinary red hair, the kind a garage boy might conceivably have and honestly own, but red of a virulent shade that couldn't possibly sprout on any human skull. She wears old silver and jade and a striking bandeau, so arranged as to call attention to the hair, which requires no such calling. She is either in the movies, or going to be in them soon if she meets the right producer in the proper frame of mind. You could go to cocktail parties in Portland, Maine, for thirty-five years and never meet this lady.

Sometimes artistes sing at these levees, for Hollywood is rich in artistes who have missed the Metropolitan by a mere city block or two and are waiting in the shadow of the studios for some large company to star them in a famous opera.

Once upon a time, Hollywood gave benefits for worthy and needy artistes, but the custom is slowly dying—in fact, giving benefits for anybody is not what it used to be—and so the pianists, the violinists, the accordionists, the tenors and the basso profundos occasionally enter into the spirit of the evening and sing cheerily for their sardines and sherry. They are a cheerful and jolly lot, these artistes, and get around no end.

A well-established rule concerns the serving of champagne. . . . If yours is to be a smallish and exclusive revel—say twenty guests—then it is proper to serve champagne, but if it is one of the most florid affairs, with guests sitting on the cellar steps and out on the back stoop, it would be well to avoid the champagne and let them have cocktails, sherry, beer and the frivolous foods mentioned.

The careful host usually manages to establish in advance some method or system of communicating with the bartender and informing him whether the oncoming guest and wife shall be served with Quality One, or Quality Two. This can be done easily by semaphoring with either hand, or raising and lowering the eyebrows, and the really capable barman gets onto the ropes in no time—either that or he loses reputation and may not get further jobs.

There is another problem that as a host you will have to keep steadily in mind. That is the sodality of ex-wives and ex-husbands and in Hollywood it is an important part of the population and must be considered. If you were having your party in New York this social aspect would cause no trouble, but the movie town is a small place and the smart host will go over his names carefully, lest he have in too many of these former mates. . . . After an ex-wife has published in all the newspapers her exact opinion of the low scoundrel that she married in a moment of mad impulse, you cannot expect happy results by bringing the two together at the peanut bar.

As might be readily imagined, Hollywood being the impish place it is and filled with wags and jesters, the practical joke shines its most refulgent on cocktail afternoons. Then it is that these bright minds get in their best licks and their hearty laughter can be heard ringing through the foothills.

Always Arrive Late

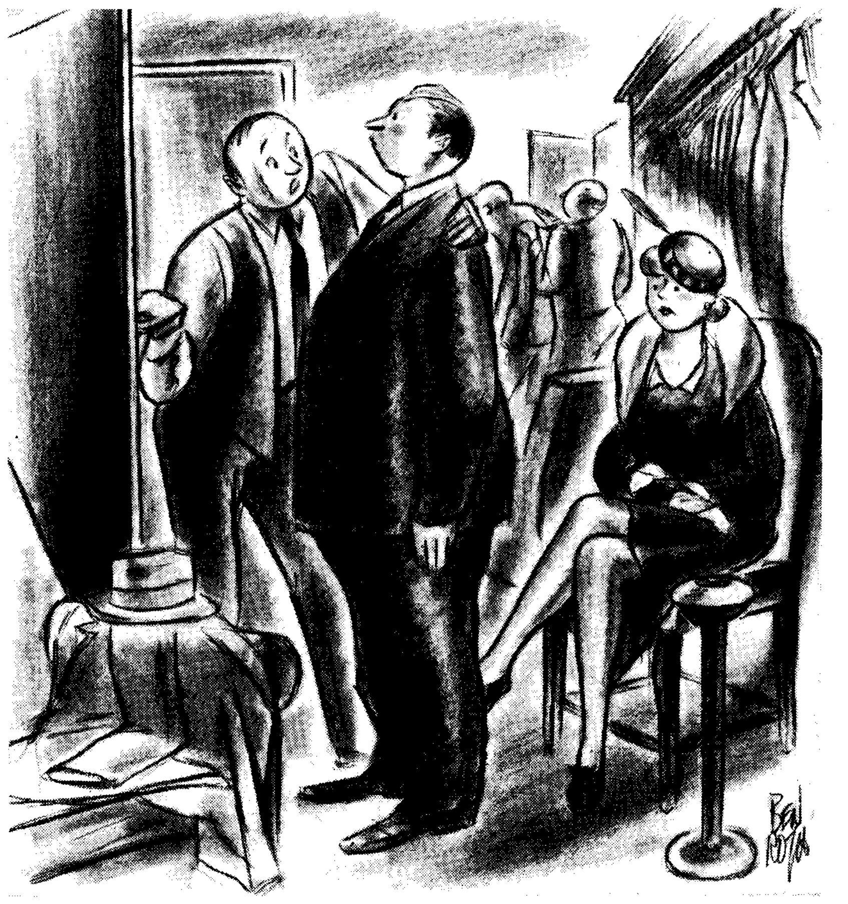
During a recent social gathering someone telephoned the Hollywood police station, informing them that a murder had been committed and that was very amusing in its results. Another person circulated among the parked automobiles, letting air out of tires; and speaking about automobiles, it is well to remember one thing if you are simply a guest. . . . Always arrive late—the later the better, if you are driving your own car.

Many of the movie jamborees occur in homes up in the hills, with narrow winding roads or lanes and sudden curves, and if you arrive early and leave your car, you are there for the night. When you decide to go home about eight, you will find seven thousand automobiles behind and around and about, blocking you in, and you may then spend the rest of the night reading names on steering posts and hunting for merry guests who have you stymied.

Really the best way is to go in a hired taxicab, tell the driver to call for you at eight and let him worry. I heard of one guest who walked home and never did see his car again for three days.

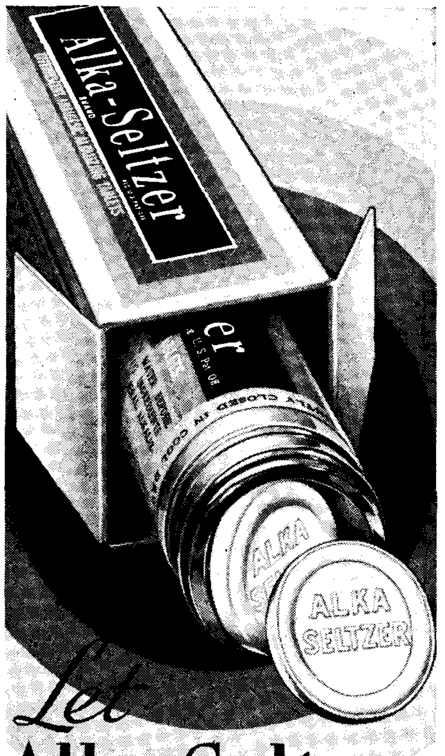
An unsung young actress, who still hopes to ring the bell and be as famous as Norma Shearer, gives a cocktail party at regular intervals, and as her food is first-rate and her drinks above reproach she never fails to draw a jolly crowd. She announces always that her next party will have a guest of honor, either Clark Gable or Leslie Howard, neither of whom has ever appeared at the lady's house. In fact, she has never met either gentleman and never expects to, and when reproved mildly for this deceit she replied: "They can't arrest a gal for trying."

Occasionally the affairs grow inspired and turn into a small vaudeville show and on such favorable afternoons everybody has a rousing time indeed. With sixty or seventy actors and actresses under the roof and in a jovial mood, somebody is sure to call upon some famous old-timer and ask him to cut loose and see if he can still do the thing that brought him fame and a job in the movies. And when one of these old lads—or old ladies—gives in and starts, then the evening is set, for everyone present may be called upon and you are likely to go home at three in the morning, after seeing a show that no money could buy.



"Your wife likes the material; she thinks it fits, and she wants it. What more could you ask of a garment?"

BEN ROTH



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AND, THANK GOODNESS, HERE'S ONE SPRAY THAT'S PLEASANT TO USE! NO STAINS AND NO ODOR LEFT IN THE ROOM.

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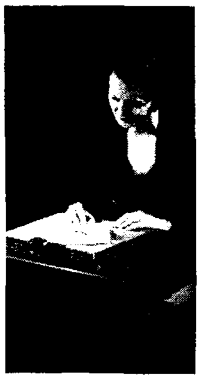

IF LACK of money has kept you from doing many things; from having good-looking clothes, from paying long overdue bills, from taking a trip to see home folks or anything else, I do hope you'll join our Pin Money Club this month. Our free booklet, "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents" tells you how we make our money. You will enjoy the letters it contains from girl and women readers like yourself, telling how much money they earned very quickly and pleasantly.

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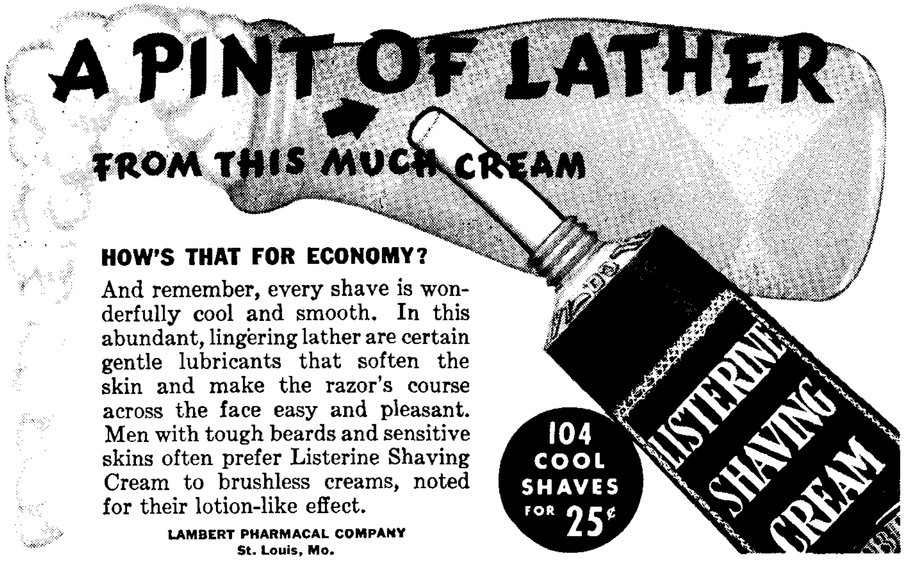
Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Department 27, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.



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Trouble for Hector

Continued from page 23

turn in early on the Cynthia, and next morning the coaster woman, whose name is Myrtle Quingle, comes on deck and looks around. She's a slim thing with brown eyes and brown hair cut close like a man's. When she sights Josh, who's standing aft, she smiles at him, and Josh smiles at her, and Lem Fowler, who has the wheel, said later he could see by old Josh's smile that the old coot is ponderin' if mebbe she won't do for his Number Five.

"That was a heroic deed yesterday, Captain," says Myrtle.

"Now, now," says Josh, "I wouldn't say I did anything heroic. I only—"

"I don't mean you, Captain, though even I could see you handled your schooner superbly. I mean those two men in the dory."

"Oh, the dory," says Josh, makin' a little face to himself. "Well, Hector and Sam did do a good job."

"Good! It was marvelous! Where are they?"

"You'll find 'em below for'ard," says Josh gloomily; so she goes for'ard, and she ain't fairly down the fo'c'sle ladder when she's hollerin' to see the heroes who took them off in that dory.

"Heroes?" says the cook. I maybe ought to say that aboard a Gloucesterman the cook takes charge of the fo'c'sle. "Heroes?" repeats the cook. "We have heroes among us!" and wrinkles his nose like he's smellin' somethin' burnin' on the galley stove. In case you don't know, it don't add to a man's peace o' mind to be called a hero aboard a Gloucesterman and his shipmates listenin' in.

"Heroes, yes," says Myrtle. "Where are they, please?"

"Where?" says the cook. "Sam Pryor was in that dory. Stand up, Sam, and let your shipmates have a look at a hero."

I don't stand up, but he points me out, and she looks me over and says, "Where's the other man?"

Hector is trying to hide behind the galley stove but she sights him, and poor Hector has to stand there and listen to her telling what a hero he is.

"It's been a wonderful adventure," she says. "Just think of being wrecked at sea! Were you ever wrecked at sea?" she says to Hector.

"Three times," says Hector. "Me and Sam together."

"Three times wrecked?" she cries. "What wonderful thoughts you must have had when you found yourself in peril!" . . .

WE'RE three days on our way to Gloucester, and the only place Hector is safe from her is when he's in his bunk and asleep. No matter where he is—at the wheel, on for'ard watch or sitting in to eat, she's after him.

"What a picture for Sarah Penny," says Capt'n Josh. "That gal chasin' Hector all over the vessel!"

Next day, Hector climbs to the foremasthead to get a rest from Myrtle, and she comes to me to ask if Hector is married. "He's married," I tell her.

"Of course," she says. "The women would never let him escape. What kind of a wife has he?"

"Sister," I says, "Hector's got a wife that if she saw you talkin' to him would have you leapin' over the side of the vessel to keep clear of her."

"So she's that kind? I'd like to meet her."

To which I said: "You go near Hector ashore and you can't miss meetin' her."

The Cynthia, with the coaster in her wake, arrives in Gloucester, where she's run up on the railway to be pumped out and calked. Old Josh hurries up to the Custom House to talk over his salvage claim, and Myrtle hurries ashore too, but saying to Hector that she'll see him again before she leaves Gloucester.

"If I can help it she won't," says Hector, when she's gone. "I got trouble enough ahead of me. You better come along, Sam, and sorta stand by for a witness while I'm explainin' to Sarah about that summer visitor."

We go to Hector's house, but we find the door locked, and no Sarah answers him when he knocks and bangs on the front and back doors and hollers for her.

"That's queer," says Hector. "No matter what words we ever had afore, she always came bouncing to the door to meet me when I come back from sea."

He gives up trying to knock the front and back doors down and inquires of the neighbors right and left where his wife Sarah is. All they can tell him is they saw her around the house one day and the next day she ain't around. And she left no word? No word.

ALMOST across the street from Hector's is a fisherman's rooming house kept by the Widow Lessen. She sees Hector coming away from his house and me attending him like a chief mourner, and she hails Hector, saying she has news of his wife. The news is that she saw a car rolling up to Hector's door late one night, and Hector's wife comes running out like she's expecting it and scurries into the car. It was a man driving the car.

"A man," says the Widow Lessen. "And let me see now! Yes, it was the first night after you put out to sea."

"The first night?" repeats Hector.

"The very first night," says the widow, and then adds, like it's a sudden happy thought: "Naturally, of course, your wife would not be expectin' you back home so soon from a halibut trip."

Even to me, who don't know anything about women, it's plain the widow ain't meanin' well by Hector's wife and so I take Hector in tow to where we can have a drink or two. We have our drinks and Hector says: "What now, Sam? What would you do if you was married and in my place?"

I tell him that me bein' married calls for more imagination than I got. But if I was married, say, and I come home from sea and found my wife gone, I'd cert'nly call it a great alibi for gettin' good an' drunk.

"No, Sam," says Hector. "I got drunk one time, and my mouth tasted like it was full o' deck gurry next mornin'. No! And I ain't givin' Sarah up yet."

I have a room with my married sister when I'm ashore and Hector bunks in with me that night. He hangs around his own house all next mornin', but there's still no Sarah—only the Widow Lessen, who consoles Hector by saying that before her husband was lost he never failed to find her home when he came back from a trip to sea. "I think it's terrible," adds the widow, "for a man to come back from sea and find his home broken up. Terrible. But I have a nice sunny room vacant, Mr. Penny, and you're welcome to have it until your wife comes back—if she ever comes back."

I can see where she'll have Hector on a lee shore if somebody don't watch out, so I warp in with: "What d' y' say, Hector, if we go down to the owner's office and draw some spendin' money against our share of the salvage from that coaster?"

We go down to the wharf where I draw fifty dollars and Hector a hundred, and the pair of us take a walk up the street. It's a sunny day in May, the kind of a day that has the blood driving through a man's veins like a full flood tide after he's been to sea.

Hector and me move along to Main Street, where we stand on a corner with me wishing he'd make up his mind to go with me somewheres for a little recreation.

"We got money in our pockets, Hector," I say, "but what good is it doin' us? The vessel is sailin' in the mornin'."

"That's right," says Hector. "She is, ain't she? And it's foolish takin' money to sea, ain't it? A man can't spend money out to sea. So I ain't takin' any." And he hauls out his hundred dollars, which is all in five-dollar bills, and he places one in the palm of one hand and blows it clear. There's a fresh westerly breeze, and the five-dollar bill goes sailin' down Main Street. "Look at her sail," says Hector, and he keeps blowin' them off one after another, and a lot o' people are surprised when five-dollar bills come floatin' along over their shoulders.

Now Hector never threw his money away like that afore, not even when he wasn't married, and I'm tryin' to think what I can do about him, when I hear a voice: "Here you are at last! I've been looking for you everywhere! And what are you doing, Hector?"

It's Myrtle, all fresh rigged out in new clothes and shoes and she's lipsticked and powdered, and her hair is new waved with a little hat modeled like a capsized dory atop of the waves. And she's lookin' half a dozen years younger than aboard the vessel. She ranges alongside Hector, hooks him by the front of his coat, and says: "Stop that foolishness, Hector. And now where is your wife?"

"I dunno," says Hector mournfully. "My house is locked and my wife ain't home when I get there. Sam'll tell you."

I tell her, without tellin' her too much, because all I see in her is just another woman, and none of 'em meanin' any good to Hector.

"There's some mistake," says Myrtle. "No normal woman would run out on a man like Hector."

"Let a woman come to anchor within a cable len'th of Hector and Sarah quits bein' normal," I tell her.

A FLIVVER rolls up to the curbstone a little ways behind Hector and Myrtle. Hector's mother and Sarah are in the flivver.

"I'm sure there's some mistake," says Myrtle. She has some kind of a flower in her hand and she's reachin' up to put it in Hector's buttonhole when Sarah comes bouncin' in between them.

"And who is this woman, Hector?" says Sarah.

Hector is too surprised to answer, but Myrtle ain't. "And just who are you?" she says to Sarah, as if she couldn't guess.

"Who am I? I'm Sarah Penny, his wife."

"Oh!" says Myrtle. "So you're his wife, are you? Then why don't you act like a wife?"

"What's that?" says Sarah, and the battle lights begin to flash in her black eyes.

"You're not deaf," says Myrtle. "What sort of a wife are you for a man like him? I've seen something of your husband out to sea, and I know something of the hardships and dangers of his fishing life. He heaves and hauls those heavy halibut trawls; he stands to the wheel of his vessel in gales of wind; he stays soaked and half frozen for days together in winter weather; he goes astray in snow and fogs, and makes light of it all so that nobody will think he is any hero. And what are you doing in the meantime? Why, you are living your soft life ashore, with nothing to do except eat and sleep and sit around and gossip. And when he's ashore again, you make life miserable for him because women are attracted to him; women that he doesn't even look at the second time. Why, you, his wife, you aren't even waiting for him at home when he comes back from sea."

She stops, but it's only to get her breath, and she goes on:

"Hector Penny, I think you're wonderful. Here!" She hauls the stem of the flower down through his buttonhole, pats it, and says: "That's for remembrance. As for you—" she glares at Sarah, "—you're a hell of a wife for a Gloucester fisherman!" And she walks off with a smile for Hector's mother and a wink for me over her shoulder.

It's prob'ly the first time in Sarah Penny's life she ran afoul of a woman who could talk faster than she could, and she don't know how to take it. She looks at Hector like she's ready to cry, and Hector looks at her like I never saw him before—very stern—and says: "She's right. I come back from sea and find you gone. And what about that man you drove off with?"

SARAH looks at Hector's mother and Hector's mother says: "Easy on Sarah, Hector, and I'll explain."

"It'll take a lot of explainin'," says Hector.

"Not so much, perhaps," says his mother. "Sarah never said anything to you about it, Hector, but she's always been a terribly lonesome girl while you're out to sea. So after you put to sea this time I asked her to come and stay with me, and Sarah's brother Julius came along with me to your house to get her. I've had Sarah with me before while you were to sea, but Sarah never spoke of it for fear you'd think she was one of those complainin' wives who—"

"But she ain't home when I'm back from sea!" roared Hector.

"Now, Hector," says his mother. "A fresh halibut trip lasts from two to six weeks and here you are back home this time in less than a week, and Sarah doesn't know you are home until she reads in an afternoon paper about your vessel rescuing those people. And then she hurried right back here to find you."

"Oh!" says Hector. "So that's it."

"That's it," says Sarah. "And let me have what's left of those five-dollar bills. And now let's go along and I'll cook you a corn-beef hash supper."

Hector would row a dory ten miles through seas masthead-high for a meal of corn-beef hash the way Sarah cooks it, and she knows it, and he beams at her, and Sarah hauls the flower out of his buttonhole, and when he ain't lookin' she drops it into the street. Hector invites me to go along but I don't go. I'd as soon be on the bottom of a capsized dory and no vessel in sight as be the spare man in one of those husband-and-wife reunions.

Next morning Hector comes down aboard the vessel, looking pleased as if he's just hauled alongside with a full dory of fat white halibut. "Ev'rything's all right between Sarah and me, Sam," says Hector. "She admits she's maybe been a bit quick jumpin' to conclusions about women she sees me talkin' to."

Fine, I think, till she sights the next one you talk to, but I don't say it. You got to go easy on your dorymate.

"But d' y' know, Sam," goes on Hector. "I feel sorry for Sarah." I say yeh, and he says: "It must be a terrible lonesome life for a wife ashore while her man is weeks to sea."

I can see where I'll soon be losin' a great dorymate. But I don't say that either. It wouldn't do any good. I've heard of men who can work to wind'ard of women but they ain't fishin' on the offshore banks.

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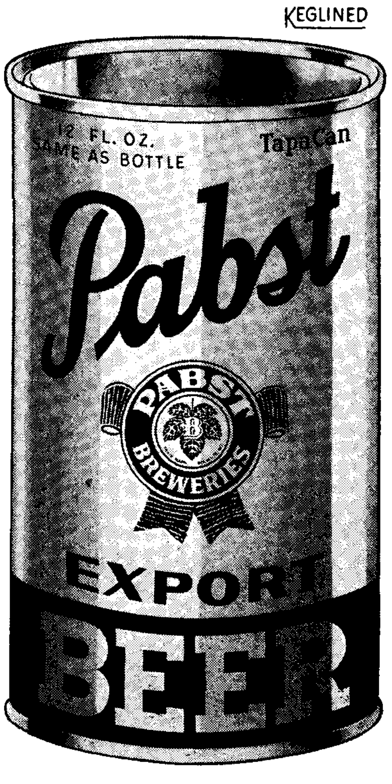

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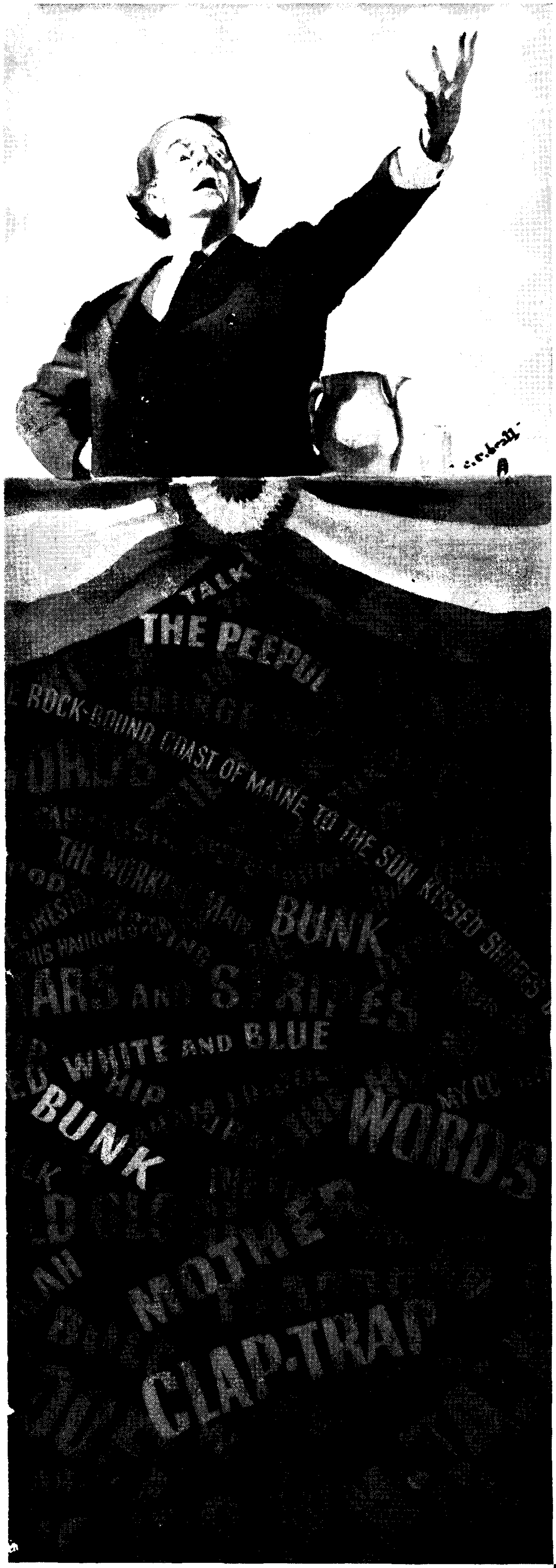

Speak Up!

AN INTERESTING speculation is how and why talkers should have exercised such preponderant power in human affairs. By what process did the tongue get itself exalted over all the other members of the body? Why should the fact that a man can utter words faster and louder than his fellows entitle him to eminence?

Why was not some other talent chosen as a measure of the right to authority? Suppose, for example, the sense of humor had been selected—a gift more rare than the ability to talk and, hence, one might suppose, more precious. If the funniest men were given the highest places, then we would have a government made up of Damon Runyon, Ed Wynn, Jack Benny, Jack Pearl, Phil Baker and Victor Moore. Fanny Brice would be Secretary of Labor, and Irvin Cobb Ambassador Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's. All the folks who can see a joke would prosper in accordance with the degree of their perceptive ability, and the poor devil with no sense of humor would be on the WPA. Considering how such an administration would cut through the silliness of red tape with a chuckle, and laugh political buncombe out of court, it doesn't sound so bad.

Or suppose the legs or the arms had won out over the larynx. And why not? If Gene Tunney could lick any man in the world, why wasn't he a fit candidate for ruler of the world? If Hubbell can strike out more batters than anyone else, if Bobby Jones or Gene Sarazen or Olin Dutra can keep their minds and nerves under the perfect control necessary to win a championship, why isn't that a good test of their capacity to sit in the United States Senate or see through the specious arguments of lawyers before the Supreme Court?

These, I submit, are quite reasonable questions. Yet even under the innovating sway of the New Deal they are not likely to lead to any radical changes. The New Deal, like the Old Deal, is ruled by boys who can talk. Gene Tunney probably could clean up the whole Brain Trust with one hand tied behind him; Bobby Jones, even in his fallen grandeur, undoubtedly can trim the entire membership of the Senate and the House, with the Interstate Commerce Commission thrown in. Yet the boys with the bellows continue to rule.

It always has been so. "The holidays and intervals in his (Themistocles) studies he did not spend in play or idleness as other children, but would be always inventing or arranging some oration or declamation to himself. . . ." Of Pericles it is recorded that he had "a sustained and even voice . . . which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. . . ." Phaex, "the best of talkers, and of speakers worst," was edged out by Alcibiades, an unprincipled demagogue, but with plenty of voice. Demosthenes and Cicero made a mighty stir in their respective countries via lung power. Antony climbed into the limelight with one speech, over the body of the murdered orator Caesar. Moses, the great lawgiver, couldn't operate until he associated Aaron with him to do the talking. In my library are about a thousand volumes of biography. A rough calculation indicates that more of these deal with men who talked themselves upward than with all the scientists, writers, saints and doers combined.

Emerson had a wise old friend named Tracy who commented on the "ridiculous fame of the rhetoricians." He observed that "in a senate or business meeting, all depends on a few men with working talent. They do everything, and value men only as they can forward the work. But some new man comes there who has no capacity for helping them at all, can't do the first thing, is insignificant, and nobody, but has a talent for speaking; this fellow gets up and makes a speech which is printed and read all over the Union, and at once becomes famous, and takes the lead in the public mind over all these executive men who, of course, are full of indignation to find one who has no tact or skill, and knows he has none, put over them, by means of this talking, which they despise."

That quotation should be read and pondered by captains of industry and by college presidents. When my father went to college the art of public speaking was one of the most important subjects in the curriculum. No man was accounted worthy of a diploma unless he could think straight and talk convincingly on his feet. When an important issue came before the country, the professions and businesses were ably represented. Then the fashion changed. Colleges ceased to train men to speak; to be a good talker became not an asset in business but a cause for suspicion. With what result? Labor is vocal. Politics is vocal. Radicalism is vocal. But try to find a speaker to represent the point of view of industry, and where is he? "This talking, which they despise," said Emerson's friend. Business has that attitude; it resents the overrated influence of talkers. But it might as well get over that resentment and face the situation frankly. Talkers always have ruled; they will continue to rule. The smart thing is to join them. **BRUCE BARTON**

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